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PREFACE

THE present volume is intended for the use of those teachers of French who prefer to put into the hands of their pupils passages for prose composition unprovided with an elaborate apparatus of notes and vocabularies.

The reason for adding some notes is that, when preparing by himself a piece of English for translation into French, the pupil is only too often left in the lurch by his dictionary; and moreover, when confronted with involved and idiomatic English, he frequently lacks the skill to adapt the text to the foreign idiom. Hence the notes are of two kinds: they supply vocabulary where the ordinary school dictionaries fail, and they give hints how to adapt especially difficult passages for translation. Now and then the "danger signal" *Care!* will be found as a warning in places where the pupil is apt to go wrong.

The notes are, however, exclusively intended as helps and hints to the pupil who is expected to prepare his French prose by himself, and by no means as trammels to the teacher's individual taste in translation. Wherever, therefore, it is the practice to do such preparation orally in class, with the teacher's help, the notes may be ignored.

The extracts have been arranged, approximately, in progressive order of difficulty, while the Table of Contents gives a complete conspectus of their subject matter and style.

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I

SHEIKH MIRZA was captain and judge over this wandering tribe, his wisdom the law; and of his cunning judgments Mustafa, the camel-driver, told me much. "Once," said he, "two men came to the Sheikh, disputing. 'I am but now,' said the one, 'returned from Cairo. Before leaving I entrusted 5 my money-box to the care of this false friend, who now denies receiving it; and as it contained my whole fortune, I am reduced to poverty.'

" 'It may well be,' said Sheikh Mirza, 'that you are mistaken. At what place did you give this man the money- 10 box?'

" Being informed of this, the Sheikh inquired of the accused whether or not he knew the spot.

" 'Truly not!' was the answer. 'I have never heard of the place before.' 15

" 'Go now to that place,' said the Sheikh to the accuser, 'and ponder well. It may be that you will recall the name of the man to whom you really entrusted the money, for it seems to me that this poor fellow is innocent.'

" The man departed, leaving the accused in the presence of 20 the Sheikh to await his return.

" 'It seems,' said Sheikh Mirza, impatiently, when an hour had passed, 'that this man is gone a long time, and is idly wasting my time.'

" 'No,' was the incautious answer; 'he has not had time 25 to reach the place and return.'

" 'What!' cried the Sheikh, in anger. 'Guilty man that you are, you remember the place where the money was entrusted to your care.' "

Harper's Magazine.

II

WHEN Abraham sat at his tent door, according to his custom, waiting to entertain strangers, he espied an old man, stooping and leaning on his staff, weary with age and travail, coming towards him, who was a hundred years of age. He received
5 him kindly, washed his feet, provided supper, and caused him to sit down ; but observing that the old man ate and prayed not, nor begged for a blessing on his meat, he asked him why he did not worship the God of heaven. The old man told him that he worshipped the fire only, and acknowledged no
10 other God. At which answer Abraham grew so zealously angry, that he threw the old man out of his tent, and exposed him to all the evils of the night and an unguarded condition. When the old man was gone, God called to Abraham, and asked him where the stranger was. He replied, "I thrust
15 him away, because he did not worship Thee." God answered him : "I have suffered him these hundred years, though he dishonoured Me ; and wouldest thou not endure him one night, when he gave thee no trouble ?"

JEREMY TAYLOR.

III

BUT no man saw King Priam till he was close to Achilles, and caught his knees, and kissed his hands, the dreadful, murderous hands that had slain so many of his sons. As a man who slays another by mishap flies to some strange land, to some rich man's home, and all wonder to see him, so Achilles wondered 5 to see King Priam, and his comrades wondered, looking one at another. Then King Priam spake—

“Think of thy father, godlike Achilles, and pity me. He is old, as I am, and, it may be, his neighbours trouble him, seeing he has no defender ; yet so long as he knows that thou 10 art alive, it is well with him, for every day he hopes to see his dear son returned from Troy. But as for me, I am altogether wretched. Many a valiant son I had, and most of them are dead, and he that was the best of all, who kept our city safe, he has been slain by thee. He it is whom I have come to 15 ransom. Have pity on him and on me, thinking of thy father. Never, surely, was lot so sad as this, to kiss the hands that slew a son.”

But the words so stirred the heart of Achilles that he wept, thinking now of Patroclus, and now of his old father at 20 home ; and Priam wept, thinking of his dead Hector. But at last Achilles stood up from his seat and raised King Priam, having pity on his white hair, and his white beard, and spake—

(To be continued.)

IV

(Continued.)

“How didst thou dare to come to the ships of the Greeks, to the man who slew thy sons? Surely thou must have a heart of iron. But sit thou down: let our sorrows rest in our hearts, for there is no profit in lamentation. It is the will of the gods that men should suffer woe, but they are themselves free from care. Two chests are set by the side of Father Zeus, one of good, and one of evil gifts, and he mixes the lot of men, taking out of both. Many noble gifts did the gods give to King Pelcus: wealth and bliss beyond that of other men, and kingship over the Myrmidons. Ay! and they gave him a goddess to be his wife. But they gave also this evil, that he had no stock of stalwart children in his house, but one son only, and I cannot help him at all in his old age, for I tarry here far away in Troy. Thou too, old man, hadst wealth and power of old, and lordship over all that lies between Lesbos and Phrygia and the stream of Hellespont. And to thee the gods have given this ill, that there is ever battle and slaughter about thy city walls. But as for thy son, wail not for him, for thou canst not raise him up.”

20 But Priam answered, “Make me not to sit, great Achilles, while Hector lies unhonoured. Let me ransom him, and look upon him with my eyes, and do thou take the gifts. And the gods grant thee to return safe to thy fatherland.”

(To be continued.)

V

(Continued.)

BUT Achilles frowned and said, "Vex me not; I am minded myself to give thee back thy Hector. For my mother came from the sea, hearing the bidding of Zeus, and thou, methinks, hast not come hither without some guidance from the gods. But trouble me no more, lest I do thee some hurt." 5

And King Priam feared and held his peace. Then Achilles hastened from his tent, and two comrades with him. First they loosed the horses from the chariot and the mules from the waggon; then they brought in the herald Idæus, and took the gifts. Only they left of them two cloaks and a tunic, 10 wherein they might wrap the dead. And Achilles bade the women wash and anoint the body, but apart from the tent, lest, perchance, Priam should see his son and cry aloud, and so awaken the fury in his heart. But when it was washed and anointed, Achilles himself lifted it in his arms and put it on 15 the litter, and his comrades lifted the litter on the waggon.

And when all was finished, Achilles groaned and cried to his dead friend, saying—

"Be not wroth, Patroclus, if thou shouldst hear in the unknown land that I have ransomed Hector to his father: a 20 noble ransom hath he paid me, and of this, too, thou shalt have thy share, as is meet."

Then he went back to his tent, and set himself down over against Priam, and spake: "Thy son is ransomed, old man, and to-morrow shalt thou see him and take him back to Troy." 25

ALFRED J. CHURCH, "Stories from Homer."

VI

TILL the thirtieth year of his age Clovis continued to worship the gods of his ancestors, but his subjects of Gaul enjoyed complete religious liberty. The Merovingian prince had contracted a fortunate alliance with the fair Clotilda, the niece of the King of Burgundy, who, in the midst of an Arian court, had been educated in the profession of the Catholic faith. It was not only her interest, but her duty to convert her pagan husband, and Clovis insensibly listened to the voice of love and religion. He consented to the baptism of his eldest son ; and though the sudden death of the infant excited some superstitious fears, he allowed himself to be persuaded, a second time, to repeat the dangerous experiment. In the distress of the battle of Tolbiac Clovis loudly invoked the God of Clotilda and the Christians ; and victory disposed him to listen with respectful gratitude to the eloquent Remigius, Bishop of Reims, who made clear to him the temporal and spiritual advantages of his conversion. The king declared himself satisfied of the truth of the Catholic faith, and the political reasons which might still stand in the way of his public profession were removed by the acclamations of his loyal Franks, who showed themselves alike prepared to follow their heroic leader to the field of battle or to the baptismal font.

GIBBON, "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

VII

GLANCING first of all at the costume of the upper orders, we shall at once be struck with the immense change which has passed over male attire since the eighteenth century. The contrast of colour between male and female dress which is now so conspicuous, then hardly existed ; and rank, wealth, and 5 pretension were still distinctly marked by costly and elaborate attire. The neutral dress, scarcely differing in shape or colour, which now assimilates all classes from the peer to the shop-keeper, was unknown, and a mode of attire was in frequent use, which survives only in Court dress, in the powdered foot- 10 men of a few wealthy families, in the red coats of the hunting-field, and in the gay colouring of military uniforms. The pictures of Reynolds and Gainsborough have made the fashionable attire of their period too familiar to need a detailed description, and it may be abundantly illustrated from contemporary literature. 15 Thus, when Lord Derwentwater mounted the scaffold, he was dressed in scarlet, faced with velvet, and trimmed with gold, a gold-laced waistcoat, and a white feather in his hat. Dr. Cameron went to execution in a light-coloured coat, red waistcoat and breeches, and a new wig. 20

W. E. H. LECKY.

VIII

- THE last resource of the Romans was in the clemency, or at least in the moderation, of the King of the Goths. The senate, who in this emergency assumed the supreme powers of government, appointed two ambassadors to negotiate with the enemy.
- 5 This important trust was delegated to Basilius, a senator, of Spanish extraction, and already conspicuous in the administration of provinces ; and to John, the first tribune of the notaries, who was peculiarly qualified, by his dexterity in business as well as by his former intimacy with the Gothic prince.
- 10 When they were introduced into his presence, they declared, perhaps in a more lofty style than became their abject condition, that the Romans were resolved to maintain their dignity, either in peace or war ; and that, if Alaric refused them a fair and honourable capitulation, he might sound his
- 15 trumpets, and prepare to give battle to an innumerable people, exercised in arms, and animated by despair.

“The thicker the hay, the easier it is mowed,” was the concise reply of the Barbarian ; and this rustic metaphor was accompanied by a loud and insulting laugh, expressive of his

20 contempt for the menaces of an unwarlike populace, enervated by luxury before they were emaciated by famine. He then condescended to fix the ransom, which he would accept as the price of his retreat from the walls of Rome : *all* the gold and silver in the city, whether it were the property of the State or

25 of individuals ; *all* the rich and precious movables ; and *all* the slaves who could prove their title to the name of *Barbarians*. The Ministers of the State presumed to ask, in a modest and suppliant tone, “If such, O King, are your demands, what do you intend to leave us ?” “*Your lives*,” replied the haughty

30 conqueror : they trembled and retired.

GIBBON, “Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.”

IX

ONCE upon a time Madam How had two grandsons. The elder is called Analysis, and the younger Synthesis. Now you must understand that, as soon as these two baby giants were born, Lady Why, who sets everything to do that work for which it is exactly fitted, set both of them their work. 5 Analysis was to take to pieces everything he found, and find out how it was made. Synthesis was to put the pieces together again, and make something fresh out of them. In a word, Analysis was to teach men Science, and Synthesis to teach them Art. But because Analysis was the elder, Madam 10 How commanded Synthesis never to put the pieces together till Analysis had taken them completely apart. And if Synthesis had obeyed that rule of his good old grandmother's, the world would have been far happier, wealthier, wiser, and better than it is now. But Synthesis would not. He grew up 15 a very noble boy. He could carve, he could paint, he could build, he could make music, and write poems : but he was full of conceit and haste. Whenever his elder brother tried to do a little patient work in taking things to pieces, Synthesis snatched the work out of his hands before it was half done, 20 and began putting it together again to suit his own fancy, and, of course, put it together wrong. Then he went and bullied his elder brother, and locked him up in prison, and starved him, till for many hundred years poor Analysis never grew at all, but remained dwarfed, and stupid, and all but blind for 25 want of light ; while Synthesis, and all the hasty conceited people who followed him, grew stout and strong and tyrannous, and overspread the whole world, and ruled it at their will.

(To be continued.)

X

(Continued.)

BUT the fault of all the work of Synthesis was just this : that it would not work. His watches would not keep time, his ships would not sail, his houses would not keep the rain out. So every time he failed in his work he had to go to poor
5 Analysis in his dungeon, and bully him into taking a thing or two to pieces, and giving him a few sound facts, boasting afterwards that he and not Analysis had found out the facts. And at last he grew so conceited that he fancied he knew all that Madam How could teach him, and that he understood all
10 things in heaven and earth ; while it was not the real heaven and earth that he was thinking of, but a sham heaven and a sham earth, which he had built up out of his guesses and his own fancies. And the more Synthesis waxed in pride, and the more he trampled upon his poor brother, the more
15 reckless he grew, and the more willing to deceive himself. If his real flowers would not grow, he cut out paper flowers, and painted them, and said that they would do just as well as natural ones. If the hand of his weather-glass went down, he nailed it up to ensure a fine day, and tortured, burnt, or
20 murdered every one who said it did not keep up of itself. And many other foolish and wicked things he did, which little boys need not hear of yet. But at last his punishment came, according to the laws of his grandmother, Madam How, which are like the laws of the Medes and Persians in that
25 they alter not, as you and all mankind will sooner or later find ; for he grew so rich and powerful that he grew careless and lazy, and thought about nothing but eating and drinking, till people began to despise him more and more.

(To be continued.)

XI

(Continued.)

AND one day he left the dungeon of Analysis so ill guarded that Analysis ran away. Great was the hue and cry after him ; and terribly would he have been punished had he been caught. But, lo and behold, folks had grown so disgusted with Synthesis that they began to take the part of Analysis. Poor 5 men hid him in their cottages, and scholars in their studies. And when war arose about him, good kings, wise statesmen, gallant soldiers, spent their treasure and their lives in fighting for him. All honest folk welcomed him, because he was honest ; and all wise folk used him, for, instead of being a 10 conceited tyrant like Synthesis, he showed himself the most faithful, diligent, humble of servants, ready to do every man's work, and answer every man's questions. As for poor Synthesis, he really has fallen so low in these days, that one cannot but pity him. He now goes about humbly after his brother, 15 feeding on any scraps that are thrown to him, till he has got into such a poor way that some folk fancy he will die, and are actually digging his grave, and composing his epitaph. But they are trying to wear the bear's skin before the bear is killed ; for Synthesis is not dead, nor anything like it ; and he will 20 rise up again some day, to make good friends with his brother Analysis, and by his help do nobler and more beautiful things than he has ever yet done in the world. So now Analysis has got the upper hand ; so much so that he is in danger of being spoilt by too much prosperity, as his brother was before him ; 25 in which case he too will have his fall ; and a great deal of good it will do him. And that is the end of my story, and a true story it is.

CHARLES KINGSLEY, "Madam How and Lady Why."

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XII

I FORMERLY possessed a large dog, who, like every other dog, was much pleased to go out walking. He showed his pleasure by trotting gravely before me with high steps, head much raised, moderately erected ears, and tail carried aloft but not stiffly. Not far from my house a path branches off to the right, leading to the hot-house, which I used often to visit for a few moments to look at my experimental plants. This was always a great disappointment to the dog, as he did not know whether I should continue my walk; and the instantaneous
10 and complete change of expression which came over him as soon as my body swerved in the least towards the path (and I sometimes tried this as an experiment) was laughable. His look of dejection was known to every member of the family, and was called his *hot-house face*. This consisted in the head
15 drooping much, the whole body sinking a little and remaining motionless; the ears and tail falling suddenly down, but the tail was by no means wagged. With the falling of the ears, the eyes became much changed in appearance, and I fancied that they looked less bright. His aspect was that of piteous,
20 hopeless dejection, and it was, as I have said, laughable, as the cause was so slight. Every detail in his attitude was in complete opposition to his former joyful yet dignified bearing.

DARWIN, "Expression of the Emotions."

XIII

THE little hamlet of Woolsthorpe lies close to the village of Colsterworth, about six miles south of Grantham, in the county of Lincoln. In the manor-house of Woolsthorpe, on Christmas Day, 1642, was born to a widowed mother a sickly infant who seemed not long for this world. However, the child lived, 5 became fairly robust, and was named Isaac, after his father. What sort of a man this father was we do not know. He was what we may call a yeoman, that most wholesome and natural of all classes. He owned the soil he tilled, and his little estate had already been in the family for some hundred years. He 10 was thirty-six when he died, and had only been married a few months. Of the mother, unfortunately, we know almost as little. We hear that she was recommended by a parishioner to the Rev. Barnabas Smith, an old bachelor in search of a wife, as "the widow Newton—an extraordinary good woman ;" 15 and so I expect she was a thoroughly sensible, practical, industrious, middle-class woman. However, on her second marriage she went to live at North Witham, and her mother came to superintend the farm at Woolsthorpe, and take care of young Isaac. He had been sent to a couple of village schools to 20 acquire the ordinary accomplishments, and for three years to the grammar school at Grantham. He had not been very industrious at school, nor did he feel keenly the fascinations of the Latin Grammar, for he tells us that he was the last boy in the lowest class but one. He used to pay much more 25 attention to the construction of kites and windmills and water-wheels, all of which he made to work very well. It so happened, however, that he succeeded in thrashing a bigger boy who had given him a kick. His success awakened a spirit 30 of emulation in other things, and young Newton speedily rose to the top of the school.

OLIVER LODGE, "Pioneers of Science."

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XIV

WHILE dressing after our plunge, we remarked two veteran *baigneurs*, or swimming masters—with beards like the old Imperial Guards—standing near, smoking their pipes. We happened to ask them for a towel or something.

5 “*Pardon—demandez là-bas ! Nous attendons notre monsieur.*”

Later on we had occasion to ask again ; but received the same answer.

And presently down the wooden steps, and through the
10 narrow wicket, came a very short and absurdly fat man.

The two *baigneurs* saluted.

He squeezed with difficulty into one of the sentry-boxes, and in ten minutes emerged radiant in bathing-drawers of defiant red. He also wore swimming sandals, and on his bald
15 head an oilskin.

“Must see him go in,” we said. “What a hole he’ll make !”

But he went no further than the middle of the platform. There the two *baigneurs* received him. There was a wooden
20 stump about two feet high. Bending slowly down, he balanced himself on his chest. We looked on amazed. The *baigneurs* on either side seized hold of his hands and feet. With slow and deliberate motion they made him strike out with the action of swimming ; and this went on for a quarter
25 of an hour, till the perspiration ran off him in great drops.

“He’ll be awfully hot to go into the water after all that,” said Bow.

But the swimming lesson was over, and he moved towards his cabin.

30 “*Eh bien ! ça va mieux aujourd’hui, n’est-ce pas ?*” he asked.

J. L. MOLLOY, “Our Autumn Holiday on French Rivers.”

XV

THE literary merits of Charlemagne are attested by the foundation of schools, the introduction of arts, the works which were published in his name, and his familiar connection with the subjects and strangers whom he invited to his court to educate both the prince and the people. His own studies were tardy, 5 laborious, and imperfect ; if he spoke Latin and understood Greek, he derived the rudiments of knowledge from conversation rather than from books ; and in his mature age the emperor strove to acquire the practice of writing, which every peasant now learns in his infancy. The grammar and 10 logic, the music and astronomy of the times were only cultivated as the handmaids of superstition ; but the curiosity of the human mind must ultimately tend to its improvement, and the encouragement of learning reflects the purest and most pleasing lustre on the character of Charlemagne. The 15 dignity of his person, the length of his reign, the prosperity of his arms, the vigour of his government, and the reverence of distant nations distinguish him from the royal crowd ; and Europe dates a new era from his restoration of the Western Empire. ^r 20

GIBBON, "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

XVI

THOUGH I must admit that South Africa, taken as a whole, offers far less to attract the lover of natural beauty than does Southern or Western Europe or the Pacific States of North America, there are two kinds of charm which it possesses in a high degree. One is that of colour. Monotonous as the landscapes often are, there is a warmth and richness of tone about them which fills and delights the eye. One sees comparatively little of that pale grey limestone which so often gives a hard and chilling aspect to the scenery of the lower ridges of the Alps and of large parts of the coasts of the Mediterranean. In Africa even the grey granite has a deeper tone than these limestones, and it is frequently covered by red and yellow lichens of wonderful beauty. The dark basalts and porphyries which occur in so many places, the rich red tint which the surface of the sandstone rocks so often takes under the scorching sun, give great depth of tone to the landscape ; and though the flood of midday sunshine is almost overpowering, the lights of morning and evening, touching the mountains with every shade of rose and crimson and violet, are indescribably beautiful. It is in these morning and evening hours that the charm of the pure, dry air is specially felt. Mountains fifty or sixty miles away stand out clearly enough to enable all the wealth of their colour and all the delicacy of their outlines to be perceived ; and the eye realizes, by the exquisitely fine change of tint between the nearer and the more distant ranges, the immensity and the harmony of the landscape.

(To be continued.)

XVII

(Continued.)

EUROPEANS may think that the continuous profusions of sunlight during most of the year may become wearisome. But even if the fine weather which prevails for eight months in the year be somewhat monotonous, there is compensation in the extraordinary brilliancy of the atmospheric effects throughout the rainy season, and especially in its first weeks. During nine days which I spent in the Transvaal at that season, when several thunderstorms occurred almost every day, the combinations of sunshine, lightning, and cloud, and the symphonies— if the expression may be permitted—of light and shade and colour which their changeful play produced in the sky and on the earth, were more various and more wonderful than a whole year would furnish in Europe. 5 10

The other peculiar charm of South African scenery is that of primeval solitude and silence. It is a charm which is differently felt by different minds. There are many who find the presence of what Homer calls “the rich works of men” essential to the perfection of a landscape. Cultivated fields, gardens, orchards, farmhouses dotted here and there, do not merely give a greater variety to every prospect, but also impart an element which invokes the sense of sympathy with our fellow-men, and excites a whole group of emotions which the contemplation of nature, taken by itself, does not arouse. Yet there are other minds to which there is something specially solemn and impressive in the untouched and primitive simplicity of a country which stands now just as it came from the hands of the Creator. 20 25

JAMES BRYCE, “*Impressions of South Africa.*”

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XVIII

THE French is essentially a conversational race, not a sportive one. It has a natural predilection for the amenities of life, and we feel how inappropriate is this present craze in France for rude and unsocial games. You need only watch a French-
5 man on horseback, and contrast him with a British horseman to assure yourself of the fact that the point of view of each is quite different. The Anglo-Saxon rides ahead with the air of thinking only of his horse. The Frenchman trains his beast, like himself, to have an eye to the arts and graces, to curvet
10 and prance, to arch his neck as he himself bows, and he brings a suggestion of the salon among the shadows of the Bois de Boulogne. . . . Of course the supercilious Englishman would say he had no mind to play the monkey, and find a cause for just pride in the rigidity of his body, and the stoniness of his
15 inexpressive visage. But here I differ from him. A man loses nothing by outward grace, and there is no reason on earth why he should rejoice in the fact that he cannot bow.

HANNAH LYNCH, "French Life in Town and Country."

XIX

Two very characteristic features of Italian social life are the greater importance of the town, and the division of society into many separate centres. Social life may be said to exist only in the towns. All festivities, social amusements, social conventions, are for the town. When you are in the country 5 you discard all etiquette, and you live a simpler life. People who wish to keep up appearances on small means make a brave show in town for a few months, and then go and economize in the country. Even the richest people, when they go for their *villeggiatura*, take fewer fine clothes, less jewellery, and 10 do without many things that in town are considered indispensable. But when we speak of town life, we do not mean the life of the capital. Every Italian town has its own society, its own aristocratic circles, its own social customs. The society of Rome is not smarter or more brilliant than that of 15 Milan, Genoa, Turin, or Naples. The smaller towns, too, have their own social world. Even now there is little tendency to concentrate in the capital. The only change is that the richer families of the smaller places sometimes migrate to the chief town of the province or "region." Thus many of 20 the wealthiest Tuscan families have houses in Florence, and those of Lombardy dwell mostly in Milan. But as a rule each family is attached to its native place, where its importance is recognized, and prefers it to other larger centres, where it is almost unknown.

25

(To be continued.)

XX

(Continued.)

As I have said, Italian social life is centred in the towns. Every nobleman, every bourgeois, has his head-quarters in a town. The chief seat of each family is its town residence. The family may own vast estates in various parts of the country, and fine villas, but its name is always most intimately associated with a *palazzo* in a town. The causes of this state of things are various. In the case of the old burgher aristocracy of Central Italy, Lombardy, and Venice, the reason is clear. But it is the same in Piedmont, in Sicily, and in the Neapolitan provinces, where the great families are all of feudal origin. The insecurity of the country in the days of constant foreign invasions and of brigandage, and the isolation caused by the absence of good roads, have engendered in the Italian mind a love of urban life which changed conditions have failed to eradicate. It exists not only in the upper classes, but also in the lower ranks of society. In many parts of Italy, especially in the South, owing to the prevalence of malaria, the peasantry live in small towns rather than in isolated farmhouses. In Apulia there are many towns of twenty or thirty thousand inhabitants which by day are absolutely deserted, save for a few old or infirm people, as the whole able-bodied population has gone out to work in the fields.

L. VILLARI, "Italian Life in Town and Country."

XXI

It is an ascertained fact that many flowers need the intervention of insects for their fecundation if they are to bear seed, and in some cases this fecundation can only be brought about by a certain kind of insect to which the flower has especially adapted itself. Two of our most common plants, the wild pansy (*Viola tricolor*) and the red clover (*Trifolium pratense*), are almost exclusively fertilized by humble-bees, and if these insects are kept away from the flowers, the latter will produce little or no seed. Now it is known that field-mice destroy the honeycombs and nests of the humble-bees, and Colonel Newman, who has carefully observed these insects, thinks that in England over two-thirds of their nests are destroyed in that way. But the number of mice depends to a large extent upon the number of cats. Now Colonel Newman has found that in the neighbourhood of towns and villages the nests of humble-bees are more numerous than elsewhere, and he attributes this fact to the greater number of cats who there destroy the mice. Thus it follows that the frequency of red clover and of the wild pansy in a neighbourhood is dependent upon a sufficiency of cats to keep down the mice, which would otherwise destroy the humble-bees on which the fecundation of these plants depends. In this manner a whole chain of connecting links is established between totally different organisms, such as four-footed beasts of prey and fragrant flowers, so that the frequency or scarcity of the two exactly corresponds.

25

A. R. WALLACE, "Darwinism."

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XXII

AMIDST the horrors of a nocturnal tumult several of the Christian Goths proved the fervour of recent converts. While the Barbarians roamed through the streets of Rome in quest of prey, the humble dwelling of an aged virgin, who had
5 devoted her life to the service of the altar, was forced open by a powerful Goth. He immediately demanded, though in civil words, all the gold and silver in her possession, and was astonished at the readiness with which she conducted him to a splendid hoard of massive plate of curious workmanship.
10 The Barbarian viewed with wonder and delight this valuable acquisition, till he was interrupted by a serious admonition : "These," said she, "are the consecrated vessels belonging to St. Peter ; if you presume to touch them, the sacrilegious deed will remain on your conscience. For my part, I dare not keep
15 what I cannot defend."

The Gothic captain, struck with reverential awe, despatched a messenger to report to the king the discovery of the treasure, and received the peremptory order from Alaric to deliver without delay the consecrated plate to the church of the Apostle.

GIBBON, "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

XXIII

THE scorching sun of the morning after the battle of Solferino (June 24, 1859) shone upon twenty-two thousand dead. It has been believed that the horrible sights and scents of this battle-field sickened Napoleon and cut short the campaign; but who can tell? Was it, perhaps, Eugenie's influence— 5 always used in favour of the Pope? Or was it that he realized that the movement could now only end in the complete liberation of Italy—a consummation that he regarded with horror? All that is known is this: three days after the Austrians had been driven back to their own country, and while all Italy 10 went mad with joy at the victory, it became known that Napoleon had sent a message to the Austrian Emperor, asking him to suspend hostilities.

The two emperors met at Villafranca, a small place near Solferino. At the close of their interview Francis Joseph 15 looked humiliated and sombre—Louis Napoleon was smilingly at ease. He, the parvenu, had made terms with a legitimate emperor, and was pleased with himself. He had arranged that Lombardy was to be united to Piedmont, while Venetia remained Austrian. When Victor Emanuel was told of these 20 terms, he could only say coldly that he must ever remain grateful for what Napoleon had done, but he murmured, "Poor Italy!"

(To be continued.)

XXIV

(Continued.)

AND Cavour? Cavour was struck to the heart. Had he arranged such a finale as this with the upstart emperor—that he should leave the game when it suited his pleasure, and make terms with the Austrian Emperor all by himself—
5 insolently disregarding Victor Emanuel? He wept with grief and anger. He left at once for the camp, and there he told Louis Napoleon his opinion of him in stinging words. He begged his king to repudiate the treaty, but Victor Emanuel, although as bitterly disappointed as Cavour, felt that he must
10 be prudent for his people's sake.

Angered at the king's refusal, Cavour resigned his office and retired to his farms at Leri, but after a few months he was back in his old place in the cabinet. All his hopes and ambitions came back—although, physically, the shock had
15 broken him—and he laboured for Italy till his death in June, 1861. The whole Italian people, from king to peasant, knew that they had lost their best friend. But Cavour's life work was nearly finished. Garibaldi had taken up the work of emancipation where Napoleon had abandoned it, and before
20 he left him for ever, to Cavour was given the triumph of hearing his beloved master proclaimed King of Italy.

STEPHEN CRANE, "Great Battles of the World."

XXV

ON the evening of May 10, 1857, the church bells were sounding their call to prayer across the parade ground, and over the roofs of the cantonment at Meerut. It had been a day of fierce heat ; the air had scorched like a white flame ; all day long fiery winds had blown, hot as from the throat of a seven- 5 times heated furnace. The tiny English colony at Meerut—languid women, white-faced children, and officers in loosest undress—panted that long Sunday in their houses, behind the close blinds, and under the lazily swinging punkahs. But the cool night had come, the church bells were ringing, and in the dusk 10 of evening, officers and their wives were strolling or driving towards the church. They little dreamed that the call of the church bells was, for many of them, the signal of doom. It summoned the native troops of Meerut to revolt ; it marked the beginning of the Great Mutiny. 15

Yet the very last place at which an explosion might have been expected was Meerut. It was the one post in the north-west where the British forces were strongest. The Rifles were there, 1000 strong ; the 6th Dragoons, 600 strong ; together with a fine troop of horse artillery, and details of various other 20 regiments. Not less, in a word, than 2200 British troops were at the station ; while the native regiments at Meerut, horse and foot, did not reach 3000.

(To be continued.)

XXVI

(Continued.)

It did not need a Lawrence or a Havelock at Meerut to make revolt impossible, or to stamp it instantly and fiercely out if it were attempted. A stroke of very ordinary soldiership might have accomplished this ; and, in that event, the Great Mutiny
5 itself might have been averted.

The general in command at Meerut, however, had neither energy nor resolution. He had drowsed and nodded through some fifty years of routine service, rising by mere seniority. He was now old, obese, indolent, and notoriously incapable.
10 He had pleasant manners, and a soothing habit of ignoring disagreeable facts. Lord Melbourne's favourite question, " Why can't you leave it alone ? " represented General Hewitt's intellect. These are qualities dear to the official mind, and explain General Hewitt's rise to high rank ; but they are not
15 quite the gifts needed to suppress a mutiny. In General Hewitt's case, the familiar fable of an army of lions commanded by an ass was translated into history once more.

On the evening of May 5, cartridges were being served out for the next morning's parade, and eighty-five men of the 3rd
20 Native Cavalry refused to receive or handle them, though they were the old familiar cartridges, not the new, in whose curve a conspiracy to rob the Hindu of his caste, and the Mohammedan of his religious purity, was vehemently expected to exist.

(To be continued.)

XXVII

(Continued.)

THE men were tried by a court-martial of fifteen native officers—six of them being Mohammedans and nine Hindus—and sentenced to various terms of imprisonment.

At daybreak on the 9th, the whole military force of the station was assembled to witness the degradation of the men. 5
The British, with muskets and cannon loaded, formed three sides of a hollow square; on the fourth were drawn up the native regiments, sullen, agitated, yet overawed by the sabres of the dragoons, the grim lines of the steady Rifles, and the threatening muzzles of the cannon. The eighty-five mutineers 10 stood in the centre of the square.

One by one the men were stripped of their uniform—adorned in many instances with badges and medals, the symbols of proved courage and of ancient fidelity. One by one, with steady clang of hammer, the fetters were riveted on the limbs 15 of the mutineers, while white faces and dark faces alike looked on. For a space of time the monotonous beat of the hammer rang over the lines, steady as though frozen into stone, of the stern British, and over the sea of dark Sepoy faces that formed the fourth side of the square. In the eyes of these men, at 20 least, the eighty-five manacled felons were martyrs.

W. H. FITCHETT, "The Tale of the Great Mutiny."

XXVIII

IN a French house no prevailing savour of fried bacon between eight and nine o'clock, A.M., announces the family breakfast. Your tea or coffee and roll are served whilst you still luxuriate on your pillow. Rousseau pronounced the English breakfast
5 to be the most charming custom he found here. The French habit has much to recommend it. Our hosts are left to themselves, and our own day is begun without effort or fatigue . . .

The next experience of a French household is its extreme
10 animation—without apologies to my friends—I will say noisiness. An English band of housemaids is mouse-like in its movements. Passages are swept and dusted, rooms are prepared in almost unbroken silence. No sooner are shutters thrown open in France than a dozen sounds announce the
15 resumption of work, the return to daily life. Men and maids laugh, talk, or dispute at the top of their voices ; master and mistress shout orders ; children make a playroom of corridors. The general effervescence might lead one to suppose that in France taciturnity is heavily taxed. . . .

20 French visitors in England are surprised at what I will call the “at-homeness” of our drawing-rooms—in one corner the mistress’s writing-table, in another a case of favourite books ; on the table, library volumes, reviews, and newspapers ; music on the open piano, doggie’s basket by the fireplace, a
25 low chair or two for the children ; on all sides evidence of perpetual occupation. A French salon must not so unbend ; domesticities within such precincts would be held out of place. . . .

(To be continued.)

XXIX

(Continued.)

THE dining-room calls for no comment, but table arrangements offer novelty. Except in homely, old-fashioned, and modest households, dishes at the twelve-o'clock *déjeuner* are invariably carved by the servants and handed round. The free-and-easy etiquette of an English family luncheon has not as yet been followed. One peculiarity of non-official French meals is the rule regarding wine. It is never the butler or footman, always the host and hostess, or a lady's table-companion, who offers wine, a decanter being placed by every alternate cover. The position of glasses is another point. These are always placed immediately in front of your plate ; never at the right hand, as with us. A friendly hostess explained to me that this position is a precaution against accidents , but as dishes are always served on the left side, I do not quite see the force of her argument.

15

A luncheon party, or formal *déjeuner*, is a much more ceremonious affair than on our side of the water. Coffee having been served, the company return to the drawing-room, but not to chat for five minutes and disperse, as with us. The men disappear for the enjoyment of cigarettes ; the ladies indulge in a *causerie intime*, or talk of business, children, and family affairs. French ladies, be it recalled, by the way, never smoke. The habit is entirely left to the Bohemian.

MISS BETHAM EDWARDS, "Home Life in France."

[By permission of Miss Betham Edwards and Messrs. Methuen & Co.]

XXX

"MAY the gods bless thee, my brother," said Ione, embracing him.

"The gods!" replied Apaecides. "Speak not thus vaguely; perchance there is but one God!"

5 "My brother!"

"What if the sublime faith of the Nazarene be true? What if God be a monarch—One—Indivisible—Alone? What if these countless deities, whose altars fill the earth, be but evil demons, seeking to wean us from the true creed? This
10 may be the case, Ione!"

"Alas! can we believe it? Or if we believed it, would it not be a melancholy faith? What!—the mountain disenchanted of its Oread, the waters of their Nymph? No, Apaecides, all that is brightest in our hearts is that very
15 credulity which peoples the universe with gods."

Apaecides had not yet formally adopted the Christian faith, but he was already on the brink of it. He already imagined that the lively imaginations of the heathen were the suggestions of the arch-enemy of mankind. The innocent answer of Ione
20 made him shudder. He hastened to reply vehemently, and yet so confusedly, that Ione feared for his reason more than she dreaded his violence.

"Ah, my brother!" said she, "these hard duties of thine have shattered thy very sense. Come to me, my brother; give
25 me thy hand, let me wipe the dew from thy brow;—chide me not, I understand thee not; think only that Ione could not offend thee!"

(To be continued.)

XXXI

(Continued.)

"IONE," said Apæcides, drawing her towards him, and regarding her tenderly, "can I think that this beautiful form, this kind heart, may be destined to an eternity of torment?"

"*Dii meliora!* the gods forbid!" said Ione, in the customary form of words by which her contemporaries thought 5 an omen might be averted.

The words, and still more the superstition they implied, wounded the ear of Apæcides. He rose, muttering to himself, turned from the chamber, then, stopping halfway, gazed wistfully on Ione, and extended his arms. 10

Ione flew to them in joy; he kissed her earnestly, and then he said—

"Farewell, my sister! When we next meet, thou mayst be to me as nothing; take thou, then, this embrace—full yet of all the tender reminiscences of childhood, when faith and 15 hope, creeds and customs, interests, objects, were the same to us. Now the tie is to be broken!"

With these strange words he left the house.

The great and severest trial of the primitive Christians was indeed this: their conversion separated them from their dearest 20 bonds. They could not associate with beings whose commonest actions, whose commonest forms of speech, were impregnated with idolatry. They shuddered at the blessing of love; to their ears, it was uttered in a demon's name. This, their misfortune, was their strength; if it divided them from the 25 rest of the world, it was to unite them proportionally to each other. They were men of iron who wrought forth the word of God, and verily the bonds that bound them were of iron also!

BULWER-LYTTON, "The Last Days of Pompeii."

XXXII

THE figure, advancing, said, in a submissive voice, "Be not alarmed, lady, I will not injure you." Isabella, a little encouraged by the words and tone of voice of the stranger, and recollecting that this must be the person who opened the 5 door, recovered her spirits enough to reply, "Sir, whoever you are, take pity on a wretched princess standing on the brink of destruction; assist me to escape from this fatal castle, or, in a few moments, I may be made miserable for ever."

"Alas!" said the stranger, "what can I do to assist you? 10 I will die in your defence; but I am unacquainted with the castle, and want——"

"Oh!" said Isabella, hastily interrupting him, "help me but to find a trap-door, that must be hereabout, and it is the greatest service you can do for me, for I have not a minute to 15 lose." Saying these words, she felt about on the pavement, and directed the stranger to search likewise for a smooth piece of brass, enclosed in one of the stones.

"That," said she, "is the lock, which opens with a spring of which I know the secret. If we can find that, I may 20 escape; if not, alas! I fear I shall have involved you in my misfortunes."

"I value not my life," said the stranger, "and it will be some comfort to lose it in trying to deliver you from tyranny."

"Generous youth," said Isabella, "how shall I ever 25 requite?" As she uttered the words, a ray of moonshine, streaming through a cranny of the ruin above, shone directly on the lock they sought.

HORACE WALPOLE, "The Castle of Otranto."

XXXIII

WRITERS and speakers have their habits, their tricks, if you had rather call them so, as to their way of writing and speaking. There is a very old and familiar story, accompanied by a feeble jest, which most of my readers may probably enough have met with in Joe Miller or elsewhere. It is that of a 5 lawyer who could never make an argument without having a piece of thread to work upon with his fingers while he was pleading. Some one stole it one day, and he could not get on at all with his speech—he had lost the thread of his discourse, as the story had it. I do not use a string to help me write or 10 speak, but I must have its equivalent. I must have my paper and pen or pencil before me to set my thoughts flowing in such a form that they can be written continuously. There have been lawyers who could think out their whole argument in connected order without a single note. There are authors— 15 and I think there are many—who can compose and finish off a poem or a story without writing a word of it until, when the proper time comes, they copy what they carry in their heads.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

XXXIV

By the time our conversation was finished, the bodies of our two dead comrades were brought down to the grave, carried in blankets. We laid them reverently in the grave, side by side. While this was being done, I heard the Boers round the grave
5 whistling a familiar hymn tune. I asked them, "Do you fellows know the words which go to that tune?" and they said, "Yes." I had with me three or four hymn-books, so when the funeral service was over, those who could read English joined us in singing the hymn they had whistled—
10 "Abide with me." It was a very beautiful moment in that long, sad war, like a gleam of sunshine through the storm clouds. On either side of us two armies waiting peacefully, reverently; the boom of the guns silent, the crack of the rifles still, while we paid the last honours to two nameless lads who
15 had died doing their duty to their country. And around the grave, sharing one another's hymn-books in perfect harmony of prayer, Boers and Britons mingled in profound reverence to pray to "Our Father" for the souls of those who had passed away.

P. B. BULL, "God and our Soldiers."

[By permission of the Rev. P. B. Bull and Messrs. Methuen & Co., Ltd.]

XXXV

JAMAICA is a country of the most varied and striking scenery. Lofty mountains and wide savannahs, rugged cliffs, sparkling streams, picturesque gorges, all clothed in the most redundant and lovely tropical vegetation, are found in its space of 4000 square miles, girt by the blue Caribbean Sea. The highest peaks of the Blue Mountains, part of the great range which traverses the island, is more than 7000 feet high, and between that height and the sea-level man may select almost any altitude in which it pleases him to dwell and till the teeming earth. The mean highest temperature is only 83° , while the lowest is 70° . Then the heat is always tempered by a cool breeze. During the night a constant land-wind is playing, while during the day the sea-breeze, known as the "Doctor," rushes in and drives miasma away. There are occasional outbreaks of sickness in some of the coast towns, and people who neglect ordinary precautions, may suffer in the low-lying districts from the fever common to all tropical countries. But the advance of sanitary knowledge has altogether stamped out the great epidemics which used to ravage the island, and which have left a gloomy mark upon its history. The best testimony to the general salubrity of Jamaica is to be found in the health and strength of the many Europeans who have made it their home for a lifetime, and have there brought up families strong and healthy as themselves.

Blackwood's Magazine, "Jamaica."

XXXVI

THE report of a pistol is heard . . . is it all in the play ? A man leaps from the President's box, some ten feet, on to the stage. The truth flashes upon me. Brandishing a dagger he shrieks out, "The South is avenged," and rushes through the scenery. No one stirs. "Did you hear what he said ? I believe he has killed the President." Another instant and the stage is crowded—officers, policemen, actors, and citizens. "Is there a surgeon in the house ?" they say. Several rush forward and with superhuman efforts climb up to the box. 5 Minutes seem hours, but see ! they are bringing him out. A score of strong arms bear Lincoln's loved form along. Somebody says "Clear the house," so every one repeats, "Yes, clear the house." Slowly one party after another steals out. There is no need to hurry. On the stairs we stop aghast and 15 with shuddering lips—"See, it is our President's blood " all down the stairs and out upon the pavement. It seemed sacrilege to step near. We are in the street now. They have taken the President into the house opposite. He is alive, but mortally wounded. What are those people saying ? "Secretary Seward and his son have had their throats cut in their own house." Is it so ? Yes, and the murderer of our President has escaped through a back alley where a swift horse stood awaiting him. Cavalry come dashing up the street and stand with drawn swords before yon house. Too late, too 25 late ! What mockery armed men are now !

Century Magazine, "Lincoln's Assassination."

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XXXVII

SHE (Jane Welsh Carlyle) told me that once, when she was a very little girl, there was going to be a dinner-party at home, and she was left alone with some tempting custards, ranged in their glasses upon a stand. She stood looking at them, and the thought "What *would* be the consequence if I should eat 5 one of them?" came into her mind. A whimsical sense of the dismay it would cause took hold of her; she thought of it again, and scarcely knowing what she was about, she put forth her hand, and—took a little from the top of each! She was discovered; the sentence upon her was, to eat all the remain- 10 ing custards, and to hear the company told the reason why there were none for them.

On her road to school, when a very small child, she had to pass a gate where a horrid turkey-cock was generally standing. He always ran up to her, gobbling and looking 15 very hideous and alarming. It frightened her at first a good deal, and she dreaded having to pass the place; but after a while she hated the thought of living in fear. The next time she passed the gate several labourers were near, who seemed to enjoy the idea of the turkey running at her. She gathered 20 herself together and made up her mind. The turkey ran at her as usual, gobbling and swelling; she suddenly darted at him, seized him by the throat, and swung him round! The men clapped their hands, and shouted "Well done, little Jeanie!" 25

XXXVIII

"SILENCE in the boat for a story!" said Number Two.

"Oh, it's very short. It was up at Douai in Faïdherbe's time. There were lots of wounded, and among them one old fellow who was just able to come out and take the air. He
5 had a little dog, unmistakably English—following at his heels, but only on three legs. He had been with Aurelles de Paladines—struck by a ball in the chest, and lay on the ground for six hours when the fighting was over. He had not lost consciousness, but the blood was flowing freely, and he was
10 gradually getting weaker. There were none but the dead near him, and his only living companion was the English terrier, who prowled restlessly about him, with his master's *képi* in his mouth. At last the dog set off at a trot, and the wounded soldier made sure his only friend had deserted him.
15 The night grew dark, and he had not even the strength to touch his wounds, which every instant grew more painful. At length his limbs grew cold, and feeling a sickly faintness steal over him, he gave up all hope of life, and recommended himself to God. Suddenly, and when it had come to the worst,
20 he heard a bark, which he knew belonged to only one little dog in the world—felt something lick his face, and saw the glare of lanterns. The dog had wandered till he arrived at a roadside *cabaret*. The people saw the *képi* in his mouth, and noticing his restless movements, decided to follow him. They
25 were just in time."

J. L. MOLLOY, "Our Autumn Holiday on French Rivers."

XXXIX

MANY years have passed since the days when I began to wonder when the English writer was to come up who should do for India that which Pierre Loti, Hector France, and other writers have done for Algeria. I had been reading with deep interest the works of these Frenchmen, and while I found much in 5 them that was not congenial to my own literary tastes, I could not but see that these writers had made modern Algeria a living, brilliant, curious reality for all readers of our time. Nothing of the kind, it seemed to me, had been done for India. . . . One day I took up by chance a paper-bound volume 10 published in India, and I lighted on a chapter of a story by an author whose name I had never heard before. The story was all about Englishmen and Irishmen and Scotchmen in India, about barrack life and civil life, about natives and strangers. At first I did not seem to be attracted to the pages, and was 15 inclined to put them down with the thought that I had seen a good deal of that sort of thing already. I read a little more, however, and soon became fascinated, and I felt that I had not seen any of that thing already, and then the conviction grew upon me that here, at last, was the man I had been long 20 expecting, and that the life of Englishmen in India was revealed by the touch of this new enchanter's wand. I need hardly say that the enchanter was Rudyard Kipling.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY, "Reminiscences."

XL

“WHERE’S Chicago Bill ?” said some one ; “ he’ll know.”

Thus invoked, a strange, gaunt figure stepped out in front of the crowd. He was an extremely tall and powerful man, with the red shirt and high boots of a miner. The shirt was
5 thrown open, showing the sinewy throat and massive chest. His face was seamed and scarred with many a conflict, both with nature and man ; yet beneath his ruffianly exterior there lay something of the quiet dignity of the gentleman. This man was a veteran gold-hunter ; a real old Californian ‘forty-niner,
10 who had left the gold-fields in disgust when private enterprise began to dwindle before the formation of huge incorporated companies with their ponderous machinery. But the red clay with the little shining points had become to him as the very breath of his nostrils, and he had come halfway round the
15 world to seek it once again.

“ Here’s Chicago Bill,” he said ; “ what is it ? ”

Bill was naturally regarded as an oracle, in virtue of his prowess and varied experience. Every eye was turned on him as Braxton, the young Irish trooper of constabulary, said,
20 “ What do you make of the horse, Bill ? ”

(To be continued.)

XLI

(Continued.)

THE Yankee was in no hurry to commit himself. He surveyed the animal for some time with his shrewd little grey eye. He bent and examined the girths ; then he felt the mane carefully. He stooped once more and examined the hoofs and then the quarters. His eyes rested on the blue weal. This 5 seemed to put him on a scent, for he gave a long, low whistle, and proceeded at once to examine the hair on either side of the saddle. He saw something conclusive apparently, for, with a sidelong glance from under his bushy eyebrows at the two old men beside him, he turned and fell back among the 10 crowd.

"Well, what d'ye think?" cried a dozen voices.

"A job for you," said Bill, looking up at the young Irish trooper.

"Why, what is it? What's become of young Broad- 15 huist?"

"He's done what better men have done before. He has sunk a shaft for gold and panned out a coffin."

"Speak out, man! What have you seen?" cried a husky 20 voice.

"I've seen the graze of a bushranger's bullet on the horse's quarters, and I've seen a drop of the rider's blood on the edge of the saddle."

A. CONAN DOYLE, "The Gully of Bluemansdyke."

XLII

CAN you imagine a great wild waste of snow extending on every side to the horizon, relieved at one point only by a clump of trees betokening a hamlet? You may not yet see it; you must approach nearer, and your roadway thither will
5 consist merely of a dismal track some thirty-five yards in breadth, no two feet of which are on the same level. There is not a vestige of a hedge. The track is marked off on one side by a slight ditch, which often disappears; on the other side an occasional pole peers out of the snow. The track
10 leads straight through the village. On either side, standing back a little, is a row of thatched and single-storeyed huts. Some are made of wickerwork filled in with stones and mortar; more commonly there is a whitewashed exterior and a dark-brown roof of thatch. They are huddled together in
15 pairs, the doors facing one another, while the gables look out on the track. Straw is piled up round the more exposed parts of the walls to help to keep out the cold, while the little windows are double, and between them is a jar with some sulphuric acid in it, to absorb the moisture and to keep them
20 clear. You often notice a wooded hollow filled with water somewhere in the vicinity of the village, and on a piece of waste ground outside are a dozen or more windmills belonging to the wealthier inhabitants. The church is always in a prominent position, with its great green dome and white walls.

(To be continued.)

XLIII

(Continued).

IF you enter one of the huts, it will take some little time till your eyes become accustomed to the comparative darkness. The floor is either the bare earth, or it is covered with some straw; the walls are whitewashed. In one corner of the room a small lamp is suspended before the *ikon*, a picture of Christ or the Virgin. A large stove takes up one quarter of the room. If there is more than one room in the hut, the stove is built through the partition wall so as to heat the other room as well. The stove is fed with straw; it is full of little pigeon-holes, into which articles can be put to be warmed and dried. From it a platform of wood, standing about two and a half feet above the floor, extends to the opposite wall; on this the peasant sleeps at night. Thus half of the room is taken up. Round the wall runs a shelf, on which, among other things, are the dark-brown, heavy loaves of rye bread which the peasants eat. Round the second half of the room runs a bench, close to the wall, scrupulously clean, which is used for sitting on and for washing; it is at the same height from the floor as the platform before mentioned, which it eventually joins.

20

Blackwood's Magazine, "The Peasant Life of South Russia."

XLIV

LITTLE by little the young scholar (Baeda) made himself master of the whole range of the science of his time ; he became, as Burke rightly styled him, "the father of English learning." The tradition of the older classic culture
5 was revived for England in his quotations of Plato and Aristotle, of Seneca and Cicero, of Lucretius and Ovid. Virgil cast over him the spell that he cast over Dante ; verses from the *Æneid* break his narrative of martyrdoms, and the disciple ventures on the track of the great master in a little eclogue
10 descriptive of the approach of spring. His work was done with small aid from others. "I am my own secretary," he writes. "I make my own notes. I am my own librarian." But forty-five works remained after his death to attest his prodigious industry. In his own eyes and those of his con-
15 temporaries the most important of these were the commentaries upon various books of the Bible which he had drawn from the writings of the Fathers. But he was far from confining himself to theology. In treatises compiled as text-books for his scholars Baeda threw together all that the world
20 had then accumulated in astronomy and meteorology, in physics and music, in philosophy, grammar, rhetoric, arithmetic, medicine. But the encyclopedic character of his researches left him in heart a simple Englishman. He loved his own English tongue ; his last work was a translation into English
25 of the Gospel of St. John, and almost the last words that broke from his lips were some English rhymes upon death. But the noblest proof of his love of English lies in the work which immortalises his name. In his "*Ecclesiastical History of the English Nation*," which he began in 704, Baeda became
30 the first English historian.

GREEN, "The Making of England."

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XLV

THE junction of Bülow's division had more than made up for the loss sustained at Ligny ; and leaving Thielmann with about seventeen thousand men to hold his ground as best he could, Bülow and Blücher moved with the rest of the Prussians upon Waterloo. It was calculated that they would be there 5 by three o'clock ; but the extremely difficult nature of the ground which they had to traverse, rendered worse by the torrents of rain that had just fallen, delayed them on their twelve miles' march.

An army, indeed, less animated by bitter hate against the 10 enemy than was the Prussian, and under a less energetic chief than Blücher, would have failed altogether in effecting a passage through the swamps, into which the incessant rain had transformed the greater part of the ground through which it was necessary to move not only with columns of foot but 15 with cavalry and artillery. At one point of the march the spirits of the Prussians almost gave way. Exhausted in the attempts to extricate and drag forward the guns, the men began to murmur. Blücher came to the spot and heard cries from the ranks of "We cannot get on." "But you *must* get 20 on," was the old Field-Marshal's answer. "I have pledged my word to Wellington, and you surely will not make me break it. Exert yourselves for a few hours longer, and we are sure of victory." This appeal from old "Marshal Forwards," as the Prussian soldiers loved to call Blücher, had its wonted 25 effect. The Prussians again moved forward, slowly indeed, and with pain and toil ; but still they moved forward.

CREASY, "Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World."

XLVI

MERCY was not to be hoped for. It does not seem to have been sought. Fisher was past eighty. The earth on the edge of the grave was already crumbling under his feet, and death had little to make it fearful. When the last morning dawned he
5 dressed himself carefully—as he said, for his marriage day. The distance to Tower Hill was short. He was able to walk, and he tottered out of the prison gates holding in his hand a closed volume of the New Testament. The crowd flocked about him, and he was heard to pray that, as this book had been his best
10 comfort, so in that hour it might give him strength, and speak to him as from his Lord. Then, opening it at a venture, he read, “This is life eternal to know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent.” It was the answer to his prayer ; and he continued to repeat the words as he was
15 led forward. On the scaffold he chanted the *Te Deum*, and then, after a few prayers, he knelt down and meekly laid his head upon a pillow where neither care nor fear of sickness would ever vex it more. Many a spectacle of sorrow had been witnessed on that fatal spot, but never one more sad than this.
20 Let us close our lips, and pass by and not speak of it.

FROUDE, “History of England.”

XLVII

THE character of Pericles has been presented in very different lights by different authors both ancient and modern, and our materials for striking the balance are not as good as we could wish. But his immense and long-continued supremacy, as well as his unparalleled eloquence, are facts attested not less by 5 his enemies than by his friends—nay, even more forcibly by the former than by the latter. The comic writers, who hated him, and whose trade it was to deride every leading political character, exhaust their powers of illustration in setting forth both the one and the other, while Plato, the philosopher, who 10 disapproved of his political working and of the moral effects which he produced upon Athens, nevertheless extols his intellectual and oratorical ascendancy—"his majestic intelligence"—in language not less decisive than Thucydides. There is another point of eulogy, not less valuable, on which the testi- 15 mony remains uncontradicted: throughout his long career, amidst the hottest political animosities, the conduct of Pericles towards opponents was always mild and liberal. The conscious self-esteem and arrogance with which the contemporary poet Ion reproached him is doubtless well-founded. His natural 20 taste, his love of philosophical research, and his unwearied application to public affairs, all contributed to alienate him from ordinary familiarity, and to make him careless, perhaps improperly careless, of the lesser means of conciliating public favour..

25

GROTE, "History of Greece."

XLVIII

WHEN you lend money to a friend, you run two risks—that of losing your money, or that of losing your friend. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred you lose both, because if you do not annoy him he is ashamed to show himself, and if you do
5 so he is so indignant that he will have nothing more to do with you. Oblige a friend with whatever loose cash you may be able to spare, but never lend money except that which you can afford to lose. When you claim a loan from a friend, you offend him; you wound his susceptibilities (borrowers are
10 born susceptible); you place him in a very embarrassing position; you humiliate him, and he naturally resents it. When you claim it forcibly, you insult him.

A friend is grateful to you for lending him money on condition only that you do not claim the return of it. If you
15 do, and you get it back, he fails to see that you have rendered him a service, and maybe he thinks he might be more clever and successful next time. The man who hopes to recover the money he has lent to a friend is a simpleton who would be taken in by a beginner. Nay, a man who returns to a
20 friend the money he has borrowed of him thinks he is doing him a very good turn, for which he ought to be particularly grateful.

MAX O'RELL, "Between Ourselves."

XLIX

From the hill-top of Marfée the Prussian monarch and his staff had been watching the course of the battle ever since the morning. As the great ring of German soldiers was gradually closing in upon the environed French army, a last desperate effort was made to arrest the progress of the Teuton advancers and to break their lines by a great charge of cavalry. General Margueritte was ordered to advance with his reserve cavalry division by echelons eastward of Floing, crush everything in his front, and then, wheeling to the right, roll up the enemy's line. The Second Reserve Cavalry Division, consisting of the four cuirassier regiments commanded by General Bonnemain, was to follow up Margueritte's charge; and several regiments of divisional cavalry commanded by General Salignac Fénelon were also brought forward to take part in this great cavalry attack. Margueritte having ridden forward to reconnoitre the ground in his front was severely wounded and was carried to the rear. Colonel Beaufremont was then the senior officer, and he therefore assumed the command which Margueritte had perforce vacated. The whole of the French cavalry with Salignac Fénelon's lancers in front swooped down upon the enemy like a hurricane and broke through the line of Prussian skirmishers, but they were received by the deployed battalions with a point-blank fire so murderous that the French squadrons were actually mowed down.

ARCHIBALD FORBES, "Life of Napoleon III."

L

THE French nobles, who brought their swords and fortunes to the assistance of the Revolution in America, opened their eyes on the morning after their arrival upon a state of things which closely resembled the romantic ideal then fashionable in Parisian circles. But for a certain toughness and roughness, of undoubted English origin, which the young fellows began to notice more when they had learned to speak English better, the community in which they found themselves seemed, in their lively and hopeful eyes, to have been made to order out of the imagination of Rousseau or of Fénelon. They were equally delighted with the external aspect and the interior meaning of the things around them. The Comte de Ségur had seen peasants at the opera before he wrote his Memoirs, he had lived to see the extemporised villages which the loyalty and gallantry of Prince Potemkin had constructed and decorated at each stage of the Empress Catherine's famous voyage through her southern dominions : but in his long and chequered existence he met with nothing which so pleased him as what he espied along the high-roads of Delaware, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania.

(To be continued.)

LI

(Continued.)

"SOMETIMES," he wrote, "in the midst of vast forests, with majestic trees which the axe has never touched, I was transported in idea to the remote times when the first navigators set their feet on that unknown hemisphere. Sometimes I was admiring a lovely valley, carefully tilled, with the meadows 5 full of cattle ; the houses clean, elegant, painted in bright and varied colours, and standing in little gardens behind pretty fences. And then, further on, after other masses of woods, I came to populous hamlets, and towns where everything betokened the perfection of civilization, schools, churches, univer- 10 sities. Indigence and vulgarity nowhere ; abundance, comfort, and urbanity everywhere. The inhabitants, each and all, exhibited the unassuming and quiet pride of men who have no master, who see nothing above them except the law, and who are free from the vanity, the servility, and the prejudices of our 15 European societies. That is the picture which, throughout my whole journey, never ceased to interest and surprise me."

SIR G. O. TREVELYAN, "The American Revolution."

LII

I PROCEEDED immediately to the office of the firm in order to thank them for their courtesy. As I was sitting in the counting-house waiting until they should be at liberty to see me, the words *Marie Céleste* suddenly attracted my attention. I looked
5 round and saw a very tall, gaunt man, who was leaning across the polished mahogany counter.

"I wished to ask a few questions about the *Marie Céleste*," he said, addressing the clerk. "She sails the day after tomorrow, does she not?"

10 "Yes, sir," said the young clerk, awed into unusual politeness by the glimmer of a large diamond in the stranger's shirt front.

"Where is she bound for?"

"Lisbon."

15 "How many of a crew?"

"Seven, sir."

"Passengers?"

"Yes, two. One of our young gentlemen, and a doctor from New York."

20 "No gentlemen from the South?" asked the stranger, eagerly.

"No, none, sir."

"Is there room for another passenger?"

"Accommodation for three more."

25 "I'll go, and I'll engage my passage at once. Put it down, will you? Mr. Septimius Goring, of New Orleans."

The clerk filled up a form and handed it over to the stranger, pointing to a blank space at the bottom. As Mr. Goring stooped to sign, I was horrified to observe that the fingers of
30 his right hand had been lopped off, and that he was holding the pen between his thumb and the palm.

A. CONAN DOYLE, "The Captain of the *Pole Star*."

LIII

UPON the events of that terrific strife, for which Emperor and Pope girded themselves up for the last time, the narrative of Frederick the Second's career, with its romantic adventures, with its sad picture of marvellous powers lost on an age not ripe for them, blasted in the moment of victory, it is not 5 necessary, were it even possible, here to enlarge. That conflict did indeed determine the fortunes of the German kingdom no less than of the republics of Italy, but it was upon Italian ground that it was fought out, and it is to Italian history that its details belong. So too of Frederick himself. Out of the 10 long array of the Germanic successors of Charles, he is the only one who comes before us with a genius and a frame of character that are not those of a Northern or a Teuton. There dwelt in him, it is true, all the energy and knightly valour of his father Henry, and his grandfather Barbarossa. 15 But along with these, were other gifts, inherited perhaps from his Italian mother, and fostered by his education among the orange groves of Palermo—a love of luxury and beauty, an intellect refined, subtle, philosophied.

(To be continued.)

LIV

(Continued.)

THROUGH the mist of calumny and fable it is but dimly that the truth of the man can be discerned, and the outlines that appear serve to quicken rather than appease the curiosity with which we regard one of the most extraordinary personages
 5 in history. A sensualist, yet also a warrior and a politician ; a profound law-giver and an impassioned poet ; in his youth fired by crusading fervour, in later life persecuting heretics while himself accused of blasphemy and unbelief ; of winning manners and ardently beloved by his followers, but with the
 10 stain of more than one cruel deed upon his name, he was the marvel of his own generation, and succeeding ages looked back with awe, not unmingled with pity, upon the inscrutable figure of the last Emperor who had braved all the terrors of the Church and died beneath her ban, the last who had ruled
 15 from the sands of the ocean to the shores of the Sicilian sea. But while they pitied they condemned. The undying hatred of the Papacy threw round his memory a lurid light ; him and him alone of all the imperial line, Dante, the worshipper of the Empire, must perforce deliver to the flames of hell.¹

JAMES BRYCE, "The Holy Roman Empire."

¹ "Quà entrò e lo secondo Federico."—"Inferno," X,

LV

Of all the joys in life, none is greater than the joy of arriving on the outskirts of Switzerland at the end of a long dusty journey from Paris. The true epicure in refined pleasures will never travel to Bâle by night. He courts the heat of the sun and the monotony of French plains, their sluggish streams 5 and never-ending poplar trees, for the sake of the evening coolness and the gradual approach to the great Alps, which await him at the close of the day. It is about Mülhausen that he begins to feel a change in the landscape. The fields broaden into rolling downs, watered by clear and running 10 streams: the green Swiss thistle grows by river-side and cowshed; pines begin to tuft the slopes of gently rising hills; and now the sun has set, the stars come out; and he feels—yes, indeed, there is no mistake—the well-known, well-loved magical fresh air, that never fails to blow from snowy moun- 15 tains and meadows watered by perennial streams. The last hour is one of exquisite enjoyment, and when he reaches Bâle, he scarcely sleeps all night for hearing the swift Rhine beneath the balconies, and knowing that the moon is shining on its waters, through the town, beneath the bridges, between pas- 20 ture-lands and copses; up the still valleys to the ice-caves where the water springs. There is nothing in all experience of travelling like this. We may greet the Mediterranean with enthusiasm; on entering Rome by the Porta del Popolo, we reflect with pride that we have reached the goal of our pil- 25 grimage, and are at last among world-shaking memories. But neither Rome nor the Riviera wins our hearts like Switzerland.

J. A. SYMONDS, "Love of the Alps."

LVI

OUR George II. was not a worse king than his neighbours. He claimed and took the Royal exemption from doing right which sovereigns then assumed. A dull little man of low tastes he appears to us in England ; yet Hervey tells us that
5 this choleric prince was a great sentimentalist, and that his letters—of which he wrote prodigious quantities—were quite dangerous in their powers of fascination. With us English he never chose to be familiar. . . . The king's fondness for Hanover occasioned all sorts of rough jokes among his English
10 subjects, to whom *sauerkraut* and sausages have ever been ridiculous objects. When our present Prince Consort came among us, the people bawled out songs in the streets indicative of the absurdity of Germany in general. The sausage-shops produced enormous sausages which we might suppose were the
15 daily food and delight of German princes. I remember the caricatures at the marriage of Prince Leopold with the Princess Charlotte. The bridegroom was drawn in rags. George III.'s wife was called by the people a beggarly German duchess ; the British idea being that all princes were beggarly except
20 British princes. King George paid us back. He thought there were no manners out of Germany. Sarah Marlborough once coming to visit the Princess, whilst her Royal Highness was whipping one of the roaring Royal children, " Ah ! " says George, who was standing by, " you have no good manners in
25 England, because you are not properly brought up when you are young." He insisted that no English cook could roast, no English coachman could drive : he actually questioned the superiority of our nobility, our houses, and our roast beef !

THACKERAY, " The Four Georges."

LVII

WILL re-entered the drawing-room.

"I quite envy your acquaintance with Mrs. Casaubon," said Rosamond. "Is she very clever? She looks as if she were."

"Really, I never thought about it," said Will, sulkily.

"That is just the same answer Tertius gave me when I asked him if she were handsome. What is it that you gentlemen are thinking of when you are with Mrs. Casaubon?"

"Herself," said Will, not indisposed to provoke the charming Mrs. Lydgate. "When one sees a perfect woman one never thinks of her attributes—one is conscious of her presence."

"I shall be jealous when Tertius goes to Lowick," said Rosamond, dimpling, and speaking with airy lightness. "He will come back and think nothing of me."

"That does not seem to have been the effect on Lydgate hitherto. Mrs. Casaubon is too unlike other women for them to be compared with her."

"You are a devout worshipper, I perceive. You often see her, I suppose?"

"No," said Will, almost pettishly. "Worship is usually a matter of theory rather than of practice. But I am practising it to excess just at this moment—I must really tear myself away."

"Pray come again some evening. Mr. Lydgate will like to hear the music, and I do not enjoy it so well without him."

When her husband was at home again, Rosamond said, "Mr. Ladislaw was here singing with me when Mrs. Casaubon came in. He seemed vexed. Do you think he disliked her seeing him at our house?"

(To be continued.)

LVIII

(Continued.)

"No, no; it must be something else, if he were really vexed. Ladislav is a sort of gipsy; he thinks nothing of leather and prunella."¹

"Music apart, he is not always very agreeable. Do you
5 like him?"

"Yes; I think he is a good fellow."

"Do you know, I think he adores Mrs. Casaubon."

"Poor devil!" said Lydgate, smiling and pinching his wife's ear.

10 "Why so?"

"Why, what can a man do when he takes to adoring one of your mermaids? He only neglects his work and runs up bills."

"I am sure you do not neglect your work. You are
15 always at the hospital, or seeing your patients, or thinking about some doctor's quarrel; and then at home you always want to pore over your microscope. Confess you like those things better than me."

"Haven't you ambition to want your husband to be something better than a Middlemarch doctor?" said Lydgate, looking at her with affectionate gravity. "A man must work to do that."

"Of course I wish you to make discoveries; no one could wish you more to attain a high position in some better place
25 than Middlemarch. You cannot say that I have ever tried to hinder you from working. But we cannot live like hermits. You are not discontented with me, Tertius?"

"No, dear, no, I am too entirely contented."

"But what did Mrs. Casaubon want to say to you?"

30 "Merely to ask about her husband's health. But I think she is going to be generous to our new hospital. I think she will give us two hundred a year."

GEORGE ELIOT, "Middlemarch."

LIX

THE Colonel breaks into the sanctum of these worthy gentlemen ; and each receives him in a manner consonant with his peculiar nature. Sir Brian regretted that Lady Ann was away from London, being at Brighton with the children, who were all ill of the measles. Hobson said, " Maria can't treat you 5 to such good company as my Lady could give you ; but when will you take a day and come and dine with us. Let's see, to-day's Wednesday ; to-morrow we've a party. No, we're engaged." He meant that his table was full ; but there was no use in imparting this circumstance to the Colonel. 10 " Friday we dine at Judge Budge's—queer name, Judge Budge, ain't it ? Saturday, I'm going down to Marble Head, to look after the hay. Come on Monday, Tom, and I'll introduce you to the missus and the young ones."

" I will bring Clive," says Colonel Newcome, rather dis- 15 turbed at this reception. " After his illness my sister-in-law was very kind to him."

" No, hang it, don't bring boys ; there's no good in boys ; they stop the talk downstairs, and the ladies don't want 'em in the drawing-room. Send him to dine with the children on 20 Sunday, if you like, and come along with me to Marble Head, and I'll show you such a crop of hay as will make your eyes open. Are you fond of farming ? "

" I have not seen my boy for years," says the Colonel ; " I had rather pass Saturday and Sunday with him, if you please, 25 and some day we will go to Marble Head together."

(To be continued.)

LX

(Continued.)

IN the winter, I hope we shall see you at Newcome," says the elder brother, blandly smiling. "I can't give you any tiger shooting, but I'll promise you that you shall find plenty of pheasants in our jungle," and he laughed very gently at this
5 mild sally.

The Colonel gave him a queer look. "I shall be at Newcome before the winter. I shall be there, please God, before many days are over."

"Indeed!" says the Baronet, with an air of surprise.
10 "You are going down to look at the cradle of our race. I believe the Newcomes were there before the Conqueror. It was but a village in our grandfather's time, and it is an immense flourishing town now, for which I hope to get—I expect to get—a charter."

15 "Do you?" says the Colonel. "I am going down there to see a relation."

"A relation! what relatives have we there?" cries the Baronet. "My children, with the exception of Barnes. Barnes, this is your uncle Colonel Thomas Newcome."

20 A fair-haired young gentleman, languid and pale, and arrayed in the very height of fashion, made his appearance at this juncture, and returned the Colonel's greeting with a smiling acknowledgment. "Very happy to see you, I'm sure," said the young man. "You find London very much changed
25 since you were here? Very good time to come—the height of the season."

Poor Thomas Newcome was quite abashed by this strange reception. Here was a man, hungry for affection, and one brother asked him to dinner next Monday, and another invited
30 him to shoot pheasants at Christmas. And here was a beardless young sprig who patronised him, and vouchsafed to ask him whether he found London changed.

W. M. THACKERAY, "The Newcomes."

LXI

REQUESSENS had been long revolving in his mind the means of possessing himself of this important island. He had caused to be constructed a numerous armada of boats and light vessels of various dimensions, and he now came to Tholen to organize the expedition. His prospects were at first not flattering, for the gulfs and estuaries swarmed with Zeland vessels, manned by crews celebrated for their skill and audacity. Traitors, however, from Zeland itself now came forward to teach the Spanish commander how to strike at the heart of their own country. These refugees explained to Requesens that a narrow flat extended under the sea from Philipsland, a small and uninhabited islet situate close to Tholen, as far as the shore of Duiveland. Upon this submerged tongue of land, the water, during ebb tide, was sufficiently shallow to be waded, and it would therefore be possible for a determined band, under cover of the night, to make the perilous passage. Once arrived at Duiveland, they could more easily cross the intervening creek to Schouwen, which was not so deep and only half as wide, so that a force thus sent through these dangerous shallows, might take possession of Duiveland and lay siege to Zierickzee, in the very teeth of the Zeland fleet, which would be unable to come near enough to intercept their passage. The commander determined that the enterprise should be attempted. . . . Having satisfied himself by personal experiment that the passage was possible, and that therefore his brave soldiers could accomplish it, he decided that the glory of the achievement should be fairly shared among the different nations which served the king.

(To be continued.)

LXII

(Continued.)

AFTER completing his preparations, Requesens came to Tholen, at which rendezvous were assembled three thousand infantry, partly Spaniards, partly Germans, partly Walloons. Besides these, a picked corps of two hundred sappers was to accompany
5 the expedition, in order that no time might be lost in fortifying themselves as soon as they had seized possession of Schouwen. Four hundred mounted troopers were, moreover, stationed in the town of Tholen, while the little fleet, which had been prepared at Antwerp, lay near that city ready to
10 co-operate with the land forces as soon as they should complete their enterprise. The Grand Commander now divided the whole force into two parts. One half was to remain in the boats, under the command of Mondragon ; the other half, accompanied by the two hundred pioneers, were to wade through
15 the sea from Philipsland to Duiveland and Schouwen. Each soldier of this detachment was provided with a pair of shoes, two pounds of powder, and rations for three days in a canvas bag suspended at his neck. The leader of this expedition was Don Osorio d'Ulloa, an officer distinguished for his experience
20 and bravery.

On the night selected for the enterprise, that of the 27th of September, the moon was in its fourth quarter, and rose a little before twelve. It was low water at between four and five in the morning. The Grand Commander, at the appointed
25 hour of midnight, crossed to Philipsland, and stood on the shore to watch the setting forth of the little army. He addressed a short harangue to them, in which he skilfully struck the chords of Spanish chivalry, and the national love of glory, and was answered with loud and enthusiastic cheers.

(To be continued.)

LXIII

(Continued.)

DON OSORIO then stripped and plunged into the sea immediately after the guides. He was followed by the Spaniards, after whom came the Germans, and then the Walloons. The two hundred sappers came next, and Don Gabriel Peralta, with his Spanish company, brought up the rear. It was a wild 5 night. Incessant lightning alternately revealed and obscured the progress of the march through the black waters, as the anxious commander watched the expedition from the shore, but the soldiers were soon swallowed up in the gloom. As they advanced slowly, two by two, the daring adventurers found 10 themselves soon nearly up to their necks in the waves, while so narrow was the submerged bank along which they were marching, that a misstep to the right or left was fatal. Meantime, as the sickly light of the waning moon came forth at intervals through the stormy clouds, the soldiers could plainly 15 perceive the files of Zeland vessels through which they were to march, and which were anchored as close to the flat as the water would allow. Some had recklessly stranded themselves, in their eagerness to intercept the passage of the troops, and the artillery played unceasingly from the larger vessels. Dis- 20 charges of musketry came continually from all, but the fitful lightning rendered the aim difficult and the fire comparatively harmless, while the Spaniards were, moreover, protected, as to a large part of their bodies, by the water in which they were immersed. At times, they halted for breath, or to engage in 25 fierce skirmishes with their nearest assailants.

(To be continued.)

LXIV

(Continued.)

THE night wore on, and the adventurers still fought manfully—but very slowly, the main body of Spaniards, Germans, and Walloons, soon after daylight, reaching the opposite shore, having sustained considerable losses, but in perfect order.

5 The pioneers were not so fortunate. The tide rose over them before they could effect their passage, and swept nearly every one away. The rear-guard, under Peralta, surprised, like the pioneers in the middle of their passage, by the rising tide, but prevented, before it was too late, from advancing far beyond

10 the shore from which they had departed, were fortunately enabled to retrace their steps. Don Osorio, at the head of the successful adventurers, now effected his landing upon Duiveland. Reposing themselves but for an instant after this unparalleled march through the water, of more than six hours,

15 they took a slight refreshment, prayed to the Virgin Mary and to Saint James, and then prepared to meet their new enemies on land. Ten companies of French, Scotch, and English auxiliaries lay in Duiveland, under the command of Charles van Boisot. Strange to relate, by an inexplicable accident, or

20 by treason, that general was slain by his own soldiers, at the moment when the royal troops landed. The panic created by this event became intense, as the enemy rose suddenly, as it were, out of the depths of the ocean to attack them. They magnified the number of their assailants, and fled, terror-

25 stricken, in all directions. Some swam to the Zeland vessels which lay in the neighbourhood; others took refuge in the forts which had been constructed on the island, but these were soon carried by the Spaniards, and the conquest of Duiveland was effected.

MOTLEY, "The Rise of the Dutch Republic."

LXV

I DOUBT whether two young birds could have known less about housekeeping than I and my pretty Dora did. We had a servant, of course. She kept house for us. Her name was Paragon. Her nature was represented to us, when we engaged her, as being feebly expressed in her name. She had a written 5 character as large as a proclamation, and, according to this document, could do everything of a domestic nature that ever I heard of, and a great many things that I never did hear of. She was a woman in the prime of life, of a severe countenance, and subject (particularly in the arms) to a sort of perpetual 10 measles or fiery rash. She had a cousin in the Life Guards, with such long legs that he looked like the afternoon shadow of somebody else. His shell-jacket was as much too little for him as he was too big for the premises. He made the cottage appear smaller than it need have been, by being so much out 15 of proportion to it. Besides, the walls were not thick, and whenever he passed the evening at our house, we always knew of it by hearing one continual growl in the kitchen. Our treasure was warranted sober and honest. I am therefore willing to believe that she was in a fit when we found her 20 under the boiler, and that the deficient teaspoons were attributable to the dustman.

But she preyed upon our minds dreadfully. We felt our inexperience, and were unable to help ourselves. We should have been at her mercy, if she had had any ; but she was a 25 remorseless woman, and had none. She was the cause of our first little quarrel.

(To be continued.)

LXVI

(Continued.)

"MY dearest life," I said one day to Dora, "do you think Mary Anne has any idea of time?"

"Why, Doady?" inquired Dora, looking up innocently from her drawing.

5 "My love, because it's five, and we were to have dined at four."

Dora glanced wistfully at the clock, and hinted that she thought it was too fast.

"On the contrary, my love," said I, referring to my watch,
10 "it's a few minutes too slow."

My little wife came and sat upon my knee, to coax me to be quiet, and drew a line with her pencil down the middle of my nose; but I couldn't dine off that, though it was very agreeable.

15 "Don't you think, my dear," said I, "it would be better for you to remonstrate with Mary Anne?"

"Oh no, please, I couldn't, Doady!" said Dora.

"Why not, my love?" I gently asked.

"Oh, because I am such a little goose," said Dora, "and
20 she knows I am!"

I thought this sentiment so incompatible with the establishment of any system of check on Mary Anne, that I frowned a little.

"Oh, what ugly wrinkles in my bad boy's forehead!"
25 said Dora, and still being on my knee, she traced them with her pencil, putting it to her rosy lips to make the mark blacker.

"There's a good child," said Dora; "it makes its face so much prettier to laugh."

30 "But, my love," said I.

"No, no, please," cried Dora, with a kiss, "don't be a naughty Blue-Beard! Don't be serious!"

(To be continued.)

LXVII

(Continued.)

"My precious wife," said I, "we must be serious sometimes. Come, sit down on this chair, close beside me. Give me the pencil. There! Now let us talk sensibly. You know, dear, it is not exactly comfortable to have to go out without one's dinner."

5

"N—n—no!" replied Dora, faintly.

"My love, how you tremble!"

"Because I *know* you're going to scold me," exclaimed Dora, in a piteous voice.

"My sweet, I am only going to reason."

10

"Oh, but reasoning is worse than scolding," exclaimed Dora, in despair. "I didn't marry you to be reasoned with. If you meant to reason with such a poor little thing as I am, you ought to have told me so, you cruel boy!"

I tried to pacify Dora, but she turned away her face, and shook her curls from side to side, and said, "You cruel, cruel boy!" so many times, that I really did not know what to do, so I took a few turns up and down the room in my uncertainty, and came back again.

"Dora, my darling!"

20

"No, I am not your darling. Because you *must* be sorry ~~that~~ you married me, or else you wouldn't reason with me!" returned Dora.

"Now, my own Dora," said I, "you are very childish, and are talking nonsense. You must remember, I am sure, that I was obliged to go out yesterday when dinner was half over, and that the day before, I was made quite unwell by being obliged to eat underdone veal; to-day, I don't dine at all—and I am afraid to say how long we waited for breakfast—and *then* the water didn't boil. I don't mean to reproach you, my dear, but this is not comfortable."

30

"Oh, you cruel, cruel boy, to say that I am a disagreeable wife!" cried Dora.

- 35 "Now, my dear Dora, you must know that I never said that !"
 "You said I wasn't comfortable !"
 "I said the house-keeping was not comfortable !"
 "It's exactly the same thing !" cried Dora.
 DICKENS, "David Copperfield."

LXVIII

ULPHILAS, the bishop and apostle of the Goths, acquired their love and reverence by his blameless life and indefatigable zeal, and they received, with implicit confidence, the doctrines of truth and virtue, which he preached and practised. He
 5 executed the arduous task of translating the Scriptures into their native tongue, a dialect of the German or Teutonic language: but he prudently suppressed the four books of Kings, as they might tend to irritate the fierce and sanguinary spirit of the Barbarians. The rude, imperfect idiom of
 10 soldiers and shepherds, so ill qualified to communicate any spiritual ideas, was improved and modulated by his genius, and Ulphilas, before he could frame his version, was obliged to compose a new alphabet of twenty-four letters; four of which he invented, to express the peculiar sounds that were
 15 unknown to the Greek and Latin pronunciation. . . . The character of Ulphilas recommended him to the esteem of the Eastern Court, where he twice appeared as the minister of peace; he pleaded the cause of the distressed Goths, who implored the protection of Valens, and the name of *Moses* was
 20 applied to this spiritual guide, who conducted his people, through the deep waters of the Danube, to the Land of Promise. The devout shepherds, who were attached to his person, and tractable to his voice, acquiesced in their settlement, at the foot of the Mæson Mountains, in a country of wood-
 25 lands and pastures, which supported their flocks and herds, and enabled them to purchase the corn and wine of the more plentiful provinces. These harmless Barbarians multiplied in obscure peace, and the profession of Christianity.

GIBBON, "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

LXIX

It can easily be proved that, in our land, the national wealth has, during at least six centuries, been almost uninterruptedly increasing ; that it was greater under the Tudors than under the Plantagenets ; that it was greater under the Stuarts than under the Tudors ; that, in spite of battles, sieges, and 5 confiscations, it was greater on the day of the Restoration than on the day when the Long Parliament met ; that, in spite of maladministration, of extravagance, of public bankruptcy, of two costly and unsuccessful wars, of the pestilence and of the fire, it was greater on the day of the death of Charles the 10 Second than on the day of his Restoration. This progress, having continued during many ages, became at length, about the middle of the eighteenth century, portentously rapid, and has proceeded, during the nineteenth, with accelerated velocity. In consequence partly of our geographical and partly of our 15 moral position, we have been exempt from evils which have elsewhere impeded the efforts and destroyed the fruits of industry. While every part of the Continent, from Moscow to Lisbon, has been the theatre of bloody and devastating wars, no hostile standard has been seen here but as a trophy. 20 While revolutions have taken place all around us, our Government has never once been subverted by violence. During more than a hundred years there has been in our island no tumult of sufficient importance to be called an insurrection, nor has the law been once borne down either by popular fury 25 or by regal tyranny.

MACAULAY, "History of England."

LXX

It is singular that among all the orbs which circle around the sun one only, and that almost the least of the primary planets, should exhibit clearly and unmistakably the signs which mark a planet as the abode of life. . . . The planet Mars exhibits in the clearest manner the traces of adaptation to the wants of living beings such as we are acquainted with. Processes are at work out yonder in space which appear utterly useless, a real waste of Nature's energies, unless, like their correlatives on earth, they subserve the wants of organized beings. I would not indeed insist, as some have done, too strongly upon this argument. I know that on every side we see tokens of an exuberant activity in Nature, which, according to our ideas, may savour of wastefulness. The cloud which has been raised by the solar energies from tropical seas, and which the winds have wafted over continents, may shed its waters on the sea or in the desert, where seemingly they are wholly wasted. Winds may spend their force apparently in vain. And in a thousand ways Nature's busy forces may be at work where we, in our short-sightedness, can see no useful purpose which they subserve. But there is a marked distinction between such apparent instances of wasteful action and the systematic processes which are taking place over the globe of Mars. Little as we can appreciate the real character of Nature's work upon earth, we can dimly trace out a necessity for that which yet appears to resemble waste.

(To be continued.)

LXXI

(Continued.)

WE see, for instance, that if a country or continent is to be provided with a due supply of rain, without supernatural intervention at every step, that result can only be secured by what may be described as a random distribution, involving always what to us resembles waste. If out of a thousand showers ten 5 only fall so as to be useful to the land, the object of Nature is subserved, and the useful rainfalls serve to explain the seemingly wasted ones. In reality, of course there has not been a random distribution, nor has there been any waste ; I infer, merely, that a sort of purpose is, in such a case, dimly seen. 10 But in the case of Mars we have no such explanation of the processes we observe, if we dismiss our belief that he is the abode of living creatures. For if Mars be indeed untenanted by any forms of life, then these processes, going on year after year and century after century, represent an exertion of 15 Nature's energies which appears absolutely without conceivable utility. If one cloud out of a hundred of those which shed their waters upon Mars supplies in any degree the wants of living creatures, then the purport of these clouds is not unintelligible ; but if not a single race of beings peoples that 20 distant world, then indeed we seem compelled to say that, in Mars at least, Nature's forces are wholly wasted. Such a conclusion, however, the true philosopher would not care needlessly to adopt.

R. A. PROCTOR, "Other Worlds than Ours."

LXXII

SIR GEORGE LEWIS reviews Roman history from its earliest times down to the fall of the Republic about forty years before the Christian era. Upon the subsequent events during the Empire, he does not touch. Counting upwards from the fall of the Republic to the received date of the capture of Troy and the migration of Æneas, there was a space of about 1140 years. Through this long antiquity Augustus and his contemporaries looked up to Æneas and the exiles from Troy as mythical ancestors of the Julian and other great Roman families. The series of years is here distributed into several periods with the evidences, primary or secondary, discordant or harmonious, indicated and appreciated.

In writing a history of Rome, the historian must necessarily begin from the beginning, and the difficulty is, in this as well as in other inquiries, to find a beginning. He must grope his way for some time in the dark, until at length he emerges into twilight, and into a slowly improving daylight. In the process of criticism this order is reversed. Sir George Lewis takes his point of departure from the latest period. Proceeding backward from the fall of the Republic to the invasion of Italy by Pyrrhus in 281 B.C., he exhibits a full catalogue of the historical productions of the Roman world during the last two centuries before the Christian era.

GEORGE GROTE, "On the Credibility of Early Roman History."

LXXIII

WHEN they resumed their conversation, Marsham's tacit expectation was that Diana would now show herself comforted ; that, sure of him, and of his affection, she would now be ready to put the tragic past aside ; to think first and foremost of her own present life and his, and face the future cheerfully. A 5 misunderstanding arose between them, indeed, which is perhaps one of the typical misunderstandings between men and women. The man, impatient of painful thoughts and recollections, eager to be quit of them as weakening and unprofitable, determined to silence them by the pleasant clamour of his own ambitions 10 and desires : the woman, priestess of the past, clinging to all the pieties of memory, in terror lest she forget the dead, feeling it a disloyalty even to draw the dagger from the wound—between these two figures and dispositions there is a deep and natural antagonism. It showed itself rapidly in the case of 15 Marsham and Diana. For their moment of high feeling was no sooner over than Marsham's mind flew inevitably to his own great sacrifice. She must be comforted indeed, poor child ! yet he could not but feel that he too deserved consolation, and that his own most actual plight was no less worthy of her 20 thoughts than the ghastly details of a tragedy twenty years old.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD, "Diana Mallory."

LXXIV

DURING a long voyage, and perhaps under critical circumstances, the moon will often render invaluable information to the sailor. To navigate a ship, suppose from Liverpool to China, the captain must frequently determine the precise position which his ship then occupies. If he could not do this, he would never find his way across the ocean. Observations of the sun give him his latitude and tell him his local time, but the captain further requires to know the Greenwich time before he can put his finger on a point of the chart and say, "My ship is here." To ascertain the Greenwich time the ship carries a chronometer which has been carefully rated before starting, and, as a precaution, two or three chronometers are usually provided to guard against the risk of error. An unknown error of a minute in the chronometer might lead the vessel fifteen miles from its proper course. It is therefore sometimes of importance to have the means of testing the chronometers during the voyage; and it would be a great convenience if every captain could actually consult some infallible standard of Greenwich time. We want, in fact, a Greenwich clock which may be visible over the whole globe. There is such a clock; and like any other clock, it has a face on which certain marks are made, and a hand which travels round that face. The face of this stupendous clock is the face of the heavens. The numbers are the twinkling stars, and the hand which moves over the dial is the moon herself. When the captain desires to test his chronometer, he measures the distance of the moon from a neighbouring star. For example, he may see that the moon is three degrees from the star Regulus. In the Nautical Almanac he finds the Greenwich time at which the moon is three degrees from Regulus.

SIR R. S. BALL, "The Story of the Heavens."

LXXV

I CAN prepare for, and put up with, a regularly bad day, but these ha'porth-of-all-sorts kind of days do not suit me. It aggravates me to see a bright blue sky above me, when I am walking along wet through; and there is something so exasperating about the way the sun comes out, smiling after a drenching shower, and seems to say: "Lord love you, you don't mean to say you're wet? Well, I am surprised. Why, it was only my fun."

They don't give you time to open or shut your umbrella in an English April, especially if it is an "automaton" one—the umbrella I mean, not the April.

I bought an "automaton" once in April, and I did have a time with it! I wanted an umbrella, and I went into a shop and told them so, and they said—

"Yessir; what sort of an umbrella would you like?" 15

I said I should like one that would keep the rain off, and that would not allow itself to be left in a railway carriage.

"Try an 'automaton,'" said the shopman.

"What's an automaton?" said I.

"Oh, it's a beautiful arrangement," replied the man, with a touch of enthusiasm. "It opens and shuts itself." 20

I bought one, and found that he was quite correct. It did open and shut itself. I had no control over it whatever.

(To be continued.)

LXXVI

(Continued.)

WHEN it began to rain, which it did that season every five minutes, I used to try and get the machine open, but it would not budge; and then I used to stand and struggle with the wretched thing, and shake it, and swear at it, while the rain
5 poured down in torrents. Then the moment the rain ceased, the absurd thing would go up suddenly with a jerk, and would not come down again; and I had to walk about under a bright blue sky, with an umbrella over my head, wishing that it would come on to rain again, so that it might not seem that
10 I was insane.

When it did shut it did so unexpectedly, and knocked one's hat off.

I don't know why it should be so, but it is an undeniable fact that there is nothing makes a man look so supremely
15 ridiculous as losing his hat. The feeling of helpless misery that shoots down one's back on suddenly becoming aware that one's head is bare, is among the most bitter ills that flesh is heir to. And then there is the wild chase after it, accompanied by an excitable small dog, who thinks it is a game, and in the course
20 of which you are certain to upset three innocent children, butt an old gentleman into a perambulator, and cannon off a ladies' seminary into the arms of a wet sweep.

JEROME K. JEROME, "Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow."

LXXVII

ALL that day, from morning until past sunset, the cannon never ceased to roar. It was dark when the cannonading stopped all of a sudden.

All of us have read of what occurred during that interval. The tale is in every Englishman's mouth ; and you and I, 5 who were children when the great battle was won and lost, are never tired of hearing and recounting the history of that famous action. Its remembrance still rankles in the bosoms of millions of the countrymen of those brave men who lost the day. They pant for an opportunity of revenging that 10 humiliation ; and if a contest, ending in a victory on their part, should ensue, elating them in their turn, and leaving its cursed legacy of hatred and rage behind to us, there is no end to the so-called glory and shame, and to the alternations of successful and unsuccessful murder, in which two high-spirited 15 nations might engage. Centuries hence we Frenchmen and Englishmen might be boasting and killing each other still, carrying out bravely the Devil's code of honour.

(To be continued.)

LXXVIII

(Continued.)

ALL our friends took their share and fought like men in the great field. All day long, whilst the women were praying ten miles away, the lines of the dauntless English infantry were receiving and repelling the furious charges of the French
5 horsemen. Guns which were heard at Brussels were ploughing up their ranks, and comrades falling, and the resolute survivors closing in. Towards evening the attack of the French, repeated and resisted so bravely, slackened in its fury. They had other foes besides the British to engage, or were
10 preparing for a final onset. It came at last ; the columns of the Imperial Guard marched up the hill of Saint Jean, at length and at once to sweep the English from the height which they had maintained all day ; and spite of all, unscared by the thunder of artillery, which hurled death from the
15 English line—the dark rolling column pressed on and up the hill. It seemed almost to crest the eminence, when it began to wave and falter. Then it stopped, still facing the shot. Then at last the English troops rushed forth from the post from which no enemy had been able to dislodge them, and
20 the Guard turned and fled.

No more firing was heard at Brussels—the pursuit rolled miles away. Darkness came down on the field and city ; and Amelia was praying for George, who was lying on his face, dead, with a bullet through his heart.

THACKERAY, "Vanity Fair"

LXXIX

SINCE Napoleon passed away in his island prison, death has claimed no greater figure in the higher fields of politics than the statesman who died on Saturday night in his home at Friedrichsruh. Prince Bismarck was one of the few men of whom his contemporaries can predict with some assurance 5 that his work will endure. It stands before mankind "four square to all the winds of fate" in the unity of the German people under the ægis of the German Empire. Generations of Germans had dreamed of such a union. Doctrinaires innumerable had written and talked of the means to bring it 10 about. Enthusiasts had sought to promote it by impossible conspiracies, and had been savagely punished for their attempts. It was Bismarck's life-work to do within the brief space of twenty years what all that was best among the German race had passionately longed to see done, to breathe 15 life into the dry bones which had lain so long as dead, and to raise the German name throughout the world to a pre-eminence of power and repute it had not enjoyed since the days of the Hohenstauffens. He was "the man of the saving deed"—of the deed which alone could direct the sentimental 20 patriotism of his countrymen to practical ends, and convert their vague aspirations into solid and enduring realities.

The Times.

LXXX

THERE is no country in Europe which it is so easy to overrun as Spain ; there is no country in Europe which it is more difficult to conquer. Nothing can be more contemptible than the regular military resistance which Spain offers to an
5 invader ; nothing more formidable than the energy which she puts forth when her regular military resistance has been beaten down. Her armies have long borne too much resemblance to mobs, but her mobs have had, in an unusual degree, the spirit of armies. The soldier, as compared with
10 other soldiers, is deficient in military qualities ; but the peasant has as much of those qualities as the soldier. In no country have such strong fortresses been taken by surprise ; in no country have unfortified towns made so furious and obstinate a resistance to great armies. War in Spain has,
15 from the day of the Romans, had a character of its own. It is a fire which cannot be raked out ; it burns fiercely under the embers, and long after it has, to all seeming, been extinguished, bursts forth more violently than ever. This was seen in the last war. Spain had no army which could
20 have looked in the face an equal number of French or Prussian soldiers ; but one day laid the Prussian monarchy in the dust ; one day put the crown of France at the disposal of invaders.

MACAULAY, "War of Succession in Spain."

LXXXI

I have often thought that a story-teller is born, as well as a poet. It is, I think, certain that some men have such a peculiar cast of mind, that they see things in another light than men of grave dispositions. Men of a lively imagination and a mirthful temper will represent things to their hearers 5 in the same manner as they themselves were affected by them. Those who are thus adorned with the gifts of nature are apt to show their parts with too much ostentation; I would therefore advise all the professors of this art never to tell stories but as they seem to grow out of the subject-matter of 10 the conversation, or as they serve to illustrate and enliven it. Stories that are very common are generally irksome; but may be aptly introduced, provided they be only mentioned by way of allusion. It is a miserable thing, after one hath raised the expectation of the company by humorous characters and a 15 pretty conceit, to pursue the matter too far. There is no retreating; and how poor it is for a story-teller to end his relation by saying, "That's all"!

RICHARD STEELE.

LXXXII

ON Saturday afternoon the discarded husband walked round to John Street, and from the corner of his eye, as he passed, stole a glance at his former home. He recognized the curtains at once, and, seeing that there was nobody in the front room, 5 leaned over the palings and peered at a card that stood on the window-sash—"Furnished Apartments for Single Young Man. Board if Desired." He walked away whistling, then turned and passed the house again. He passed in all four times, and then, with an odd grin at the corners of his mouth, 10 strode up to the front door and knocked loudly. He heard somebody moving about inside, and, more with the idea of keeping his courage up than anything else, gave another heavy knock at the door. It was thrown open hastily, and the astonished face of his wife appeared before him.

15 "What do you want?" she inquired sharply.

He raised his hat. "Good afternoon, ma'am," he said politely.

"What do you want?" repeated his wife.

"I called," said he, clearing his throat, "about the card in 20 the window."

"Well?" she gasped.

"I'd like to see the rooms," said the other.

"But you ain't a single young man," said his wife, recovering.

25 "I'm as good as single," said he.

"You ain't young," objected the wife.

"I'm three years younger than you are," he replied, dispassionately.

(To be continued.)

LXXXIII

(Continued.)

His wife's lips tightened and her hand closed on the door ; he put his foot in. "If you don't want lodgers, why do you put a card up ?" he inquired.

"I don't take the first that comes."

"I'll pay a week in advance," said he, putting his hand in his pocket. "Of course, if you are afraid of having me here—afraid of giving way to tenderness, I mean——"

"Afraid ?" choked the wife. "Tenderness ?"

"Just a matter of business," continued her husband, "that's my way of looking at it—that's a *man's* way. I suppose women are different——"

"Come in," said she, breathing hard.

He obeyed and ascended the stairs behind her. At the top she threw open the door of a tiny bedroom, and stood aside for him to enter. 15

"Smells rather stuffy," he said at last.

"You needn't have it," said his wife, abruptly.

"They might suit me," he said musingly, as he peeped in at the sitting-room door. "I shouldn't be at home much. I'm a man that's fond of spending his evenings out." 20

His wife, checking a retort, eyed him grimly.

"I've seen worse," he said slowly, "but then I've seen a good many. How much are you asking ?"

"Seven shillings a week. With breakfast, tea, and supper, a pound a week." 25

"I'll give it a trial," he said with an air of unbearable patronage.

She hesitated.

"If you come here, you come as a stranger, and I look after you as a stranger." 30

"Certainly," said the other. "I shall be more comfortable that way."

W. W. JACOBS, "Sailors' Knots."

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LXXXIV

SLOWER and slower went the train and then it stopped. Every one got out, and we knew it was Granada. On the platform we were stopped, first by hotel touts, who told us in bad French that we must go with them ; then by interpreters 5 who said that they could speak German, which was of no possible use to us, or English, which we could hear was no more fluent than our Spanish ; then porters who fought to carry our bags ; and customs officers who wanted to look into them ; and of course the most hideous of beggars. We went 10 outside to find a hotel coach. As we did so, there mounted to its front seat the most odious of the interpreters, sweet and smiling, and no doubt later at the " Roma " he claimed a fee for having captured us. The station stood in what seemed the town's shabbiest outskirts. The coach jolted over a rough, 15 dirty track, and through filthy, twisting alleys. Then we were jolted up a steep hill. But at the top we drove under a massive stone gateway, and at once we were in a cool, dim, green wood. The tall trees met overhead, making a roof against the sun. There was a lovely fountain, with beggars 20 and cripples out of Murillo and Goya grouped about it. Water-carriers were trudging up and down, with their bottles slung on their own backs or in the panniers of neat-stepping donkeys. The road wound between trees, widening once into a circular green space, then, with another turn, it brought us 25 to two hotels that faced each other under the green roof, and behind the " Roma " we caught a glimpse of the Alhambra.

J. PENNELL, *Century Magazine*. 1

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LXXXV

THE effect upon rural labourers of their two years in the army is marvellous. Look on the two pictures. It is recruiting time, and every day brings fresh train-loads of countrymen to town. In long file they walk from the station to the barracks. And how they walk ! As only the field labourer can—bowed 5 and bent, with heavy, awkward gait, the very picture of ungracefulness. The accompanying subaltern does not look over-proud of his charges, but he is comforting himself with the thought that he will soon change all that. They are neatly dressed, though, these village lads, for this is a notable day that 10 brings them to the great city, with its unknown life. Some dangle ribbons from their button-holes, some wear flowers fresh from the meadow, some have decked their hats with oak leaves, just to show that they are not ashamed of their country origin. For the most part they are a happy lot, though here and there 15 one may see a face that says as plainly as words could do that home sickness is already gnawing at the heart. Yet it is their undisciplined rawness that most strikes the townsman, accustomed as he is every day to watch the orderly march past of the garrison troops. Six months later the same peasants pass along 20 the same streets, now wearing the Emperor's uniform. But how different the carriage ! Now they march, before they waddled. To the clear note of the bugle and the brisk beat of the drum, the battalion treads with firm, united, and graceful step. Line after line passes as straight in its progress as though a steel 25 rod ran through it. No one would believe, unless he knew it, that scattered among these troops are the rude, unfashioned countrymen who not long ago shamled along in supreme disorder.

W. H. DAWSON, "German Life in Town and Country."

LXXXVI

"I CANNOT persuade the old gipsy-woman to go away, my lady," said the footman. "She has taken a chair in the chimney-corner, and says nothing shall stir her from it till she gets leave to come in here."

5 "What does she want?" asked Mrs. Eshton.

"To tell the gentry their fortunes, she says, ma'am; and she swears she will and must do it."

"What is she like?" inquired the Misses Eshton in a breath.

10 "A shockingly ugly old creature, miss; almost as black as a crock."

"Why, she's a real sorceress!" cried Frederick Lynn.

"Let us have her in, of course."

15 "To be sure," rejoined his brother: "it would be a thousand pities to throw away such a chance of fun."

"My dear boys, what are you thinking about?" exclaimed Mrs. Lynn.

"I cannot possibly countenance any such inconsistent proceeding," chimed in the Dowager Ingram.

20 "Indeed, mamma, but you can—and will," pronounced the haughty voice of Blanche, as she turned round on the piano-stool, where till now she had sat silent, apparently examining sundry sheets of music. "I have a curiosity to hear my fortune told: therefore, Sam, order the beldame forwards."

(To be continued.)

LXXXVII

(Continued.)

THE footman lingered. "She looks such a rough one," said he.

"Go!" ejaculated Miss Ingram; and the man went.

Excitement instantly seized the whole party: a running fire of raillery and jests was proceeding when Sam returned.

"She won't come now," said he. "She says it's not her 5 mission to appear before the 'vulgar herd,' them's her words. I must show her into a room by herself, and then those who wish to consult her must go to her one by one."

"You see now, my queenly Blanche," began Lady Ingram, "she encroaches. Be advised, my angel—and——" 10

"Show her into the library," cut in the "angel." "It is not my mission to listen to her before the vulgar herd either: I mean to have her all to myself. Is there a fire in the library?"

"Yes, ma'am—but she looks such a tinkler."

"Cease that chatter! and do my bidding." 15

Again Sam vanished; and mystery, animation, expectation rose to full flow once more.

"She's ready now," said the footman, as he reappeared. "She wishes to know who will be her first visitor."

"I think I had better just look in upon her before any of 20 the ladies go," said Colonel Dent.

"Tell her, Sam, a gentleman is coming."

(To be continued.)

LXXXVIII

(Continued.)

SAM went and returned.

"She says, sir, that she'll have no gentlemen ; they need not trouble themselves to come near her : nor," he added, with difficulty suppressing a titter, "any ladies either, except the
5 young and single."

"By Jove, she has taste !" exclaimed Henry Lynn.

Miss Ingram rose solemnly. "I go first," she said, in a tone which might have befitted the leader of a forlorn hope, mounting a breach in the van of his men.

10 "Oh, my dearest, pause—reflect !" was her mamma's cry ; but she swept past her in stately silence, passed through the door which Colonel Dent held open, and we heard her enter the library.

A comparative silence ensued. The minutes passed very
15 slowly : fifteen were counted before the library door again opened. Miss Ingram returned to us through the arch.

Would she laugh ? Would she take it as a joke ! All eyes met her with a glance of eager curiosity, and she met all eyes with one of rebuff and coldness : she looked neither flurried
20 nor merry ; she walked stiffly to her seat, and took it in silence.

"Well, Blanche ?" said Lord Ingram.

"What did she say, sister ?" asked Mary.

"Now, now, good people, don't press upon me. I have seen a gipsy vagabond ; she has practised in hackneyed fashion
25 the science of palmistry, and told me what such people usually tell."

CHARLOTTE BRONTË, "Jane Eyre."

LXXXIX

LANGHAM drew the curtains and threw himself down into Robert's chair with a sigh of Sybaritic satisfaction.

"Good! Now for something that takes the world less naïvely," he said to himself; "this house is too virtuous for anything."

5

He opened his Montaigne and read on very happily for half an hour. The house seemed entirely deserted.

"All the servants gone too!" he said presently, looking up and listening. "Anybody who wants the spoons needn't trouble about me. I don't leave this fire."

10

And he plunged back again into his book. At last there was a sound of the swing-door which separated Robert's passage from the front hall opening and shutting. Steps came quickly towards the study, the handle was turned, and there on the threshold stood Rose.

15

He turned quickly round in his chair with a look of astonishment. She also started as she saw him.

"I did not know any one was in," she said awkwardly, the colour spreading over her face. "I came to look for a book."

She made a delicious picture as she stood framed in the darkness of the doorway, her long dress caught up round her in one hand, the other resting on the handle. A gust of some delicate perfume seemed to enter the room with her, and a thrill of pleasure passed through Langham's senses.

(To be continued.)

XC

(Continued.)

"CAN I find anything for you?" he said, springing up.

She hesitated a moment, then apparently made up her mind that it would be foolish to retreat, and, coming forward, she said, with an accent as coldly polite as she could make it—

5 "Pray don't disturb yourself. I know exactly where to find it."

She went up to the shelves where Robert kept his novels, and began running her fingers over the books, with slightly knitted brows and a mouth severely shut. Langham, still
10 standing, watched her and presently stepped forward.

"You can't reach those upper shelves," he said; "please let me."

He was already beside her, and she gave way. "I want 'Charles Auchester,' she said, still forbiddingly. "It ought
15 to be there."

"Oh, that queer musical novel—I know it quite well. No sign of it here," and he ran over the shelves with the practised eye of one accustomed to deal with books.

"Robert must have lent it," said Rose, with a little sigh.
20 "Never mind, please. It doesn't matter," and she was already moving away.

"Try some other instead," he said, smiling, his arm still upstretched. "Robert has no lack of choice." His manner had an animation and ease usually quite foreign to it.

(To be continued.)

XCI

(Continued.)

ROSE stopped, and her lips relaxed a little.

"He is very nearly as bad as the novel-reading bishop, who was reduced at last to stealing the servants' *Family Herald* out of the kitchen cupboard," she said, a smile dawning.

Langham laughed.

5

"Has he such an episcopal appetite for them? That accounts for the fact that when he and I begin to talk novels I am always nowhere."

"I shouldn't have supposed you ever read them," said Rose, obeying an irresistible impulse, and biting her lip the 10 moment afterwards.

"Do you think that we poor people at Oxford are always condemned to works on the 'enclitic δὲ'?" he asked, his fine eyes lit up with gaiety, and his head, of which the Greek outlines were ordinarily so much disguised by his stoop and 15 hesitating look, thrown back against the books behind him.

Natures like Langham's, of which the nerves are never normal, have their moments of felicity, balancing their weeks of timidity and depression. After his melancholy of the last two days, the tide of reaction had been mounting within him, 20 and the sight of Rose had carried it to its height.

She gave a little involuntary stare of astonishment. What had happened to Robert's silent and finicking friend?

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD, "Robert Elsmere."

XCII

OF all the evenings in the week the labouring classes are generally most busy on Saturdays ; the question then arises how to spend the week's wages, and many find it harder to do this to the greatest advantage than to earn them. To be sure, 5 the temptations to spend money are much stronger and much more varied on Saturdays than on any other day. Provisions of every description, articles of dress, luxuries, are displayed at the most enticing prices, and their flaws, if any, often escape detection by the light of the gas lamps. All advertise- 10 ments of cheap goods appear on Saturdays. Amusements are offered everywhere at the lowest prices. The workman whose ears have been battered throughout the week by the uninterrupted monotonous din of machinery, is eager to listen to vocal or instrumental music, made doubly attractive to him by 15 the accompaniment of smoking and drinking. Saturday is as important a day to the Manchester working classes, as Tuesday, when the great cotton market is held, is to the manufacturers and merchants. Warehouses and offices generally close at one o'clock on Saturdays, and the clerks, workmen, etc., whose 20 number would alone suffice to people a fair-sized town, are their own masters till Monday morning.

(To be continued.)

XCIII

(Continued.)

THE cotton-mills and other factories close at four, and a population amounting to at least a hundred thousand souls is now free after a week's work. There is hardly a gloomier sight than a street of warehouses or mills in Manchester on a Saturday night. The engine is stopped and nothing but an inert mass of metal; the tall chimney no longer belches forth its clouds of smoke, the looms are silent, the gates are closed, the lights put out. One feels that the soul of industry is fled; the last day of the week has come, and the workers in this human anthill are scattered in all directions to satisfy their individual wants.

Take a few steps into the adjoining street, and the scene changes as if by magic. You are received by a noisy crowd, and jostled and elbowed without much ceremony. Every house is a shop, and every shop is brilliantly lighted. A vast number of bakers' shops are to be found here, with large coloured labels showing the prices of the different kinds of bread, while the outside public are informed by placards that another reduction of the "staff of life" has taken place. Trade has been good, wages have been high, and provisions are cheap, so the bakers do not lack custom.

(To be continued.)

XCIV

(Continued.)

A LITTLE further on are meat-stalls, quite open in front, where the gas is flaring in every draught of air ; each piece of meat is labelled with its price, and the butcher, knife in hand, walks up and down in front of his stall crying from time to time : “ Now’s your time, ladies, make your purchases ! Take your choice, ladies.” And the “ ladies ” are not slow in following the invitation. There is a husband with his wife, both very young, and decently dressed ; the man is carrying a baby, carefully wrapped up and fast asleep, while the wife has
10 a basket and a latch-key in her hands. They probably occupy a small house in a street where rents are low ; they keep no servant ; the wife cannot go marketing till the husband has received his wages, and as they cannot leave the child alone at home, they take it with them. Hundreds of such groups can
15 be met with up to closing time at eleven o’clock. However little such a manner of life may be conducive to the child’s health, this signifies little when compared with the sufferings of children whose mothers work in the mills, and who are therefore left during the day to the tender mercies of inefficient
20 and often mercenary nurses. The number of straying children in the streets of Manchester is incredible.

Edinburgh Journal.

XCV

WE were in beautiful Andalusia, *la tierra de Maria Santisima*. The green slopes of the Sierra Morena, planted to the top with olive groves, watched the beginnings of our journey, and banks of strange, sweet flowers, with glimpses of Moorish minarets and groups of dark-faced, bright-sashed peasants, 5 looking as if they had just stepped down from an artist's easel, beguiled us of all physical discomforts save heat and thirst. When the sun was at its sorest, the train drew up at a tumble-down station, and we looked eagerly for the customary water-seller, with his cry of "Water, fresh water! Water 10 cooler than snow!" But it was too warm for this worthy to venture out, and our hopes fastened on a picturesque old merchant seated in a shaft of cypress shade beside a heap of golden oranges. These juicy globes were a sight to madden all the parched mouths in the train, and imploring voices 15 hailed the proprietor from window after window. But our venerable hidalgo smoked his cigarette in tranquil ease, disdaining the vulgarities of barter. At the very last moment we persuaded a ragged boy in the throng of bystanders to fetch us a hatful of the fruit. Then the peasant languidly rose, followed 20 the lad to our window, named an infinitesimal price, and received his price with the bow of a grandee. He was no hustler in business, this Andalusian patriarch, but his dignity was epic, and his oranges were nectar.

(*To be continued.*)

XCVI

(Continued.)

WE shall never know whether or not we had an adventure that evening. A wild-eyed tatterdemalion swung himself suddenly into our compartment, and demanded our tickets ; but as all the Andalusians, to our unaccustomed eyes, looked like brigands, 5 we did not discriminate against this abrupt individual, but yielded our strips of pasteboard without demur. A swarthy young Moor of Tangier, the only other occupant of the carriage, sharply refused to surrender his own until the intruder should produce a conductor's badge ; whereupon the stranger 10 swore in gipsy, or " words to that effect," wrenched open the door and fled into the outer dark. The Moor excitedly declared to us that our tickets would be called for at the station in Granada, that we should have to pay their price to the gate-keeper, and that our irregular collector, hiding somewhere 15 along the train, would be admitted by that corrupt official to a share in the spoils. Moved by our dismay, this son of the desert thrust his head through the window at the next stop, and roared so lustily for the conductor and the civil guard that, in a twinkling the robber, if he was a robber, popped up 20 in the doorway again, like a Jack-in-the-Box, and rudely flung us back the tickets. Thereupon our benefactor, if such he was, solemnly charged us never, on the Granada road, to give up anything to anybody who wore no guilt on his cap.

KATHARINE LEE BATES, "Spanish Highways and Byways."

XCVII

THE days are past when, for dynastic purposes, small armies of professional soldiers would take the field to capture a town or conquer a province, and then move into winter quarters or conclude peace. The wars of to-day summon whole nations to arms, hardly a family but is made a fellow-sufferer. The full 5 of season puts an end to the restless activity. So long as nations will lead separate existences there will be disputes that can only be settled by force of arms ; but it is to be hoped in the interest of humanity that wars will become more rare in 10 proportion as they have become more formidable. Moreover, it is no longer the ambition of princes, it is the moods of nations, the uneasiness caused by internal conditions, the restlessness of parties, especially of their spokesmen, that endanger peace. A corporate body, no single member of 15 which bears the full weight of responsibility, will more lightly take the momentous resolution to go to war than an individual, however highly placed ; and we shall more often find a peace-loving monarch than a parliament of sages. The great wars of modern times have been kindled against the will of 20 sovereigns. In our days the money-market has attained to a degree of influence that is able to call armies into the field in defence of its interests. Mexico and Egypt have been invaded by foreign hosts to liquidate the claims of the great capitalists. It is of less importance nowadays that a state should possess 25 the means to *make* war than that its government should be strong enough to *prevent* it.

MOLTKE, "The Franco-German War."

XCVIII

In treating of the South of Italy, it is necessary to allude to the *Camorra* and *Mafia*, though their importance has generally been a good deal exaggerated. The *Camorra* is practically confined to the city of Naples, where it finds a fair
5 field in the deep social degradation of a section of the people. Its picturesqueness lives mainly in the imagination of foreign correspondents ; in reality, despite its esoteric organisation, its fantastic ritual, its strange perverted code of honour, it is a vicious, malodorous conspiracy of the dissolute and
10 criminal poor, who live by blackmailing and selling their electoral services to the Government or the local deputies. It has its tariff of blackmail on boatmen, porters, gambling houses ; it drives a lucrative trade in unspeakable horrors ; it exercises a terrorism at public auctions, and takes care that
15 nobody bids against its associates. And such is the traditional fascination which it has on the imagination of the Neapolitans that its sway is often absolute, and the police are only too glad to appeal to its authority where they are powerless. It is a lurid phenomenon and has a double gravity. It is no casual
20 growth ; it is the almost inevitable outcome of the squalid misery, the physical degeneration, the appalling wickedness of a section of the Neapolitan population. Even if the police tried to stamp it out, which they do not, they would be powerless.

(*To be continued.*)

XCIX

(Continued.)

THE *Mafia* of Sicily has lost most of its mystery, and with that, it is to be hoped, of its glamour. Recent revelations have stripped it to what it is in reality, a blackmailing conspiracy, nearly as sordid and ugly as the *Camorra*. There is, indeed, a loose sense of the word, in which it may be called “a degenerate 5
ratè form of chivalry.” Traditions, whose roots are lost in history, have made revenge a sacred law in Sicily ; and in the small towns, where men are forced into close touch with one another, and neighbours’ feuds are things of living fierceness, a man makes himself respected by avenging an injury or 10
slight with some hardly concealed crime, by murdering the offender or insulting his family honour or lifting his cattle or cutting his vines. The *Mafia* expresses the universal suspicion of the public law, sometimes exercising a rude kind of justice among its own members. Public opinion shields the criminal, 15
and the strong unwritten law holds a man disgraced, if he helps to bring the murderer or cattle-lifter to justice. In this sense the *Mafia* spirit affects the great mass of Sicilians outside the great towns, especially the better-to-do peasants ; but it is a social tradition rather than an organisation, and is by no 20
means confined to Sicily.

B. KING and J. OKEY, “Italy to-day.”

C

THERE were not wanting persons about his Excellency, who fanned the latent embers of jealousy into a blaze. These worthy gentlemen, some of them kinsmen of Velasquez, who probably felt their own deserts somewhat thrown into the
5 shade by the rising fortunes of Cortés, reminded the governor of his ancient quarrel with that officer, and of the little probability that affronts so keenly felt at the time could ever be forgotten. By these and similar suggestions, and by mis-
10 constructions of the present conduct of Cortés, they wrought on the passions of Velasquez to such a degree, that he resolved to entrust the expedition to other hands. He communicated his design to his confidential advisers, Lares and Duero, and these trusty personages reported it without delay to Cortés, although, "to a man of half his penetration," says Las Casas,
15 "the thing would have been readily divined from the governor's altered demeanour." The two functionaries advised their friend to expedite matters as much as possible, and to lose no time in getting his fleet ready for sea, if he would retain the command of it. Cortés showed the same prompt decision on
20 this occasion, which more than once afterwards in a similar crisis gave the direction to his destiny. He had not yet got his complement of men, nor of vessels; and was very inadequately provided with supplies of any kind. But he resolved to weigh anchor that very night. He waited on his officers,
25 informed them of his purpose, and at midnight, when the town was hushed in sleep, they all went quietly on board, and the little squadron dropped down the bay.

(To be continued.)

CI

(Continued.)

GREAT was the amazement of the good citizens of St. Jago, when, at dawn, they saw that the fleet, which they knew was so ill-prepared for the voyage, had left its moorings and was busily getting under way. The tidings soon came to the ears of his Excellency, who, springing from his bed, hastily dressed 5 himself, mounted his horse, and, followed by his retinue, galloped down to the quay. Cortés, as soon as he descried their approach, entered an armed boat and came within speaking distance of the shore. "And is it thus you part from me!" exclaimed Velasquez. "A courteous way of taking 10 leave, truly!" "Pardon me," answered Cortés, "time presses and there are some things that should be done before they are even thought of. Has your Excellency any commands?" But the mortified governor had no commands to give; and Cortés, politely waving his hand, returned to his vessel, and 15 the little fleet instantly made sail for the port of Macaca, about fifteen leagues distant. Velasquez rode back to his house to digest his chagrin as he best might; satisfied, probably, that he had made at least two blunders: one in appointing Cortés to the command, the other in attempting to deprive him of it. 20 For, if it be true that by giving our confidence by halves, we can scarcely hope to make a friend, it is equally true that, by withdrawing it when given, we shall make an enemy.

W. H. PRESCOTT, "History of the Conquest of Mexico."

CII

THE following morning—it was the 22nd March, 1832—he tried to walk a little up and down the room ; but he found himself too feeble to continue. Reseating himself in an easy-chair, he chatted cheerfully with Ottilie on the approaching spring, which would be sure to restore him. He had no idea of his end being so near. The name of Ottilie was frequently on his lips. She sat beside him, holding his hands in both of hers. It was now observed that his thoughts began to wander incoherently. “See,” he exclaimed, “the lovely woman’s head—with black curls—in splendid colours—on a dark background !” Presently he saw a piece of paper on the floor, and asked them how they could leave Schiller’s letters so carelessly lying about. Then he slept softly, and on awakening asked for the sketches he had just seen—the sketches of his dream. In silent anguish they awaited the close now so surely approaching. His speech was becoming less and less distinct. The last words audible were “More light !” The final darkness grew apace, and he, whose eternal longing had been for more light, gave a parting cry for it. At half-past twelve he composed himself in the corner of the chair. The watcher placed a finger on her lip to intimate that he was asleep. If sleep it was, it was a sleep in which a life had glided from the world. He woke no more.

G. H. LEWES, “The Life of Goethe.”

CIII

DURING the first term of Mr. Pen's University life, he attended classical and mathematical lectures with tolerable assiduity ; but discovering before very long that he had little taste or genius for the pursuing of the exact sciences, and being perhaps rather annoyed that one or two very vulgar young men, who 5 did not even use straps to their trousers so as to cover the abominably thick and coarse shoes and stockings which they wore, beat him completely in the lecture-room, he gave up his attendance at that course, and announced to his fond parent that he proposed to devote himself exclusively to the cultiva- 10 tion of Greek and Roman literature. Mrs. Pendennis was, for her part, quite satisfied that her darling boy should pursue that branch of learning for which he had the greatest inclination, and only besought him not to ruin his health by too much study, for she had heard the most melancholy stories of 15 young students who, by over-fatigue, had brought on brain-fevers and perished untimely in the midst of their University career. And Pen's health, which was always delicate, was to be regarded, as she justly said, beyond all considerations and vain honours. Pen, though not aware of any lurking disease 20 which was likely to endanger his life, yet kindly promised his mamma not to sit up reading too late at night, and stuck to his word in this respect with a great deal more tenacity than he exhibited upon some other occasions, when perhaps he was a little remiss.

25

THACKERAY, "Pendennis."

CIV

THE old Greeks set it down as an axiom that a loud or harsh voice betokened bad breeding, and any one who hears the lower classes discussing any topic at the corner of the street, may notice not only their coarseness and rudeness in expression, 5 but also the loudness and harshness of their voices, in support of this observation. The habit of wrangling with people who will not listen without interruption, and who try to shout down their company, nay, even the habit of losing one's temper, engenders a noisy and harsh way of speaking, which naturally 10 causes a prejudice against the talker in good society. . . .

Contrariwise, nothing attracts more at first hearing than a soft and sweet tone of voice. It generally suggests a deeper well of feeling than the speaker possesses, and certainly prejudices people as much in his favour as a grating and loud 15 utterance repels them. It is to be classed with personal beauty, which disposes every one to favour the speaker, and listen to him or her with sympathy and attention. This sweetness in the tone of the voice is chiefly a natural gift, but it may also be improved, if not acquired, by constant and careful training in 20 early years. It can certainly be marred by constant straining and shouting. It should therefore be carefully cultivated or protected in youth as a valuable vantage-ground in social intercourse.

(To be continued.)

CV

(Continued.)

It is possible, though rare, that people of refinement and culture may have a physical repugnance to meeting any but their intimates, and that they may make honest efforts in vain to overcome this stubborn shyness. The great majority of shy people are not of this kind. Thus you will see a girl extremely shy in ordinary society, who blossoms out when she receives attentions from some one who may possibly marry her. Or else you may find a youth, who jumps over a hedge to avoid meeting a party of his acquaintances on a country road, anything but modest in lower society, thus showing that it is a consciousness of unfitness for good company and a fear of being criticised which dominate him. In almost all cases there is therefore modesty without simplicity, a conscious and almost guilty air; it is nothing better than vanity which fears the results of conversation, which desires to be thought well of, and which, from mistrust of itself, puts on the garb of modesty. . . . 5 10 15

Reserve, which few venture to claim for themselves, is a far higher and better feeling, for it implies that the unwillingness to enter upon conversation arises from some deliberate judgment as to the relative positions of the speaker and his company—often a correct judgment, saving us from the vice of familiarity, which in an inferior is offensive, in a superior uncomfortable, in either case distinctly vulgar. 20

J. P. MAHAFFY, "The Principles of the Art of Conversation."

CVI

ON one of those sober and rather melancholy days, in the latter part of autumn, when the shadows of morning and evening almost mingle together, and throw a gloom over the decline of the year, I passed several hours in rambling over Westminster Abbey. There was something congenial to the season in the mournful magnificence of the old pile; and as I passed its threshold, seemed like stepping back into the regions of antiquity, and losing myself among the shades of former ages.

I entered from the inner court of Westminster School, through a long, low, vaulted passage, that had an almost subterranean look, being dimly lighted in one part by circular perforations in the massive walls. Through this dark avenue I had a distant view of the cloisters, with the figure of an old verger, in his black gown, moving among their shadowy vaults, and seeming like a spectre from one of the neighbouring tombs. The approach to the abbey through these gloomy monastic remains prepares the mind for its solemn contemplation. The cloisters still retain something of the quiet and seclusion of former days. The grey walls are discoloured by damp, and crumbling with age. A coat of hoary moss has gathered over the inscriptions of the mural monuments, and obscured the death's heads and other funereal emblems. The sharp touches of the chisel are gone from the rich tracery of the arches; the roses which adorned the keystones have lost their leafy beauty; everything bears marks of the gradual dilapidation of time, which yet has something touching and pleasing in its very decay.

WASHINGTON IRVING, "Sketch Book."

CVII

WHAT is a nation—socially and politically, and as a unit to be dealt with by practical politicians? It is *not* a great many things. It is not blood, it is not birth, it is not breeding. A man may have been born at Surat and educated at Lausanne, one of his four great-grandfathers may have been a Dutchman, 5 one of his four great-grandmothers a French refugee, and yet he himself may remain from his cradle in Surat to his grave at Singapore, a true-born Englishman, with all an Englishman's fine contempt for mixed races and struggling nationalities.

Where the English came from is still a matter of contro- 10 versy, but where they have gone to is writ large over the earth's surface. Yet their nationality has suffered no eclipse. Caviare is not so good in London as in Moscow, but it is caviare all the same. No foreigner needs to ask the nationality of the man who treads on his corns, smiles at his religion, and 15 does not want to know anything about his aspirations.

England has all the notes of a nation. She has a National Church, based upon a view of history peculiarly her own. She has a National Oath which, without any undue pride, may be pronounced adequate for ordinary occasions. She has a Con- 20 stitution, the admiration of the world. She has a History splendid in accomplished facts; she has a Literature which makes the poorest of her children, if only he has been taught to read, rich beyond the dreams of avarice. As for the national character, it may be said of an Englishman, take him 25 at his best, and he need own no superior. He cannot always be at his best; and when he is at his worst the world shudders.

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL, "Res Judicatæ."

CVIII

I AM, I admit, as vain as other men, and I can walk with a strut when I have new clothes on. which, I am conscious, fit me to a nicety. Every man under such circumstances is a peacock, and is to be forgiven. But although I plead guilty
5 to that pompous weakness, I have the merit of being very fond of old clothes. Indeed, this partiality is made a matter of reproach by those of my own household. Time was when I would sacrifice comfort to vanity, now, as I mellow, I am quite willing to sacrifice vanity to comfort. Besides, is not my love
10 for old clothes something more than the desire for selfish comfort? When clothes have served me well, it seems almost cruel to discard them in their old age. If I had been the owner of horses, and one of them had served me laboriously through a tiresome life, I would in his old age, when he became
15 blind and lame, have pensioned him with a paddock. I could not have had the heart to send him to the knacker. I would have felt like Cain if I had. And so it is with my old clothes. They are friendly old clothes and know my ways, and what is more, I know theirs—and they have peculiarities, I admit that.
20 The lining of one of the sleeves is quite detached from the coat at the shoulder, and, unless you are careful, your hand and arm will proceed on a useless excursion down the wrong avenue, and find themselves in a *cul-de-sac*.

(*To be continued.*)

CIX

(Continued.)

OF course it takes a time to know the ways of these old clothes, but the learning of them and the knowing of them makes one feel friendly. I have a waistcoat which has lost one button, and it has been without it for quite a long time. But I have always been reluctant to have the lost button replaced, for, in the first place, the absence of that button always enables me to recognize my own waistcoat at once, and in the summer time the ventilation is really refreshing. Of course my old clothes resemble other old clothes in some respect. They have become quite intimate with my figure and my habits, and that is a great thing. They are a cast in cloth of the man that wears them. They are in certain places unduly polished. But these bright shining patches only mark the salient points of my anatomy. Some irreverent persons have said they could see their faces in the polished mirror of the back of my coat, but that, besides being a little vulgar, was a positive exaggeration. It is not so bad as that. Indeed, I think none of my clothes were so bad as to justify a raid that was recently made upon certain of my drawers. It was during my absence, otherwise I would have defended my possessions. Of course this theft of my wardrobe was justified on the ground of charity. Oh, what crimes have been committed in the name of charity! My clothes, I had often been told, were too bad to give away. Then why, I ask, could I not be allowed to keep them?

ANON., "Essays in Paradox."

CX

ONCE upon a time there occurred an illness to a certain good and great man. I read in my daily paper that the whole nation was plunged in grief. People dining in public restaurants, on being told the news by the waiter, dropped
5 their heads upon the table and sobbed. Strangers, meeting in the streets, flung their arms about one another, and cried like little children. I was abroad at the time, but on the point of returning home. I almost felt ashamed to go. I looked at myself in the glass, and was shocked at my own appearance :
10 it was that of a man who had not been in trouble for weeks. I felt that, to burst upon this grief-stricken nation with a countenance such as mine would be to add to their sorrow. It was borne in upon me that I must have a shallow, egotistical nature. I had had luck with a play in America,
15 and for the life of me I could not look grief-stricken. There were moments when, if I was not keeping a watch over myself, I found myself whistling.

Had it been possible, I would have remained abroad till some stroke of ill-fortune had rendered me more in tune with
20 my fellow-countrymen. But business was pressing.

(To be continued.)

CXI

(Continued.)

THE first man I talked to on Dover pier was a Customs House official. You might have thought sorrow would have made him indifferent to a mere matter of forty-eight cigars. Instead of which, he appeared quite pleased when he found them. He demanded three-and-fourpence, and chuckled when he got it. 5
On Dover platform a little girl laughed because a lady dropped a handbox on a dog ; but then children are always callous—or, perhaps she had not heard the news.

What astonished me most, however, was to find in the railway-carriage a respectable-looking man reading a comic 10 journal. True, he did not laugh much : he had got decency enough for that, but what was a grief-stricken citizen doing with a comic journal, anyhow ? Before I had been in London an hour, I had come to the conclusion that we English must be a people of wonderful self-control. The day before, accord- 15
ing to the newspapers, the whole country was in serious danger of pining away and dying of a broken heart. In one day the nation had pulled itself together. " We have cried all day," they had said to themselves, " we have cried all night. It does not seem to have done much good. Now let us once again 20
take up the burden of life." Some of them—I noticed it in the hotel dining-room that evening—were taking quite kindly to their food again.

JEROME K. JEROME, "Idle Ideas in 1905."

CXII

ONE bright afternoon our friends the enemy brought forward a couple of batteries of field-guns, and from a position in front of the wood which crested their ridge, opened fire against our camp. The range was a long one, but the Turks 5 had Krupp guns, and their shells came lobbing across the valley and occasionally pitched among the tents. The Russians, who have a great propensity to lazy idleness when the weather is warm, apparently could not be bothered to reply to this fire for quite a while ; but at length, about four 10 o'clock, I saw their gunners busy among the field-guns that were ranged in position along the front of the camp.

Just then I met Baron Driesen, the commander of the cavalry division, who told me that he had remained quiet thus long because of a little scheme he had adopted to surprise and 15 perhaps to cut off the Turkish guns opposite to us. Some two hours earlier, when he first noticed the guns being brought up into position, he had sent off Holstein with the light cavalry regiment of his brigade—"the Grey Hussars" we used to call them, from the colour of their horses—away 20 to our right, with orders, if practicable, to cross the valley higher up out of sight of the Turks, and, getting on to the slope of their ridge, work northward through the clumps of trees, till, if they had the luck to get so far, within charging distance of the left flank of the Turkish batteries, when the 25 Russian troopers were to do their best to capture the guns.

I am an old cavalryman, and was naturally always eager to be with the mounted arm on any duty assigned to it ; and I rather made a grievance of it that he had not let me know of the despatch of the Greys, that I might have gone with 30 them.

(To be continued.)

CXIII

(Continued.)

DRIESEN was the best-tempered man in the world. "Why," said he, "standing here, you've got the whole panorama under your eye, and if they have the luck to do anything, you can see their work a great deal better, and, what is more, a great deal more safely, than if you were over there with them, 5 blinded by dust and smoke." But, nevertheless, I was only half content.

The Russian guns opened presently, and then there was an hour or two of reprisal at long bowls, and nothing else. The Russians lost a horse or two, and one unfortunate fellow was 10 cut in two, but the futile powder-burning was getting very tedious. All at once, however, I noticed some horsemen showing little glimpses of themselves out of a long clump of trees a few hundred yards below, and on the left of the Turkish batteries. 15

"Look, Baron!" cried I, "there are Holstein's cavalry fellows, sure enough. They've worked round beautifully, and now they are gathering in that clump, getting ready for their dash at the guns!"

Driesen was not an enthusiastic man, and he rather drawled 20 in his speech. "You may be right," he said, "but I, for my part, have a suspicion these horsemen are Turkish Tcherkesses, prowling about there just to cover that left flank of the batteries which I gave Holstein as his objective."

"Why," I exclaimed, "look at the grey horses. There can 25 be no mistake!"

"*Mon Dieu!*" retorted the Baron, "can't a Turkish Tcherkess ride a grey horse as well as a Russian Hussar?"

ARCHIBALD FORBES, "Barracks, Bivouacs, and Battles."

CXIV

To Berlin he was invited by a series of letters, couched in terms of the most enthusiastic friendship and admiration. For once the rigid parsimony of Frederic seemed to have relaxed. Orders, honourable offices, a liberal pension, a well-
5 served table, stately apartments under a royal roof, were offered in return for the pleasure and honour which were expected from the society of the first wit of the age. A thousand louis were remitted for the charge of the journey. No ambassador setting out from Berlin for a court of the first
10 rank had ever been more amply supplied. But Voltaire was not satisfied. He had the effrontery to ask for a thousand louis more, in order to enable him to bring his niece, Madame Denis, the ugliest of coquettes, in his company. The indelicate rapacity of the poet produced its natural effect on the severe
15 and frugal king. The answer was a dry refusal. "I did not," said his Majesty, "solicit the honour of the lady's society." On this, Voltaire went off into a paroxysm of childish rage. It seemed that the negotiations would be broken off; but Frederic, with great dexterity, affected indifference, and seemed
20 inclined to transfer his idolatry to Baculard d'Arnaud. His Majesty even wrote some bad verses, of which the sense was that Voltaire was a setting sun, and that Arnaud was rising. Good-natured friends soon carried the lines to Voltaire. He was in bed. He jumped out in his shirt, danced about the
25 room with rage, and sent for his passport and post-horses. It was not difficult to foresee the end of a connection which had such a beginning.

MACAULAY, "Frederic the Great."

CXV

WHEN all is ready, and every article has been disputed and paid for in the inn, unless you are a little soured by the adventure, there is always a matter to compound at the door, before you can get into your chaise ; and that is with the sons and daughters of poverty, who surround you. Let no man say, "Let them go to the devil !" 'tis a cruel journey to send a few misera- 5
bles, and they have had sufferings enow without it ; I always think it better to take a few sous out in my hand ; and I would counsel every gentle traveller to do so likewise ; he need not be so exact in setting down his motives for 10
giving them ; they will be registered elsewhere.

For my own part, there is no man gives so little as I do ; for few that I know, have so little to give ; but as this was the first public act of my charity in France, I took the more notice of it. 15

"Ah, well-a-way," said I, "I have but eight sous in the world, and there are eight poor men and eight poor women for 'em."

A poor tattered soul, without a shirt on, instantly withdrew his claim, by retiring two steps out of the circle, and making 20
a disqualifying bow on his part.

Just Heaven ! for what wise reasons hast Thou ordered it, that beggary and urbanity, which are at such variance in other countries, should find a way to be at unity in this ?

STERNE, "A Sentimental Journey."

CXVI

MAGGIE'S heart began to flutter with fear. She dared not tell the sad truth at once, but she walked after Tom in trembling silence as he went out, thinking how she could tell him the news so as to soften at once his sorrow and his anger ; for
5 Maggie dreaded Tom's anger of all things.

"Tom," she said, timidly, when they were out of doors, "how much money did you give for your rabbits ? "

"Two half-crowns and a sixpence," said Tom, promptly.

"I think I have a great deal more than that in my steel
10 purse, upstairs. I'll ask mother to give it to you."

"What for ? " said Tom. "I don't want your money, you silly thing. I've got a great deal more money than you, because I'm a boy. I always have half-sovereigns and sovereigns for my Christmas boxes, because I shall be a man,
15 and you have only five-shilling pieces, because you are only a girl."

"Well, but, Tom—if mother would let me give you two half-crowns and a sixpence out of my purse to put into your pocket and spend, you know ; and buy some more rabbits
20 with it."

"More rabbits ? I don't want any more."

"Oh, but, Tom, they're all dead."

Tom stopped immediately in his walk and turned round towards Maggie.

25 "You forgot to feed 'em, then ? " he said, his colour heightening, but soon subsiding. "I don't love you, Maggie. You shan't go fishing with me to-morrow."

GEORGE ELIOT, "The Mill on the Floss."

CXVII

I DO not remember how long I slept. I must have been conscious, however, during my slumber, of my inability to keep myself covered with my *serape*, for I awoke once or twice, clutching it with a despairing hand as it was disappearing over the foot of the couch. Then I became suddenly aroused to the fact that my efforts to retain it were resisted by some 5 equally persistent force, and, letting it go, I was horrified at seeing it swiftly drawn under the couch. At this point I sat up completely awake ; for immediately after, what seemed to be an exaggerated muff began to emerge from under the couch. 10 Presently it appeared fully, dragging the *serape* after it. There was no mistaking it now—it was a baby bear. A mere suckling, it was true, a harmless roll of fat and fur—but, unmistakably, a grizzly cub. I cannot recall anything more irresistibly ludicrous than its aspect as it slowly raised its small, 15 wondering eyes to mine. It was so much taller on its haunches than its shoulders—its forelegs were so disproportionately short—that in walking its hind-feet invariably took precedence. It was perpetually pitching forward on its pointed nose, and recovering itself with the gravest astonishment. Presently it 20 slowly raised itself on its hind-legs, and vaguely and deprecatingly waved a baby paw. I took the paw and shook it gravely. From that moment we were friends.

BRET HARTE, "Baby Sylvester."

CXVIII

ALL invalids are allowed the courtesy epithet of interesting. Yet there are some who renounce the homage and solicitude to which their state entitles them. The illnesses of our friends indeed convince us that, while there is perhaps more general
5 love of attracting notice in the world than ever, and while innumerable fictitious demands are made upon the attention of tender minds, there is also a great deal of austerity and shyness among the sick. There are persons who are easily persuaded to talk about *your* illness, but whom nothing will
10 induce to talk of their own. They are prepared to be ministering angels, but draw back at the suggestion that any angel should minister to them. After some observation we declare our belief that the world is divided into two classes: those who like being the centre of interest on a sick-bed, who make
15 the most of their temporary privilege of extorting sympathy from every quarter, and who are inclined rather to emphasize than to dismiss their sufferings, and those who seem to think that talk of their illness would be a kind of uncalled-for confidence in the world's ear. The first class really snatch a
20 fearful pleasure from being ill—if not too ill, but just ill enough; the second, however ill, would pretend that they are not ill at all, and perhaps at a word of sympathy they retire before a threat of genial comfort as an owl before the radiance of the sun.

Spectator.

CXIX

Two very interesting events occurred last week which should remove some of the doubt yet expressed in England with regard to dirigibles. It is generally denied in this country that dirigibles can attain a speed in still air of twenty miles an hour, and all the statements made with reference to the Zeppelin's speed of thirty and thirty-five miles an hour are quite discredited here. Last week, however, the new Gross and Parseval vessels, which are of the semi-rigid and non-rigid types, were timed in a six-miles race, and each showed a speed of twenty-four miles an hour on the out and home journeys. For a vessel of the non-rigid type this is a remarkable achievement, and it shows that the new Parseval ship, by its special design and high engine-power, is in advance of all other non-rigid ships. But the Parseval and Gross are admittedly slower than the Zeppelin, and this is at least ten miles an hour faster. The highest speed attained by any dirigible in England has been about twelve miles an hour, and our present vessel seems hardly capable of more than ten miles an hour. It thus compares badly with the German ships, which have more than double and treble its speed. Later in the week the same two German dirigibles bore despatches to the German Emperor, the Gross showing greater speed on this occasion, and both vessels accomplishing the allotted task with complete success.

Times.

CXX

At the present moment the tide of Austrian opinion seems to have set strongly in favour of naval expansion, and recently the *Berliner Tageblatt* announced that Austria-Hungary was contemplating a naval programme, not of four *Dreadnoughts* 5 merely, but of sixteen, spread over a term of years. Much better authority will be required before so sensational a statement is accepted, especially when we remember how exceedingly small the Austrian navy is, and how slender are the ship-building capacities of the country. But it is quite probable 10 that Austria, without committing herself to any such colossal programme, may seriously set about increasing her naval power, and thus introduce a new factor of the utmost importance into the politics of the Mediterranean. However, it is one thing to talk of naval programmes, and another to get the 15 ships launched. Everybody can readily understand that Italy would watch with concern the growing navy even of the most friendly power in such circumscribed waters as those of the Adriatic ; but at the present moment it is the desire of the two principal partners of the Triple Alliance to emphasize before 20 the world not only the massive strength of the Hohenzollern-Habsburg combination, but also the fact that this combination exists within the larger framework of the Triple Alliance.

Daily Telegraph.

CXXI

BRIGANDAGE in Sicily has a sort of intermittent permanence which foreigners cannot easily explain. The mere question which is so often asked—whether it cannot be stamped out?—shows a total ignorance of its nature. You may knock off a lizard's tail in winter with a switch, as most people know, but 5 you cannot prevent the tail from growing again in the spring unless you kill the lizard outright.

Brigandage is not a profession, as most people suppose. A man does not choose it as a career. It is the occasional but inevitable result of the national character under certain con- 10 ditions which are sure to renew themselves from time to time. No one can change national character. The success of brigandage, whenever it manifests itself, depends primarily upon the almost inaccessible nature of some parts of the island; and, secondly, upon the helplessness of the peasants to defend them- 15 selves in remote places. It is manifestly impossible to arm a whole population, especially with weapons fit to cope with the first-rate repeating rifles and army revolvers which brigands almost invariably carry. It is equally impossible to picket troops all over the country, at distances not exceeding half a 20 mile from station to station, in every direction, like cabbages in a field. An army would not suffice.

(To be continued.)

CXXII

(Continued.)

ALMOST every band begins with a single individual, and he, as a rule, has turned outlaw to escape the consequences of a murder done in hot blood, and is, in all probability, a man of respectable birth and some property. It is part of the national character to proceed instantly to bloodshed in case of a quarrel, and quarrels are, unfortunately, common enough. The peasants break one another's heads and bones with their hoes and spades, and occasionally stab each other with inefficient knives, but rarely kill, because the carabineers are constantly making search for weapons, even in the labourers' pockets, and confiscate them without question when found. But the man of some property rarely goes abroad without a shot-gun, or a revolver, or both, and generally knows how to use them. He may go through life without a serious quarrel, but should he find himself involved in one, he usually kills his man at once, or is killed. If there are witnesses present to prove beyond doubt that he has killed in self-defence, he may give himself up to the nearest station of carabineers, and he is sure of acquittal. Otherwise, if he can get away, his only course is to escape to the woods without delay. This seems to be the simple explanation of the fact that such a large proportion of the brigands are by no means of the lowest class, but have often been farmers who can not only afford good weapons, but are able to get licences to carry them.

MARION CRAWFORD, "Corleone."

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CXXIII

ALGERS is but a few hours' sail from the South of France, and Tunis not much further. Here is the field in which we might look for a prosperous French peasantry under climatic conditions but slightly different from those prevailing in Provence or Gascony. Yet it is not the Frenchman, but the Italian and the Spaniard who furnish the language of the white man for this part of the world. There are French cafés in the towns, and the little round tables are occupied by French officials; French uniforms are on all sides, and the French flag waves over the Government buildings. That flag is a blessing to the country so far as it means good roads, efficient police, courts of justice, harbours, and other necessary expenditure. But from a colonial point of view Spain and Italy are the countries directly benefited rather than France. Italy to-day has hardly any colonies, yet she is one of the most prolific of countries, and sends forth annually thousands of her hardy people to New York, Buenos Ayres, and Northern Africa, to say nothing of the large number who find temporary employment abroad. Many of her statesmen deplore this state of things, and dream of a better day when Italy shall have a colony of her own inhabited solely by Italians, and governed by the home government. But that which official Italy is regretting to-day will in less than fifty years prove a greater blessing than anything she could have done through the instrumentality of her army and navy. The Italy that is reproducing herself under the French flag in Africa, under the American flag on the banks of the Hudson, or in far-away settlements of South America, that is an Italy which will help to build up the commerce of the mother-country to a degree little dreamed of by those who now look upon every emigrant as a loss to the country of his birth.

CXXIV

It is at first sight extremely perplexing to understand how we could conquer India. Its population was dense, and its civilization, though descending along a different stream of tradition, was as real and ancient as our own. We have learnt from many 5 instances in European history to think it almost impossible really to conquer an intelligent people wholly alien in language and religion from its invaders. The whole power of Spain could not in eighty years conquer the Dutch provinces with their petty population. The Swiss could not be conquered in 10 old time, nor the Greeks the other day. Nay, at the very time when we made the first steps in the conquest of India, we showed ourselves wholly unable to reduce to obedience three millions of our own race in America, who had thrown off their allegiance to the English crown. What a singular contrast is 15 there! Never did the English show so much languid incompetence as in the American War, so that it might have seemed evident that their age of greatness was over, and that the decline of England had begun. But precisely at this time they were appearing as irresistible conquerors in India, and 20 showing a superiority which led them to fancy themselves a nation of heroes. How is the contradiction to be explained?

(To be continued.)

CXXV

(Continued.)

AGAIN and again, at Plassey, at Assaye, and on a hundred other battlefields, our troops have been victorious against great odds, so that here it seems that we may indulge our national self-complacency without restraint. But does this hypothesis really remove the difficulty? Suppose that one 5 Englishman is really equal as a soldier to ten or twenty Hindus, can we even then conceive the whole of India conquered by the English? There were not more than twelve millions of Englishmen at the time when the conquest began, and it was made at a period when England had other wars on 10 her hands. Clive's career falls partly in the Seven Years' War, and the great conquests of Lord Wellesley were made in the midst of our war with Napoleon. How, then, could we manage during this time to conquer an enormous territory inhabited by two hundred millions of people? What a drain 15 such a work must have made upon our military forces, what a drain upon our treasury! And yet, somehow, the drain seems never to have been perceived. Our European wars involved us in a debt that we have never been able to pay; but our Indian wars have not swelled the National Debt. It seems, 20 then, that there must be something wrong in the current conception that a number of soldiers went over from England to India, and there by sheer superiority in valour and intelligence, conquered the whole country.

J. R. SENLEY, "The Expansion of England."

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CXXVI

WE shall have to throw off our insularity !

There was once a time when England was the only great engineer, manufacturer, banker, and merchant in the world, when English engineers and English capital built, possessed, 5 and managed continental railways, telegraphs, bridges, water-works, gas-works, and factories, when England, so to say, "ran" the Continent. Those times have passed, but they have left us an inheritance. We—that is to say, the great majority of us—live in the pleasant illusion that such is still 10 our position, and consider the foreigner as a very inferior and rather to be pitied being.

Conscious of our superiority, we refuse to learn other languages, and our children who are taught German and French at school, try to forget as fast as they can, after 15 leaving school, what they have been taught for years.

Our officers are no better. Their continental comrades learn languages, go abroad, and bring important information to their Intelligence Department. Ours don't, and in a foreign country they are simply lost, and have to rely on the right or 20 wrong information which a native interpreter chooses to give them.

But we disdain not only to learn the foreigner's language, we do not even think it worth our while to profit by his experience.

ANON., "Drifting."

CXXVII

LIFE in the Palace of Versailles was lacking in many of the most requisite elements of comfort. There were spacious rooms, sumptuous furniture, and gorgeous decoration, but few or none of those quiet nooks in which the taste of the occupier finds its individual expression, and which are dedicated to solitude or to the intimacy of private friendships. Everything was sacrificed to the state apartments, and in the matter of privacy prince and courtier were hardly as well off as a school-boy of the twentieth century. It is true that they did not often know our craving to be alone, nor feel the necessity of possessing some retreat of their own, some refuge to which they could escape from the ceaseless babble of tongues and be secure from intrusion. Like the Greeks, they felt life to be a public rather than a private affair, and abstinence from company was either a self-imposed penance or an involuntary hardship. They had, too, what we lack—a real taste for ceremony and public representation. The theatrical side of life was cultivated at the expense of the family side, with the result that social qualities came to be prized more highly than domestic virtues.

20

(To be continued.)

CXXVIII

(Continued.)

BUT there were some who found the eternal publicity of life a burden, and who longed to be alone. At Marly, by special favour, Madame de Maintenon was allowed the undivided enjoyment of two tiny rooms, which, with a touch of unconscious pathos, she christened *Le Repos*; but they were so cold and draughty as to be uninhabitable in the winter months. The *petits cabinets* of Marie Antoinette exist to this day, and show with how little of real comfort a queen of France was forced to be content.

10 Nor was the standard of personal cleanliness a high one. The appliances for washing were inadequate and primitive. The heavy clothes which fashion imposed were no doubt a welcome protection against cold; but they must have made all physical exertion heating, and their number and complexity
15 rendered changing a lengthy and troublesome process. Moreover, the extraordinary head-dresses affected by the women did not conduce to frequent brushing of the hair. When once a lady had had her locks combed and pomaded into the requisite shape, her chief ambition was to keep the structure
20 undisturbed. Strong scents were called in to obviate the results of an insufficient use of soap and water, but the remedy was not always successful. It is not surprising, therefore, to find that the aristocracy suffered occasionally in a way that is fortunately now confined to the dirtiest of our poor.

G. F. BRADBY, "The Great Days of Versailles."

CXXIX

STUNNED by the first blow of the irreparable loss (the death of his wife), and for awhile, as it seemed to those who were in the room, deprived of his reason, Garibaldi no longer concealed his identity, and in a few minutes the crowd of peasants who had gathered outside the door of the house were whispering the name with joy and fear. But there was not found among them one who would sell Italy for gold. Garibaldi's life was handed on with religious devotion, until, after many days, they had safely transferred him out of the region where the hunt was hottest. It was impossible to permit him to linger in the house of death, close to the high-road, for the Austrian soldiers might arrive at any moment, and the corpse would betray them all. "I directed the good people," he writes, "to bury the body, and left, yielding to the entreaties of the inhabitants, whom my further stay compromised." Then he staggered along, scarcely able to walk, accompanied by a guide, who led him by devious ways and under cover of night, to the little village of Sant Alberto, and there lodged him in the cottage of a poor handicraftsman, where he was received with a generosity that sank deep into his heart. He himself belonged to the poor, by origin, and by the simple habits of his early life which he never abandoned: the heroism and kindness of his hosts on this dreadful night pierced the armour of his grief, and he determined to live for a country whose humblest children were ready to die for him.

GEORGE MACAULAY TREVELYAN,
"Garibaldi's Defence of the Roman Republic."

CXXX

THE first objects that assume a distinct presence before me, as I look far back into the blank of my infancy, are my mother with her pretty hair and youthful shape, and Peggotty, with no shape at all, and eyes so dark that they seemed to darken
5 their whole neighbourhood in her face, and cheeks and arms so hard and red that I wondered the birds did not peck her in preference to apples.

There comes out of the cloud our house—not new to me, but quite familiar, in its earliest remembrance. On the ground-
10 floor is Peggotty's kitchen opening into a back yard ; with a pigeon-house on a pole, in the centre, without any pigeons in it ; a great dog-kennel in a corner, without any dog ; and a quantity of fowls that look terribly tall to me, walking about in a menacing and ferocious manner. There is one cock who
15 gets upon a post to crow, and seems to take particular notice of me as I look at him through the kitchen window, and who makes me shiver ; he is so fierce. Of the geese outside the gate who run waddling after me with their long necks stretched out when I go that way, I dream at night ; as a man environed
20 by wild beasts might dream of lions.

(To be continued.)

CXXXI

(Continued.)

HERE is a long passage—what an enormous perspective I make of it!—leading from Peggotty's kitchen to the front door. A dark store-room opens out of it, and that is a place to be run past at night; for I don't know what may be among those tubs and jars and old tea-chests, when there is nobody in there 5 with a dimly burning light letting a mouldy air come out at the door, in which there is the smell of soap, pickles, pepper, candles, and coffee, all at one whiff. Then there are the two parlours; the parlour in which we sit of an evening, my mother and I and Peggotty—for Peggotty is quite our com- 10 panion when her work is done and we are alone—and the best parlour where we sit on a Sunday; grandly, but not so comfortably. There is something of a doleful air about that room to me, for Peggotty has told me—I don't know when, but apparently ages ago—about my father's funeral, and the com- 15 pany having their black cloaks put on. One Sunday night my mother reads to Peggotty and me in there, how Lazarus was raised up from the dead. And I am so frightened that they are afterwards obliged to take me out of bed, and show me the quiet churchyard through the bedroom window, with the dead 20 all lying in their graves at rest, below the solemn moon.

CHARLES DICKENS, "David Copperfield."

CXXXII

I SHALL not say one word here about the state of the army in the Crimea, or one word about its numbers or its condition. Every Member of this House, every inhabitant of this country, has been sufficiently harrowed with details regarding it. To
5 my solemn belief, thousands—nay, scores of thousands of persons—have retired to rest, night after night, whose slumbers have been disturbed, or whose dreams have been based upon the sufferings and agonies of our soldiers in the Crimea. I cannot but notice that an uneasy feeling exists as to the news
10 which may arrive by the next mail from the East. I do not suppose that your troops are to be beaten in actual conflict with the foe, or that they will be driven into the sea ; but I am certain that many homes in England in which there now exists a fond hope that the distant one may return—many
15 such homes may be rendered desolate when the next mail shall arrive. The Angel of Death has been abroad throughout the land ; you may almost hear the beating of his wings. There is no one, as when the first-born were slain of old, to sprinkle with blood the lintel and the two side-posts of our door, that
20 he may spare and pass on ; he takes his victims from the castle of the noble, the mansion of the wealthy, and the cottage of the poor and the lowly, and it is on behalf of all these classes that I make this solemn appeal.

JOHN BRIGHT.

CXXXIII

I HAVE often noticed that almost every one has his own individual small economies—careful habits of saving fractions of pennies in some one peculiar direction—any disturbance of which annoys him more than spending shillings or pounds on some real extravagance. An old gentleman of my acquaintance, who took the intelligence of the failure of a bank, in which some of his money was invested, with stoical mildness, worried his family all through a long summer's day, because some one had torn (instead of cutting) out the written leaves of his now useless bank-book; of course the corresponding 10 pages at the other end came out as well, and this little unnecessary waste of paper chafed him more than all the loss of his money. Envelopes fretted his soul terribly; the only way in which he could reconcile himself to such waste of his cherished article was by patiently turning inside out all that 15 were sent to him, and so making them serve again. Even now, though tamed by age, I see him casting wistful glances at his daughters when they send a whole instead of a half-sheet of notepaper, with the three lines of acceptance to an invitation, written on only one of the sides. 20

MRS. GASKELL.

CXXXIV

THE Puritan was made up of two different men, the one all self-abasement, penitence, gratitude, passion, the other proud, calm, inflexible, sagacious. He prostrated himself in the dust before his Maker ; but he set his foot on the neck of his king.

5 In his devotional retirement he prayed with convulsions, and groans, and tears. He was half maddened by glorious or terrible illusions. He heard the lyres of angels, or the tempting whispers of fiends. He caught a gleam of Paradise, or woke screaming from his dreams of everlasting fire. But when he

10 took his seat in the council, or girt on his sword for war, these tempestuous workings of the soul had left no perceptible trace behind them. People who saw nothing of the Puritans but their uncouth visages, and heard nothing from them but their groans and their whining hymns, might laugh at them. But

15 those had little reason to laugh who encountered them in the hall of debate or in the field of battle. These fanatics brought to civil and military affairs a coolness of judgment and an immutability of purpose which some writers have thought inconsistent with their religious zeal, but which were in fact

20 the necessary effects of it. The intensity of their feelings on one subject made them tranquil on every other.

MACAULAY, "History of England."

CXXXV

ROME is a city, as it were, of the dead, or rather of those who cannot die, and who survive the puny generations which inhabit and pass over the spot which they have made sacred to eternity. In Rome, at least in the first enthusiasm of your recognition of ancient times, you see nothing of the Italians. 5 The nature of the city assists the delusion, for its vast and antique walls describe a circumference of sixteen miles, and thus the population is thinly scattered over this space, nearly as great as London. Wide fields are enclosed within it, and there are grassy lanes and copses winding among the ruins, 10 and a great green hill, lonely and bare, which overhangs the Tiber. The gardens of the modern palaces are like wild woods of cedar, and cypress, and pine, and the neglected walks are overgrown with weeds. The English burying-place is a green slope near the walls, under the pyramidal tomb of Cestius, and 15 is, I think, the most beautiful and solemn cemetery I ever beheld. To see the sun shining on its bright grass, fresh, when we first visited it, with the autumnal dews, and to hear the whispering of the wind among the leaves of the trees which have overgrown the tomb of Cestius, and to mark the tombs, 20 mostly of women and young people, who were buried there, one might, if one were to die, desire the sleep they seem to sleep.

SHELLEY.

CXXXVI

THE death of Nelson was felt in England as something more than a public calamity ; men started at the intelligence, and turned pale, as if they heard of the loss of a dear friend. An object of our admiration and affection, of our pride and of
5 our hopes, was suddenly taken from us ; and it seemed as if we had never, till then, known how deeply we loved and revered him. What the country had lost in its great naval hero, the greatest of our own, and of all former times, was scarcely taken into the account of grief. So perfectly, indeed,
10 had he performed his part, that the maritime war, after the battle of Trafalgar, was considered at an end ; the fleets of the enemy were not merely defeated but destroyed ; new navies must be built, and a new race of seamen reared for them, before the possibility of their invading our shores could again
15 be contemplated. It was not, therefore, from any selfish reflection upon the magnitude of our loss that we mourned for him ; the general sorrow was of a higher character. The people of England grieved that funeral ceremonies and public monuments and posthumous rewards were all that they could
20 bestow upon him whom the king, the legislature, and the nation, would have alike delighted to honour ; whom every tongue would have blessed ; whose presence, in every village through which he might have passed, would have wakened the church bells, have drawn children from their sports, and
25 old men from the chimney-corner, to look upon him.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

CXXXVII

“ I HAVE quite a horror of upstarts. Maple Grove has given me a thorough disgust to people of that sort ; for there is a family in that neighbourhood who are such an annoyance to my brother and sister from the airs they give themselves ! Your description of Mrs. Churchill made me think of them directly. 5 People of the name of Jupman, very lately settled there, encumbered with many low connections, but giving themselves immense airs, and expecting to be on a footing with the old-established families. A year and a half is the very utmost that they can have lived at West Hall ; and how they got their for- 10 tune nobody knows. They came from Birmingham, which is not a place to promise much, you know. One has not great hopes of Birmingham. I always say there is something direful in the sound ; but nothing more is positively known of the Jupmans, though a good many things, I assure you, are sus- 15 pected ; and yet by their manners they evidently think themselves equal even to my brother, Mr. Suckling, who happens to be one of their nearest neighbours. It is too bad. Mr. Suckling, who has been eleven years a resident at Maple Grove, and whose father had it before him—I believe, at least—I am 20 almost sure that old Mr. Suckling had completed the purchase before his death.”

JANE AUSTEN.

CXXXVIII

It was already hard upon October before I was ready to set forth, and at the high altitudes over which my road lay there was no Indian summer to be looked for. I was determined, if not to camp out, at least to have the means of camping out in
5 my possession ; for there is nothing more harassing to an easy mind than the necessity of reaching shelter by dusk, and the hospitality of a village inn is not always to be reckoned on by those who trudge on foot. A tent, above all for a solitary traveller, is troublesome to pitch, and troublesome to strike
10 again ; and even on the march it forms a conspicuous feature in your baggage. A sleeping-sack, on the other hand, is always ready—you have only to get into it ; it serves as a bed by night, a portmanteau by day ; and it does not advertise your intention of camping out to every curious passer-by. This is
15 a huge point. If the camp is not secret, it is but a troubled resting-place ; you become a public character ; the convivial rustic visits your bedside after his supper ; and you must sleep with an eye open, and be up before the day.

(To be continued.)

CXXXIX

(Continued.)

I DECIDED on a sleeping-sack ; and after repeated visits to Le Puy, and a deal of high living for my advisers, a sleeping-sack was designed, constructed, and triumphantly brought home. This child of my invention was nearly six feet square, exclusive of two triangular flaps to serve as a pillow by night and as the 5 top and bottom of the sack by day. I call it "the sack," but it was never a sack by more than courtesy, only a sort of long roll or sausage, green waterproof cart-cloth without and blue sheep's fur within. It was commodious as a valise, warm and dry for a bed. 10

It will be readily conceived that I could not carry this huge package on my own shoulders. It remained to choose a beast of burden. Now, a horse is like a fine lady among animals, flighty, timid, delicate in eating, of tender health ; he is too valuable and too restive to be left alone, so that you are 15 chained to your brute as to a fellow galley-slave ; a dangerous road puts him out of his wits ; in short, he's an uncertain and exacting ally, and adds thirty-fold to the troubles of the voyager. What I required was something cheap and small and hardy, and of a stolid and peaceful temper ; and all 20 these requisites pointed to a donkey.

(To be continued.)

CXL

(Continued.)

THERE dwelt an old man at Monastier, of rather unsound intellect according to some, much followed by street-boys, and known to fame as *Father Adam*. *Father Adam* had a cart, and to draw the cart a diminutive she-ass, not bigger than a
5 dog, the colour of a mouse, with a kindly eye and a determined jaw. There was something neat and high-bred, a quakerish elegance about the rogue that hit my fancy on the spot. Our first interview was in Monastier market-place. To prove her good temper, one child after another was set upon her
10 back, and one after another went head over heels into the air ; until a want of confidence began to reign in youthful bosoms, and the experiment was discontinued from a dearth of subjects.

I was already backed by a deputation of my friends ; but
15 as if this were not enough, all the buyers and sellers came round and helped me in the bargain ; and the ass and I and *Father Adam* were the centre of a hubbub for near half an hour. At length she passed into my service for the consideration of sixty-five francs and a glass of brandy.

(To be continued.)

CXLI

(Continued.)

THE sack had already cost eighty francs and two glasses of beer ; so that *Modestine*, as I instantly baptized her, was upon all accounts the cheaper article. Indeed, that was as it should be ; for she was only an appurtenance of my mattress, or self-acting bedstead on four castors. 5

I had a last interview with *Father Adam* in a billiard-room at the witching hour of dawn, when I administered the brandy. He professed himself greatly touched by the separation, and declared he had often bought white bread for the donkey when he had been content with black bread for him- 10 self ; but this, according to the best authorities, must have been a flight of fancy. He had a name in the village for brutally misusing the ass ; yet it is certain that he shed a tear, and the tear made a clean mark down one cheek.

By the advice of a fallacious local saddler, a leather pad was 15 made for me with rings to fasten on my bundle ; and I thoughtfully completed my kit and arranged my toilette. . . . For immediate needs, I took a leg of cold mutton, a bottle of Beaujolais, an empty bottle to carry milk, and a considerable quantity of black bread and white, like *Father Adam*, for my- 20 self and donkey, only in my scheme of things the destinations were reversed.

R. L. STEVENSON, "Travels with a Donkey."

CXLII

IN the first half of the nineteenth century the day began much earlier in England than at present. The streets were badly lighted, and the tax on gas so heavy that as much business as possible had to be transacted by daylight. People
5 rarely left their houses after dusk, except to attend the theatre, or go to a party. The streets were ill-drained, badly paved, and dirty.

At one o'clock most people had dinner, except the fashionable and exclusive world, which dined at six, or else had
10 dinner at two and supped at eight. During the whole period of the French wars provisions were very dear, and luxuries quite prohibitive. Soup was almost unknown; dinner generally opened with a plain pudding, which was eaten either with meat gravy, or white sauce and sugar.

15 On Sundays there was usually a joint, either roast or boiled, and then came the inevitable tart or pudding. Then, too, it was the fashion among the bourgeoisie to remove the cloth and display the fine Spanish mahogany, of which every housekeeper was very proud. Presently it reflected upon its
20 highly polished surface the fine old silver cream jugs and decanter stands, and other articles of plate. Fruit was very scarce, very little being imported. Oranges only began to be cheap after 1850, and bananas until the last quarter of the century were only to be seen in picture-books.

(To be continued.)

CXLIII

(Continued.)

POULTRY was considered a luxury, and was very dear ; game only appeared on the tables of the very richest on state occasions. Nor was fish so plentiful in the market as it is at present. People, however, lived comfortably enough in the early part of the century, and were even more hospitable than 5 nowadays. Every well-regulated household had its bottles of port and sherry always at hand, but claret was not popular in England, and as to champagne, many well-to-do-people went into their graves without tasting it. Beer was the staple drink of the country in every class, and rum and gin were 10 much more popular than whiskey or brandy. Long pipes were smoked by gentlemen in the dining-room, especially on Sundays after dinner, when the cloth had been removed, and they sipped their gin-and-water or drank their rum-punch. Very little coffee was drunk, but on the other hand plenty of 15 tea, which, however, was four or five times as dear as it is now, and young people had to content themselves with milk for their breakfast and supper.

Daily Chronicle.

CXLIV

MOST foreign writers who have given any character of the English nation, whatever vices they ascribe to it, allow, in general, that the people are naturally modest. It proceeds perhaps from this our national virtue, that our orators are
5 observed to make less use of gesture or action than those of other countries. Our preachers stand stock still in the pulpit, and will not so much as move a finger to set off the best sermons in the world. We meet with the same speaking statues at our bars, and in all public places of debate.
10 Our words flow in a smooth continued stream, without those strainings of the voice, motions of the body, and majesty of the hand, which are so much celebrated in the orators of Greece and Rome. We can talk of life and death in cold blood, and keep our temper in a discourse which turns
15 upon everything that is dear to us. Though our zeal breaks out in the finest tropes or figures, it is not able to stir a limb about us. I have heard it observed more than once, by those who have seen Italy, that an untravelled Englishman cannot relish all the beauties of Italian pictures, because the postures
20 which are expressed in them are often such as are peculiar to that country. One who has not seen an Italian in the pulpit, will not know what to make of that noble gesture in Raphael's picture of St. Paul preaching at Athens, where the apostle is represented as lifting up both his arms, and pouring
25 out the thunder of his rhetoric amidst an audience of pagan philosophers.

Spectator.

CXLV

A HIGH, flat-topped hill to the north-west promised a wide field of vision, and a nearer listening point for the Ladysmith cannonade, which still throbbed and thudded dully. With my two companions I rode towards it, and after an hour's climb reached the summit. The land lay spread before us 5 like a map. Estcourt, indeed, was hidden by its surrounding hills, but Colenso was plainly visible, and the tin roofs of the houses showed in squares and oblongs of pale blue against the brown background of the mountain. Far away to the east the dark serrated range of the Drakensberg rose in a mighty 10 wall. But it was not on these features that we turned our glasses. To the right of Colenso the hills were more broken, and the country behind, though misty and indistinct, was exposed to view. First there was a region of low rocky hills rising in strange confusion and falling away on the further 15 side to a hollow. Above this extensive depression clouds of smoke from grass and other fires hung and drifted, like steam over a cauldron. At the bottom, invisible in spite of our great elevation—stood the town and camp of Ladysmith.

WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL, "London to Ladysmith."

CXLVI

THE moon was in its last quarter, and would not show before daylight. The sea was fairly calm, but there was a sharp northerly wind, and a temperature of about ten degrees below freezing-point. How the wind bites into one's eyes when
5 straining to see through the black gloom ahead as the torpedo-boats slip through the water ! Not at top speed, for that was reserved until the last moment, but at twenty knots an hour, the speed of a first-class ocean liner. Every few minutes some wave would fly into spray over the bow and drive along the
10 deck, freezing as it drove ; the sailor at the steering-wheel would feel his fingers growing numb, and hope they would not play him a trick at a critical moment ; the lieutenant in command and his "sub," perched up on the little bridge, holding on to the rail as the slender craft leaps and curvets over the
15 sea, peer through their night-glasses till their eyes ache, and then break silence only to say, "There is nothing." "The torpedo-gunner, for the hundredth time, looks his wonderful weapon over and over again, wipes a speck of grease off a shining metal surface, and softly croons to his pet machine a
20 scrap of an old Japanese song.

J. COWEN, "The Russo-Japanese War."

CXLVII

THEY said more in the same sanguine, simple tone ; but my thoughts strayed from them, attracted by a man, who, seated among the peasants at the foot of the tree, seemed to my eyes to be of another class. Tall and lean, with lank black hair; and features of a stern, sour cast, he had nothing of outward 5 show to distinguish him from those around. His dress, a rough hunting suit, was old and patched ; the spurs on his brown, mud-stained boots were rusty and bent. Yet his carriage possessed an ease the others lacked ; and in the way he watched the rustics, I read a quiet scorn. 10

I did not notice that he heeded or returned my gaze, but I had not gone a hundred paces before I heard a step and, looking round, saw the stranger coming after me. He beckoned, and I waited until he overtook me.

"You are going to Milhan?" he said with a strong 15 country accent, yet in the tone of one addressing an equal.

"Yes, monsieur," I said, "but I doubt if I shall reach the town to-night."

"I am also going," he answered. "My horse is in the 20 village."

And without saying more he walked beside me until we reached the hamlet. There—the place was deserted—he brought from an outhouse a sorry mare, and mounted. "What do you think of that rubbish?" he said suddenly, as we took the road again. I had watched his proceedings in 25 silence.

"I fear that they expect too much," I answered guardedly.

He laughed scornfully. "They think that the millennium has come," he said. "And in a month they will find their 30 barns burned and their throats cut."

(To be continued.)

CXLVIII

(Continued.)

"I HOPE not," I said.

"Oh, I hope not," he answered cynically. "I hope not, of course. But even so, *Vive la Révolution!*"

"What? If that be its fruit?"

5 "Ay, why not?" he answered, his gloomy eyes fixed on me. "It is every one for himself, and what has the old rule done for me that I should fear to try the new? Left me to starve on an old rock, sheltered by bare stones, and eating out of a black pot. And why? Because I remain, sir, what
10 half the nation once were."

"A Protestant?" I hazarded.

"Yes, monsieur. And a poor noble," he answered bitterly.

"The Baron de Géol, at your service."

I gave him my name.

15 "You wear the tricolour," he said; "yet you think me extreme? I answer that that is all very well for you; but we are different people. You are doubtless a family man, with a wife——"

"On the contrary, M. le Baron, I am quite alone."

20 "At least with a home," he persisted, "means, friends, employment, or the chance of employment?"

"Yes," I said, "that is so."

"Whereas I," he answered, "have none of these things.

I cannot enter the army—I am a Protestant! I am shut off
25 from the service of the State—I am a Protestant! I cannot be a lawyer or a judge—I am a Protestant! The King's schools are closed to me, I cannot appear at Court—I am a Protestant! In the eyes of the law I do not exist. I, monsieur, whose ancestors stood before kings, and whose
30 grandfather's grandfather saved the fourth Henry's life at Coutras—I do not exist!"

STANLEY WEYMAN, "The Red Cockade."

CXLIX

MARK looks round, sees Tom, and calls him in.

"Mr. Thurnall, I am glad to meet you. You did me good service, and did it cheaply. I was agreeably surprised, I confess, to receive a bill for four pounds seven and sixpence, where I expected one of twenty or thirty." 5

"I charged according to what my time was really worth, my lord. I heartily wish it had been worth more."

"No doubt," says my lord, in the blandest but the driest tone.

Some men would, under a sense of Tom's merits, have sent 10 him a cheque off-hand for five and twenty pounds; but that is not the way Lord Minchampstead does business. He had simply paid the sum asked: but he had set down Tom in his memory as a man whom he could trust to do good work, and to do it cheaply. 15

"You are going to join the Turkish contingent?"

"I am."

"You know that part of the world well, I believe?"

"Intimately."

"And the languages spoken there?" 20

"By no means all. Russian and Tartar well; Turkish tolerably."

"Humph! If you can learn one language, I presume you can learn another. Now, Mr. Thurnall, I have no doubt that you will do your duty well." 25

Tom bowed.

"But I must ask you if your resolution is fixed?"

"I only join because I can find no other occupation at the seat of war."

"Humph! You wish to go, then, in any case, to the seat 30 of war?"

"Certainly."

"No doubt you have sufficient reasons. . . . Mr. Thurnall, have you any fancy for the post of Queen's messenger?"

35 "I should esteem myself only too happy as one."

"They are not obtained easily. But I shall do my best to obtain you one, when an opportunity offers."

CHARLES KINGSLEY, "Two Years Ago."

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C L

DON QUIXOTE presents something more stately, more romantic, and at the same time more real to the imagination, than any other hero upon record. His lineaments, his accoutrement, his pasteboard vizor, are familiar to us; and Mambrino's helmet
 5 still glistens in the sun! We not only feel the greatest love and veneration for the Knight himself, but a certain respect for all those connected with him, the curate, Master Nicholas the barber, Sancho and his ass, and even for Rosinante's leanness and his errors. Perhaps there is no work which combines
 10 so much whimsical invention with such an air of truth. Its popularity is almost unequalled, and yet its merits have not been sufficiently understood. The story is the least part of them; though the blunders of Sancho, and the unlucky adventures of his master, are what naturally catch the attention
 15 of the majority of readers. The pathos and dignity of the sentiments are often disguised under the ludicrousness of the subject, and provoke laughter when they might well draw tears. The character of Don Quixote himself is one of the most perfect disinterestedness. He is an enthusiast of the
 20 most amiable kind; of a nature equally open, gentle, and generous; a lover of truth and justice; and one who has brooded over the fine dreams of chivalry, till they had cheated his brain into a belief of their reality. There cannot be a greater mistake than to consider Don Quixote as a merely
 25 satirical work, or as a vulgar attempt to explode the long-forgotten order of chivalry. There could be no need to explode what no longer existed.

(To be continued.)

CLI

(Continued.)

THE character of Sancho is not more admirable in itself than as a relief to that of the Knight. The contrast is as picturesque and striking as that between the figures of Rosinante and Dapple. Never was there so complete a *partie carrée*: they answer to one another at all points. Nothing can surpass the truth of physiognomy in the description of the master and man; the one lean and tall, the other round and short; the one heroical and courteous, the other selfish and servile; the one full of high-flown fancies, the other a bag of proverbs; the one always starting some romantic scheme, the other trying to keep to the safe side of custom and tradition. The gradual ascendancy, however, obtained by Don Quixote over Sancho, is as finely managed as it is characteristic. Credulity and a love of the marvellous are as natural to ignorance as selfishness and cunning. Sancho by degrees becomes a kind of lay-brother of the order, acquires a taste for adventures in his own way, and is made all but an entire convert by the discovery of the hundred crowns in one of his most comfortless journeys. Towards the end, his regrets at being forced to give up the pursuit of knight-errantry almost equal his master's; and he seizes the proposal of Don Quixote for them to turn shepherds with the greatest avidity, still applying it in his own fashion; for while the Don is ingeniously torturing the names of his humble acquaintance into classical terminations, Sancho exclaims, "Oh, what delicate wooden spoons I shall carve! what crumbs and cream I shall devour!"

HAZLITT, "Lectures on the Comic Writers."

CLII

For some days we scoured the country in vain, until one evening, about three hours before sundown, I came across the apparently fresh tracks of two two-horned rhinoceroses. It was in a part of the mimosa forest which we had omitted to search, or perhaps the animals had recently wandered in. The forest was full of deep, shady glades and dense thickets, and the grass was growing in rank luxuriance, refreshed by the heavy nightly dews. The wind was favourable, blowing towards us from the direction in which the animals were moving; and it was apparent, from the impressions on the fine white sand, that the great beasts which had made them were close at hand. On such perfectly flat, soft soil an almost noiseless advance was possible; moreover, my own shoes had rubber soles, and the three Somalis who followed like chocolate-coloured shadows, were carrying their sandals in their hands.

As I came round a thicket I saw at the bottom of a kind of natural alley in the forest, framed like a picture by the trees, a huge old female rhinoceros. She was facing me, standing half in sunshine, half in shadow. From a bush protruded the hindquarters of another. Signing to the Somalis to keep back, I instantly sat down, and "drew a bead" upon her chest. The distance was about seventy yards, and although the wind was adverse to her, and we had made no noise, she must have seen us like moving shadows among the trees, and was evidently full of suspicion and distrust.

(To be continued.)

CLIII

(Continued.)

IF ever I took a careful aim, it was at that moment, and under cover of the smoke I shifted my position. . . . On perceiving the rhinoceros go off apparently uninjured, my Somalis gave full vent to their disappointment, making extravagant gestures and using what sounded like bad language. The tracks we 5 now followed were deep holes and furrows imprinted by the animals at full speed. We had not gone far before I again saw the larger of the two rhinoceroses standing broadside on, and quite motionless, under a bush which concealed the head. Giving my Somalis to understand that they must be quiet, I 10 aimed once more at the animal's shoulder, taking care that no twig was in the line of fire, knowing how easily a bullet may be deflected. My shot was followed by a couple of short, angry snorts, the stamp of heavy feet, and an appalling crashing. Another cautious advance on our part, and not far off I saw, 15 near the centre of an open space, the smaller of the two beasts, but not the larger one. A shot delivered standing was followed by two shrill squeaks, as the animal tottered a few paces and fell over on its side. While I was reloading the Somalis had crept forward, and after peering over a low bush they executed 20 a war-dance, for there were the two rhinoceroses lying stone dead almost side by side.

Century Magazine, "After Big Game in Africa."

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CLIV

I MADE the acquaintance of Charles Reade after my return from the United States ; and I could not help feeling great admiration for the thorough manliness of his character. There was a rugged companionableness, if I may use such an expression, about him which had a positive fascination in it. One could not imagine his doing a mean or ignoble thing. I can quite understand that he must have been very dear to those who were really admitted to his friendship. But his indomitable pugnacity, his determination to resent every supposed offence, his intolerance of every adverse criticism—even the most considerate—and his immense self-conceit, made enemies for him everywhere. If a disparaging line appeared in a criticism of one of his books he was not satisfied until he had written a letter of denunciation to the editor of the publication in which the obnoxious remark had appeared. I believe it is certain that he once condescended to the littleness of threatening the editor of a paper with the withdrawal of the advertisements of his novels unless an apology were offered for some depreciating criticism of one of his books. Where another author would have seen only some inferior person's want of appreciation, Charles Reade saw the deadly hand of some malignant assassin.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY, "Reminiscences."

CLV

... His name was Karl Steinmetz, and it is a name well known in the government of Jver to this day. He was stout. He spoke jerkily, as stout men do when they ride, and when he had laughed his good-natured, half-cynical laugh, he closed his lips beneath a huge grey moustache. 5

Evening was drawing on. It was late in October, and a cold wind drove from the north-west across a plain which for sheer dismalness may give points to Sahara. So far as the eye could reach there was no habitation to break the line of horizon. A few stunted fir trees stood sparsely on the plain. 10 The grass did not look good to eat, though the Cossack horses would no doubt have liked to try it. The road seemed to have been drawn by some Titan engineer with a ruler from horizon to horizon.

Away to the south there was a forest of the same stunted 15 pines, where a few charcoal-burners eked out a forlorn and obscure existence. There are a score of such settlements, such gloomy forests, dotted over this plain of Jver, which covers an area of nearly two hundred square miles. The remainder of it is pasture, where miserable cattle and horses, many sheep and 20 countless pigs, seek their meat pessimistically from God.

(To be continued.)

CLVI

(Continued.)

STEINMETZ looked round over this cheerless prospect with a twinkle of amused resignation in his eyes, as if this creation were a little practical joke which he, Karl Steinmetz, appreciated at its proper worth. The whole scene was suggestive of
5 immense distances, of countless miles in all directions—a suggestion not conveyed by any scene in England. In our crowded island we have no conception of a thousand miles. Few of us have travelled five hundred at a stretch. The land through which these two men were riding is the home of great
10 distances—Russia.

The companion of Karl Steinmetz looked like an Englishman. He was young, fair, and quiet. He looked like a youthful athlete from Oxford or Cambridge, a simple-minded youth who had jumped higher, or run quicker than anybody
15 else without conceit, taking himself, like St. Paul, as he found himself, and giving the credit elsewhere. And one finds that, after all, in this world of deceit, we are most of us what we look like. The man who rode beside Karl Steinmetz was exactly what he seemed.

(To be continued.)

CLVII

(Continued.)

HE was the product of an English public school and university. He was, moreover, a modern product of those seats of athletic exercise. He had little education and highly-developed muscles—that is to say, he was no scholar, but essentially a gentleman—a good enough education in its way. This young 5 man's name was Paul Howard Alexis, and Fortune had made him a Russian prince. If, however, any one called him Prince, he blushed and became confused.

"What is that," Steinmetz asked sharply, "on the road in front?" 10

"It looks like a horse," Paul answered, "a strayed horse, for it has no rider."

They were going west, and what little daylight there was lived on the western horizon. The form of the horse, cut out in black against the sky, was weird and ghost-like. It was 15 standing by the side of the road, apparently grazing.

"It has a saddle," said Steinmetz at length.

"The beast was evidently famishing, for as they came near it never ceased dragging the wizened tufts of grass up, root and all. 20

"What have we here?" exclaimed Steinmetz.

The horse had a rider, but not in the saddle. One foot was caught in the stirrup, and as the beast moved on from tuft to tuft it dragged its dead master along the ground.

HENRY SETON MERRIMAN, "The Sowers."

CLVIII

LUCAS BEAUMANOIR himself was affected by the mien and appearance of Rebecca. He was not a cruel, or even a severe man ; but by nature cold, and with a high, though mistaken, sense of duty, his heart had been gradually hardened by the
5 ascetic life he pursued, the supreme power which he enjoyed, and the supposed necessity of subduing infidelity and eradicating heresy, which he conceived peculiarly incumbent on him. His features relaxed in their usual severity as he gazed upon the beautiful creature before him, alone, unfriended, and
10 defending herself with so much spirit. He crossed himself twice, as doubting whence arose this unwonted softening of a heart, which on such occasions used to resemble in hardness the steel of his sword. At length he spoke—

“Damsel,” said he, “if the pity I feel for thee arise from
15 any practice thine evil arts have made on me, great is thy guilt. But I rather judge it the kinder feelings of nature, which grieves that so goodly a form should be a vessel of perdition. Repent, my daughter—confess thy witchcrafts—turn thee from thy evil faith—embrace this holy emblem, and all
20 shall yet be well with thee here and hereafter. In some sisterhood of the strictest order shalt thou have time for prayer and fitting penance. This do and live—what has the law of Moses done for thee, that thou shouldest die for it ?”

(To be continued.)

CLIX

(Continued.)

"It was the law of my fathers," said Rebecca; "it was delivered in thunders and in storms upon the mountain of Sinai, in cloud and in fire. This, if ye are Christians, ye believe—it is, you say, recalled; but so my teachers have not taught me."

5

"Let our chaplain," said Beaumanoir, "stand forth, and tell this obstinate infidel——"

"Forgive the interruption," said Rebecca, meekly; "I am a maiden, unskilled to dispute for my religion, but I can die for it, if it be God's will. Let me pray your answer to my demand of a champion."

"Give me her glove," said Beaumanoir. "This is indeed," he continued, as he looked at the flimsy texture and slender fingers, "a slight and frail gage for a purpose so deadly! Seest thou, Rebecca, as this thin and light glove is to one of our heavy steel gauntlets, so is thy cause to that of the Temple, for it is our Order which thou hast defied."

"Cast my innocence into the scale," answered Rebecca, "and the glove of silk shall outweigh the glove of iron."

"Then thou dost persist in thy refusal to confess thy guilt, and in that bold challenge which thou hast made?"

"I do persist, noble sir," answered Rebecca.

"So be it then, in the name of Heaven," said the Grand Master, "and may God show the right!"

"Amen," replied the Preceptors around him, and the word was deeply echoed by the whole assembly.

(To be continued.)

CLX

(Continued.)

“BRETHREN,” said Beaumanoir, “you are aware that we might well have refused to this woman the benefit of the trial by combat—but though a Jewess and an unbeliever, she is also a stranger and defenceless, and God forbid that she should ask the
5 benefit of our mild laws, and that it should be refused to her. Moreover, we are knights and soldiers as well as men of religion, and shame it were to us, upon any pretence, to refuse proffered combat. Thus, therefore, stands the case: Rebecca, the daughter of Isaac of York, is, by frequent and suspicious
10 circumstances, defamed of sorcery practised on the person of a noble knight of our holy Order, and hath challenged the combat in proof of her innocence. To whom, reverend brethren, is it your will that we should deliver the gage of battle, naming him, at the same time, our champion on the
15 field?”

“To Brian de Bois-Guilbert, whom it chiefly concerns,” said the Preceptor of Goodalricke, “and who, moreover, best knows how the truth stands in this matter.”

“But if,” said the Grand Master, “our brother Brian be
20 under the influence of a charm or a spell—we speak but for the sake of precaution, for to the arm of none of our holy Order would we more willingly confide this cause.”

“Reverend father,” answered the Preceptor of Goodalricke, “no spell can affect the champion who comes forward to fight
25 for the judgment of God.”

WALTER SCOTT, “Ivanhoe.”

CLXI

WE are getting "foreignized" rapidly. We are getting reconciled to halls and bedchambers with stone floors, that ring to the tread of one's heels with a sharpness that is death to delicate nerves. We are getting used to tidy, noiseless waiters, who glide hither and thither, and hover about your back and your elbows like butterflies, quick to comprehend orders, quick to fill them; thankful for a gratuity without regard to the amount; and always polite—never otherwise than polite. That is the strangest curiosity yet—a really polite hotel waiter who isn't an idiot. We are getting used to ice frozen by artificial process in ordinary bottles—the only kind of ice they have here. We are getting used to all these things; but we are not getting used to carrying our own soap. We are sufficiently civilized to carry our own combs and tooth-brushes; but this thing of having to ring for soap every time we wash is new to us, and not pleasant at all. We think of it just after we get our heads and faces thoroughly wet, or just when we think we have been in the bath-tub long enough, and then, of course, an annoying delay follows. These Marseillais make Marseilles soap for all the world, but they never wash with their soap themselves.

(To be continued.)

CLXII

(Continued.)

WE have learned to go through the lingering routine of the table d'hôte with patience, with serenity, with satisfaction. We take soup ; then wait a few minutes for the fish ; a few minutes more and the plates are changed, and the roast beef 5 comes ; another change of plates and we take peas ; change again and take lentils ; change and take snail patties (I prefer grasshoppers) ; change and take roast chicken and salad ; then strawberry pie and ice-cream ; then green figs, pears, oranges, green almonds ; finally coffee. Wine with every 10 course, of course, being in France. With such a cargo on board, digestion is a slow process, and we must sit long in the cool chambers and smoke—and read French newspapers, which have a strange fashion of telling a perfectly straight story till you get to the “ nub ” of it, and then a word drops 15 in that no man can translate, and the story is spoiled. An embankment fell on some Frenchmen yesterday, and the papers are full of it to-day—but whether those sufferers were killed, or crippled, or bruised, or only scared, is more than I can make out, and yet I would give anything to know.

MARK TWAIN, “ The Innocents Abroad.”

CLXIII

SOMERSET, glass in hand, contemplated the strange fanatic before him, and listened to his heated rhapsody with indescribable bewilderment.

"Sir," he said—"for I know not whether I should still address you as Mr. Jones." 5

"Jones, Breitmann, Higginbotham, Pumpnickel, by all or any of these you may address me," said the plotter; "for all I have at some time borne. Yet that which I most prize, that which is most feared, hated, and obeyed, is not a name to be found in your directories; it is not a name current in 10 post offices and banks; and indeed, like the celebrated clan M'Gregor, I may justly describe myself as being nameless by day. But," he continued, rising to his feet, "by night, and among my desperate followers, I am the redoubted Zero."

Somerset was unacquainted with the name, but he politely 15 expressed his surprise and gratification.

"I am to understand," he continued, "that under this alias, you follow the profession of a dynamiter?"

*The plotter had resumed his seat and now replenished the glasses. 20

"I do," he said. "In this dark period of time, a star—the star of dynamite—has risen for the oppressed; and among those who practise its use, few have been more assiduous or more successful than I."

(To be continued.)

CLXIV

(Continued.)

"I can imagine," observed Somerset, "that, from the sweeping consequences looked for, the career is not devoid of interest. You have, besides, all the entertainment of the game of hide-and-seek. But it would still seem to me—I
5 speak as a layman—that nothing could be simpler or safer than to deposit an infernal machine and retire to an adjacent county to await the painful consequences."

"You speak, indeed," returned the plotter, with some evidence of warmth—"you speak, indeed, most ignorantly.
10 Do you make nothing, then, of such a peril as we share at this moment? Do you think it nothing to occupy a house like this one, mined, menaced, and, in a word, literally tottering to its fall?"

"Good God!" ejaculated Somerset.

15 "And when you speak of ease," pursued Zero, "in this age of scientific studies, you fill me with surprise. Are you not aware that chemicals are proverbially fickle as woman, and clockwork as capricious as the very devil? Do you see upon my brow these furrows of anxiety? Do you observe the
20 silver threads that mingle with my hair? Clockwork has stamped them on my brow—chemicals have sprinkled them upon my locks."

(To be continued.)

CLXV

(Continued.)

“No, Mr. Somerset, you must not suppose the dynamiter’s life to be all gold. On the contrary; you cannot picture to yourself the bloodshot vigils and the staggering disappointments of a life like mine. I have toiled, let me say, for months, up early and down late; my bag is ready, my 5 clock set; a daring agent has hurried with white face to deposit the instrument of ruin; we await the fall of England, the massacre of thousands, the yell of fear and execration; and lo! a snap like that of a child’s pistol, an offensive smell, and the entire loss of so much time and plant! What with 10 the loss of plant and the almost insuperable scientific difficulties of the task, our friends in France are almost ready to desert the chosen medium. They propose, instead, to break up the drainage system of cities and sweep off whole populations with the devastating typhoid pestilence; a tempt- 15 ing and a scientific project. I recognize its elegance; but, sir, I have something of the poet in my nature; something, possibly, of the tribune. And, for my small part, I shall remain devoted to that more emphatic, more striking, and (if you please) more popular method, of the explosive bomb.” 20

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, “The Dynamiter.”

CLXVI

It was a quarter-past ten o'clock by the parlour time-piece when my father went off to his room, and left Esther and myself together. We heard his slow steps dying away up the staircase, until the distant slamming of a door announced that
5 he had reached his sanctum. The single lamp upon the table threw a weird, uncertain light over the old room, flickering upon the carved oak panelling, and casting strange fantastic shadows of the high-elbowed straight-backed armchairs upon the walls. My sister's white, anxious face stood out in the
10 obscurity with a startling exactness of profile like one of Rembrandt's portraits. We sat opposite to each other on either side of the table, with no sound breaking the silence save the measured ticking of the clock and the intermittent chirping of a cricket beneath the grate. There was something
15 awe-inspiring in the absolute stillness. The whistling of a belated peasant upon the high-road was a relief to us, and we strained our ears to catch the last of his notes as he plodded steadily homewards. At first we had made some pretence—she of knitting, I of reading ; but we soon abandoned the
20 useless deception, and sat uneasily waiting, starting and glancing at each other with questioning eyes "whenever the faggot crackled in the fire or a rat scampered behind the wainscot.

(To be continued).

CLXVII

(Continued.)

THERE was a heavy electrical feeling in the air, which weighed us down with a foreboding of disaster. I rose and flung the hall door open to admit the fresh breeze of the night. Ragged clouds swept across the sky, and the moon peeped out at times between the hurrying fringes, bathing the whole country-side 5 in its cold white radiance. From where I stood in the doorway, I could see the edge of the Cloomber wood, though the house itself was only visible from a rising ground some distance off. At my sister's suggestion we walked together, she with a shawl thrown over her head, as far as the summit of this 10 elevation, and looked out in the direction of the Hall. There was no illumination of the windows to-night. From roof to basement not a light twinkled in any part of the great building. Its huge mass loomed up dark and sullen amid the trees which surrounded it, looking more like some giant sarcophagus than 15 a human habitation. To our overwrought nerves there was something of terror in its mere bulk and its silence. We stood for some time peering at it through the darkness, and then we made our way back to the parlour again, where we sat waiting—waiting, we knew not for what, and yet with the absolute 20 conviction that some terrible experience was in store for us.

A. CONAN DOYLE, "The Mystery of Cloomber."

CLXVIII

THE fiction of this period has one really great name, and one only. The author of "Adam Bede" stands on a literary level with Dickens and Thackeray. "George Eliot," as this author chooses to call herself, is undoubtedly a great writer. Her literary career began as a translator and an essayist. . . . She had mastered many sciences as well as literatures. Probably no other novel-writer, since novel-writing became a business, ever possessed anything like her scientific knowledge. Unfortunately, her scientific knowledge "o'er informed" her later novels, and made them oppressive to readers who longed for the early freshness of "Adam Bede." George Eliot does not seem to have found out, until she had passed what is conventionally regarded as the age of romance, that she had in her, high above all her other gifts, the faculty of the novelist. When an author, who is not very young, makes a great hit at last, we soon begin to learn that he had already made many attempts in the same direction, and his publishers find an eager demand for the stories and sketches which, when they first appeared, utterly failed to attract attention. But it does not seem that Miss Marian Evans, as she then was, ever published anything in the way of fiction previous to the series of sketches which appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and were called "Scenes of Clerical Life."

JUSTIN MCCARTHY, "A History of Our Own Times."

CLXIX

THE England of our own days is so strong, and the Spain of our own days is so feeble, that it is not possible, without some reflection, to comprehend the full extent of the peril which England then ran from the power and ambition of Spain, or to appreciate the importance of that crisis in the history of the world. We had then no Indian or Colonial Empire save the feeble germs of our North American Settlements, which Raleigh and Gilbert had recently planted. Scotland was a separate kingdom ; and Ireland was then even a greater source of weakness, and a worse nest of rebellion than she has been in after 10 times. Queen Elizabeth had found at her accession an encumbered revenue, a divided people, and an unsuccessful foreign war, in which the last remnant of our possessions in France had been lost ; she had also a formidable pretender to her crown, whose interests were favoured by all the Roman Catholic 15 powers ; and even some of her subjects were warped by religious bigotry to deny her title, and to look upon her as an heretical usurper. It is true that during the years of her reign which had passed away before the attempted invasion of 1588, she had revived the commercial prosperity, the national 20 spirit, and the national loyalty of England. But her resources, to cope with the colossal power of Philip II., still seemed most scanty ; and she had not a single foreign ally, except the Dutch, who were themselves struggling hard, and, as it seemed, hopelessly, to maintain their revolt against Spain. 25

CREASY, "Fifteen decisive Battles of the World."

CLXX

At a little distance from Sir Roger's house, among the ruins of an old abbey, there is a long walk of aged elms, which are shot up so very high that, when one passes under them, the rooks and crows that rest upon the tops of them seem to be
5 cawing in another region. I am very much delighted with this sort of noise, which I consider as a kind of natural prayer to that Being who supplies the wants of his whole creation, and who, in the beautiful language of the Psalms, feedeth the young ravens that call upon him. I like this retirement the
10 better because of an ill report it lies under of being haunted ; for which reason (as I have been told in the family) no living creature ever walks in it besides the chaplain. My good friend the butler desired me with a very grave face not to venture myself in it after sunset, for that one of the footmen had been
15 almost frightened out of his wits by a spirit that appeared to him in the shape of a black horse without an head ; to which he added—that about a month ago one of the maids, coming home late that way with a pail of milk upon her head, heard such a rustling among the bushes that she let it fall.
20 I was taking a walk in this place last night between the hours of nine and ten, and could not but fancy it one of the most proper scenes in the world for a ghost to appear in.

(To be continued.)

CLXXI

(Continued.)

THE ruins of the abbey are scattered on every side, and half covered with ivy and elder bushes, the harbour of several solitary birds which seldom make their appearance till the dusk of the evening. The place was formerly a churchyard, and has still several marks in it of graves and burying-places. 5 There is such an echo among the ruins and vaults that, if you stamp but a little louder than ordinary, you hear the sound repeated. At the same time the walk of elms, with the croaking of the ravens which from time to time are heard from the tops of them, looks exceedingly solemn and vener- 10 able. These objects naturally raise seriousness and attention ; and when night heightens the awfulness of the place, and pours out her horrors upon everything in it, I do not at all wonder that weak minds fill it with spectres and apparitions.

As I was walking in this solitude, where the dusk of the 15 evening conspired with so many other occasions of terror, I observed a cow grazing not far from me, which an imagination that was apt to startle might easily have construed into a black horse without a head ; and I dare say the poor footman lost his wits upon some such trivial occasion. 20

Spectator.

CLXXII

Just lately Nature has been favouring us with almost incessant rain for about three weeks. . . . It is spoiling both my clothes and my temper. The latter I can afford, as I have a good supply of it, but it wounds me to the quick to see my dear old
 5 hats and trousers sinking, prematurely worn and aged, beneath the cold world's blasts and snows.

There is my new spring suit. A beautiful suit it was, and now it is hanging up so bespattered with mud, I can't bear to look at it.

10 That was Jim's fault, that was. I should never have gone out in it that night, if it had not been for him. I was just trying it on when he came in. He threw up his arms with a wild yell, the moment he caught sight of it.

I said : " Does it fit all right behind ? "

15 " Spiffin, old man," he replied. And then he wanted to know if I was coming out. I said " no " at first, but he overruled me. He said that a man with a suit like that had no right to stop indoors. " Every citizen," he said, " owes a duty to the public. Each one should contribute to the general
 20 happiness, as far as lies in his power. Come out and give the girls a treat."

I said : " Do you think it will really please 'em ? "

He said it would be like a day in the country to them.

That decided me. It was a lovely evening, and I went.
 25 When I got home, I undressed and rubbed myself down with whisky, put my feet in hot water, and a mustard plaster on my chest, had a basin of gruel, and went to bed. These prompt and vigorous measures, aided by a strong constitution, were the means of preserving my life ; but as for the suit ! Well,
 30 it isn't a suit, it's a splash-board.

JEROME K. JEROME, " Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow."

CLXXIII

THE English race are reputed morose. I do not know that they have sadder brows than their neighbours of northern climates. They are sad by comparison with the singing and dancing nations : not sadder, but slow and staid, as finding their joys at home. They, too, believe that where there is no enjoyment of life, there can be no vigour and art in speech or thought : that your merry heart goes all the way, your sad one tires in a mile. This trait of gloom has been fixed on them by French travellers, who, from Froissart, Voltaire, Le Sage, Mirabeau, down to the lively journalists of the *feuilletons*, have spent their wit on the solemnity of their neighbours. The French say, "Gay conversation is unknown in their island. The Englishman finds no relief from reflection, except in reflection. When he wishes for amusement, he goes to work. His hilarity is like an attack of fever. Religion, the theatre, and the reading the books of his country, all feed and increase his natural melancholy. The police does not interfere with public diversions. It thinks itself bound in duty to respect the pleasures and rare gaiety of this inconsolable nation ; and their well-known courage is entirely attributable to their disgust of life."

I suppose their gravity of demeanour and their few words have obtained this reputation. A Yorkshire mill-owner told me he had travelled more than once all the way from London to Leeds, in a first-class compartment, with the same persons, and not a word was exchanged.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON, "English Traits."

CLXXIV

THE English are the worst linguists in the world. The French run them very close. Indeed, I am not sure to which of the two nations the prize should be awarded. For a true-born Frenchman, the world is divided into two parts—France, and 5 the rest. He does not despise the peoples of the “rest,” he does not hate them ; no, he rather likes them ; he thinks they are awfully funny, and he pities them from the bottom of his heart. For a true-born Briton, the world is composed of English people and “foreigners ;” he does not hate foreigners, 10 he does not despise them ; but the idea that they might be compared to him is preposterous, too funny for words. The quiet way in which he takes it for granted that his superiority is acknowledged by every one is what makes him so irritating.

One day an Englishman, on a visit to Paris with his 15 daughter, was constantly referring to the French, in whose country he was staying, as “foreigners,” and his daughter gently remarked to him : “But, father, we are ‘foreigners’ here, not the French.” “We ‘foreigners !’” replied the worthy father—“not a bit of it ! we are English !”

20 In the eyes of the average Englishman, the world should be English, and this is what helps him to make himself at home everywhere, in the four corners of the world. The possessions of the English are not only those spots which are marked in red in the maps of the world published in Great 25 Britain, but also all those fashionable resorts which are every year frequented by the English. In fact, so English have many of these places become that I actually heard an English lady complaining that “Homburg was sadly overrun with Germans” last year.

(To be continued.)

CLXXV

(Continued.)

I HAVE a little reminiscence which will illustrate the earnestness with which the French language is taught in English public schools. I was once asked to examine in French the boys of one of the nine great public schools of England. The whole day had to be devoted to the *viva-voce* examination of the different classes. During the interval I was invited by the headmaster to lunch with him. We spoke of the examination, and he asked me if I was satisfied with the result. "Well," I said, "I am very much pleased, considering that only two hours a week are devoted to the study of the French language. In the highest class I found boys who read French at sight quite easily, who knew their grammar well, and who can put a piece of English into a very decent piece of French. Of course, I find that they have great difficulty in speaking. But that is not surprising. However, among them I found a boy who spoke with an extremely good accent, and I was astonished to find that he had never been in France." "Oh!" said the headmaster; "Who is that boy?" I named him. "Oh, I know," he said, "that boy is full of affectation."

No wonder French is not spoken better in England; no wonder the English are preceded in Continental Europe by their reputation for ignorance of foreign languages. In the dining-room of a hotel at Nice, on a placard posted over the mantelpiece, you can read the following: "Our English visitors are kindly requested to address the waiters and servants in English, as their French is not generally understood."

MAX O'RELL, "Between Ourselves."

CLXXVI

THE Oakland railway terminus, whence all the main lines start, does not own anything approaching to a platform. A yard with a dozen or more tracks is roughly asphalted, and the traveller laden with hand-bags skips merrily across the metals
5 in search of his own particular train. The bells of half a dozen shunting engines are tolling suggestively in his ears. If he is run down, so much the worse for him. "When the bell rings, look out for the locomotive." Long use has made the nation familiar with trains to an extent which God never
10 intended. Women who in England would gather up their skirts and scud timorously over a level crossing in the country, here talk dress and babies under the very nose of the cow-catcher, and little children dally with the moving car in a manner horrible to behold. We pulled out at the insignificant
15 speed of twenty-five miles an hour through the streets of a suburb of fifty thousand, and in our progress among the carts and the children and the shop fronts slew nobody ; at which I was not a little disappointed.

When the negro porter bedded me up for the night, and
20 I had solved the problem of undressing while lying down, I was much cheered by the thought that if anything happened I should only have to stay where I was and wait till the kerosene lamps set the overturned car alight and burned me to death. It is easier to get out of a full theatre than to
25 leave a Pullman in haste.

RUDYARD KIPLING, "From Sea to Sea."

[By permission of Mr. Rudyard Kipling and Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Ltd.]

CLXXVII

MY DEAR HENLEY,—I am sitting on the cars with a party from Missouri going west for his health. Desolate flat prairie upon all hands. Here and there a herd of cattle, a yellow butterfly or two ; a patch of wild sunflowers ; a wooden house or two ; then a wooden church alone in miles of waste ; then 5 a windmill to pump water. When we stop, which we do often, for emigrants and freight travel together, the whole plain is heard singing with cicadæ. This is a pause, as you may see from the writing. What happened to the old pedestrian emigrants, what was the tedium suffered by the Indians and 10 trappers of our youth, the imagination trembles to conceive. This is now Saturday, 23rd, and I have been steadily travelling since I parted from you at St. Pancras. It is a strange vicissitude from the Savile Club to this ; I sleep with a man from Pennsylvania who has been in the States Navy, and mess 15 with him and the Missouri bird already alluded to. We have a tin wash-bowl among four. I wear nothing but a shirt and a pair of trousers, and I never button my shirt. When I land for a meal, I pass my coat and feel dressed. This life is to last till Friday or Sunday next. It is a strange affair to be 20 an emigrant, as I hope you shall see in a future work.

(To be continued.)

CLXXVIII

(Continued.)

I WONDER if this will be legible ; my present station on the waggon-roof, though airy compared to the cars, is both airy and insecure. I can see the track straight before and straight behind me to either horizon. Peace of mind I enjoy with
5 serenity ; I am doing right ; I know no one will think so ; and don't care. My body, however, is all to whistles ; I don't eat ; but, man, I can sleep. The car in front of mine is chock full of Chinese.

Monday.—What it is to be ill in an emigrant train let
10 those declare who know. I slept none till late in the morning, overcome with laudanum, of which I had luckily a little bottle. All to-day I have eaten nothing, and only drunk two cups of tea, for each of which, on the pretext that the one was breakfast, and the other dinner, I was charged fifty cents.
15 Our journey is through ghastly deserts, sage brush and alkali, and rocks without form or colour, a sad corner of the world. I confess I am not jolly, but mighty calm, in my distresses. My illness is a subject of great mirth to some of my fellow-travellers, and I smile rather sickly at their jests.
20 We are going along Bitter Creek just now, a place infamous in the history of emigration, a place I shall remember myself among the blackest. I hope I may get this posted at Ogden, Utah.

R. L. S.

SIDNEY COLVIN, "The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson."

[By permission of Messrs. Methuen & Co., Ltd.]

CLXXIX

As we read in these delightful volumes of the *Tatler* and *Spectator* the past age returns, the England of our ancestors is revived. The Maypole rises in the Strand again in London ; the churches are thronged with daily worshippers ; the *beaux* are gathering in the coffee-houses ; the gentry are going to 5 the Drawing-room ; the ladies are thronging to the toy-shops ; the chairmen are jostling in the streets ; the footmen are running with links before the chariots, or fighting round the theatre doors. In the country we see the young Squire riding to Eton with his servants behind him, and Will Wimble, the 10 friend of the family, to see him safe. To make that journey from the Squire's and back, Will is a week on horseback. The coach takes five days between London and Bath. If my Lady comes to town in her post-chariot, her people carry pistols to fire a salute on Captain Macheath if he should appear, and 15 her ~~couriers~~ ride ahead to prepare her apartments at the great caravanserais on the road ; Boniface receives her under the creaking sign of the " Bell " or the " Ram," and he and his chamberlains bow her up the great stair to the state apartments, while her carriage rumbles into the courtyard. 20

(*To be continued.*)

CLXXX

(Continued.)

THE curate is taking his pipe in the kitchen, where the Captain's man—having hung up his master's half-pike—is at his bacon and eggs, bragging of Ramilies and Malplaquet to the townsfolk, who have their club in the chimney-corner.

5 The Captain is ogling the chambermaid in the wooden gallery, or bribing her to know who is the pretty young mistress that has come in the coach. The pack-horses are in the great stable, and the drivers and ostlers carousing in the tap. And in Mrs. Landlady's bar, over a glass of strong

10 waters, sits a gentleman of military appearance, who travels with pistols, as all the rest of the world does, and has a rattling grey mare in the stable which will be saddled and away with its owner half an hour before the "Fly" sets out. And some five miles on the road, as the "Exeter Fly" comes jingling

15 and creaking onwards, it will suddenly be brought to a halt by a gentleman on a grey mare, with a black vizard on his face, who thrusts a long pistol into the coach window, and bids the company to hand out their purses.

THACKERAY, "English Humourists."

CLXXXI

At last he heard a rustle of the fallen leaves ; he shrank closer and closer into the darkness of the bank. Then swift light steps—not down the path, from above, but upward, from below ; his heart beat quick and loud. And in another half-minute a man came in sight, within three yards of Frank's hiding-place. 5 Frank sprang out instantly. Amyas saw his bright blade glance in the clear October moonlight.

"Stand in the queen's name !"

The man drew a pistol from under his cloak, and fired full in his face. Had it happened in these days of detonators, 10 Frank's chance had been small ; but to get a ponderous wheel-lock under weigh was a longer business, and before the fizzing of the flint had ceased, Frank had struck aside the pistol with his rapier, and it exploded harmlessly. The man instantly dashed the weapon in his face and closed. 15

The blow, luckily, did not take effect on that delicate forehead, but struck him on the shoulder : nevertheless, Frank, who with all his grace and agility was as fragile as a lily, staggered, and lost his guard, and before he could recover himself, Amyas saw a dagger gleam, and two, three blows fiercely 20 repeated.

Mad with fury, he was with them in an instant. They were scuffling together so closely in the shade that he was afraid to use his sword point, but with the hilt he dealt a single blow full on the ruffian's cheek. It was enough ; with 25 a hideous shriek, the fellow rolled over at his feet, and Amyas set his foot on him, in act to run him through.

"Stop ! stay !" screamed Frank ; "it is Eustace, our cousin Eustace !"

(To be continued.)

CLXXXII

(Continued.)

AMYAS sprang towards him ; but Frank waved him off.

"It is nothing—a scratch. He has papers : I am sure of it. Take them, and for God's sake let him go !"

"Villain ! give me your papers !" cried Amyas, setting
5 his foot once more on the writhing Eustace, whose jaw was broken.

"You struck me foully from behind," moaned he.

"Hound, do you think I dare not strike you in front ?
Give me your papers, letters, whatever you carry ; or as I live,
10 I will cut off your head, and take them myself, even if it cost
me the shame of stripping your corpse."

Eustace was usually no craven, but he was cowed.
Between agony and shame, he had no heart to resist.
Martyrdom, which looked so splendid when consummated
15 *selon les règles* on Tower Hill, before a pitying or scoffing
multitude, looked a dirty, ugly business there in the dark
forest ; and as he lay, a stream of moonlight bathed his mighty
cousin's broad clear forehead, and his terrible blade. He
shuddered, pulled a packet from his bosom, and threw it from
20 him, murmuring : "I have not given it."

"Swear to me that these are all the papers which you have.
Swear on your soul, or you die !"

Eustace swore.

"Tell me, who are your accomplices ?"

25 "Never !" said Eustace. "Cruel ! have you not degraded
me enough already ?" and the wretched young man burst
into tears, and hid his bleeding face in his hands.

One hint of honour made Amyas as gentle as a lamb. He
lifted Eustace up, and bade him run for his life.

CHARLES KINGSLEY, "Westward Ho."

CLXXXIII

JOURNEYING northward lately, I could not resist going some few miles out of my road to look upon the remains of an old great house with which I had been impressed in my infancy. I was apprised that the owner had lately pulled it down ; still I had a vague notion that it could not all have perished— 5 that so much solidity with magnificence could not have been crushed all at once into the mere dust and rubbish which I found it. The work of ruin had proceeded with a swift hand indeed, and the demolition of a few weeks had reduced it to— an antiquity. 10

I was astonished at the indistinction of everything. Where had stood the great gates ? What bounded the courtyard ? Whereabout did the outhouses commence ? A few bricks only lay as representatives of that which was so stately and so spacious. 15

Death does not shrink up his human victim at this rate. The burnt ashes of a man weigh more in proportion.

Had I seen these brick-and-mortar knaves at their process of destruction, at the plucking of every panel I should have felt the varlets at my heart. I should have cried out to them 20 to spare a plank at least out of the cheerful storeroom, in whose hot window-seat I used to sit and read Cowley, with the grass-plot before, and the hum and flappings of that one solitary wasp that ever haunted it about me—it is in mine ears now, as oft as summer returns. 25

CLXXXIV

RAILLERY is the finest part of conversation ; but as it is our usual custom to counterfeit and adulterate whatever is too dear for us, so we have done with this, and turned it all into what is generally called repartee, or being smart ; just as when
5 an expensive fashion comes up, those who are not able to reach it, content themselves with some paltry imitation. It now passes for raillery to run a man down in discourse, to put him out of countenance, and make him ridiculous ; sometimes to expose the defects of his person or understanding ; on all
10 which occasions he is obliged not to be angry, to avoid the imputation of not being able to take a jest. It is admirable to observe one who is dexterous at this art, singling out a weak adversary, getting the laugh on his side, and then carrying all before him. The French, from whence we borrow the
15 word, have a quite different idea of the thing, and so had we in the politer ages of our fathers. Raillery was to say something that at first appeared a reproach or reflection, but, by some turn of wit, unexpected and surprising, ended always in a compliment, and to the advantage of the person it was
20 addressed to. And surely, one of the best rules in conversation is never to say a thing which any of the company can reasonably wish we had rather left unsaid ; *nor can there anything well be more contrary to the ends for which people meet together, than to part unsatisfied with each other or
25 themselves.

SWIFT.

CLXXXV

It was the unreproducible slid *r*, as he said this was his "fy-ist" visit to England, that told me he was a New-Yorker from New York; and when, in the course of our long, lazy journey westward from Waterloo, he enlarged upon the beauties of his city, I, professing ignorance, said no word. He had, amazed and delighted at the man's civility, given the London porter a shilling for carrying his bag nearly fifty yards; he had thoroughly investigated the first-class lavatory compartment which the London and South-Western sometimes supply without extra charge; and now, half-awed, half-contemptuous, but wholly interested, he looked out upon the ordered English landscape wrapped in its Sunday peace, while I watched the wonder grow upon his face. Why were the carriages so short and stilted? Why had every other freight car a tarpaulin drawn over it? What wages would an engineer get now? Where was the swarming population of England he had read so much about? What was the rank of all those men on bicycles along the roads? When were we due at Plymouth?

(To be continued.)

CLXXXVI

(Continued.)

I told him all I knew, and very much that I did not. He was going to Plymouth to assist in a consultation upon a fellow-countryman who had retired to a place called The Hoe—was that up-town or down-town?—to recover from
5 nervous dyspepsia. Yes, he was a doctor by profession, and how any one in England could retain any nervous disorder passed his comprehension. Never had he dreamed of an atmosphere so soothing. Even the deep rumble of London traffic was monastical by comparison with some cities he could
10 name; and the country—why, it was Paradise. A continuance of it, he confessed, would drive him mad; but for a few months it was the most sumptuous rest cure in his knowledge.

“I’ll come over every year after this,” he said, in a burst
15 of delight, as we ran between two ten-foot hedges of pink and white may. “It’s seeing all the things I’ve ever read about. Of course it doesn’t strike you that way. Hello! what’s up?”

The train stopped in a blaze of sunshine at Framlyngname
Admiral, which is made up entirely of the name-board, two
20 platforms, and an overhead bridge, without even the usual siding. I had never known the slowest of locals stop here before; but on Sunday all things are possible to the London and South-Western.

RUDYARD KIPLING, “The Day’s Work.”

[By permission of Mr. Rudyard Kipling and Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Ltd.]

CLXXXVII

REVENGE is a kind of wild justice, which the more man's nature runs to, the more ought law to weed it out : for as for the first wrong, it doth but offend the law, but the revenge of that wrong putteth the law out of office. Certainly, in taking revenge a man is but even with his enemy ; but in passing it 5 over, he is superior ; for it is a prince's part to pardon ; and Solomon, I am sure, saith, "It is the glory of a man to pass by an offence." That which is past is gone and irrevocable, and wise men have enough to do with things present and to come ; therefore they do but trifle with themselves that labour 10 in past matters. There is no man doth a wrong for the wrong's sake, but thereby to purchase himself profit, or pleasure, or honour, or the like ; therefore why should I be angry with a man for loving himself better than me ? And if any man should do wrong merely out of ill-nature, why, it is but like 15 the thorn or brier, which prick and scratch because they can do no other. The most tolerable sort of revenge is for those wrongs which there is no law to remedy ; but then, let a man take heed the revenge be such as there is no law to punish, else a man's enemy is still beforehand, and it is two for one. Some, 20 when they take revenge, are desirous the party should know whence it cometh. This is the more generous ; for the delight seemeth to be not so much in doing the hurt as in making the party repent : but base and crafty cowards are like the arrow that flieth in the dark. 25

BACON, "Essays."

CLXXXVIII

THE words, *classical* and *romantic*, although, like many other critical expressions, sometimes abused by those who have understood them too vaguely or too absolutely, yet define two real tendencies in the history of art and literature. Used in
5 an exaggerated sense, to express a greater opposition between those tendencies than really exists, they have at times tended to divide people of taste into opposite camps. But in that *House Beautiful*, which the creative minds of all generations are always building together, for the refreshment of the human
10 spirit, these oppositions cease ; and the *Interpreter* of the *House Beautiful*, the true aesthetic critic, uses these divisions, only so far as they enable him to enter into the peculiarities of the objects with which he has to do. The term *classical*, fixed as it is to a well-defined literature and a well-defined group in
15 art, is clear indeed ; but then it has often been used in a hard and merely scholastic sense, by the praisers of what is old and accustomed, at the expense of what is new, by critics who would never have discovered by themselves the charm of any work, whether new or old, who value what is old, in art and
20 literature, for its accessories, and chiefly for the conventional authority that has gathered about it—people who would never really have been made glad by any Venus fresh-risen from the sea, and who praise the Venus of old Greece and Rome, only because they fancy her grown now into something staid and
25 tame.

(To be continued.)

CLXXXIX

(Continued.)

AND as the term, *classical*, has been used in a too absolute, and therefore in a misleading sense, so the term *romantic* has been used much too vaguely, in various accidental senses. The sense in which Scott is called a romantic writer is chiefly this, that, in opposition to the literary tradition of the last century, 5 he loved strange adventure, and sought it in the Middle Age. Much later, in a Yorkshire village, the spirit of romanticism bore a more characteristic fruit in the work of a young girl, Emily Brontë, the romance of *Wuthering Heights*; the figures of Hareton Earnshaw, of Catherine Linton, and of Heathcliff 10 —tearing open Catherine's grave, that he may really lie beside her in death—figures so passionate, yet woven on a background of delicately beautiful moorland scenery, being typical examples of that spirit. . . . In Germany and France, within the last hundred years, the term has been used to describe a particular 15 school of writers; and consequently, when Heine criticizes the *Romantic School* in Germany—that movement which culminated in Goethe's *Götz von Berlichingen*; or when Théophile Gautier criticizes the romantic movement in France, where, indeed, it bore its most characteristic fruits, and its day is 20 hardly yet over; where, by a certain audacity, or *bizarrie* of motive, united with faultless literary execution, it still shows itself in imaginative literature, they use the word, with an exact sense of special artistic qualities indeed; but nevertheless, with a limited application to the manifestation of those qualities 25 at a particular period. But the romantic spirit is, in reality, an ever-present, an enduring principle in the artistic temperament; and the qualities of thought and style which that, and other similar uses of the word *romantic* really indicate, are indeed but symptoms of a very continuous and widely-working 30 influence.

WALTER PATER, "Appreciations."

[By permission of Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Ltd.]

CXC

“GOOD sir, or madam—as it may be—we most willingly embrace the offer of your friendship. We have long known your excellent qualities. We have wished to have you nearer to us ; to hold you within the very innermost fold of our
5 heart. We can have no reserve towards a person of your open and noble nature. The frankness of your humour suits us exactly. We have been long looking for such a friend. Quick, let us disburthen our troubles into each other’s bosom—let us make our single joys shine by reduplication. But
10 *yap, yap, yap !* what is this confounded cur ? he has fastened his tooth, which is none of the bluntest, just in the fleshy part of my leg.”

“It is my dog, sir ; you must love him for my sake. Here, Test—Test—Test ! ”

15 “But he has bitten me.”

“Ay, that he is apt to do, till you are better acquainted with him. I have had him for three years. He never bites me.”

Yap, yap, yap !—“He is at it again.”

20 “Oh, sir, you must not kick him. He does not like to be kicked. I expect my dog to be treated with all the respect due to myself.”

(To be continued.)

CXCI

(Continued.)

"BUT do you always take him out with you when you go
a friendship-hunting?"

"Invariably. 'Tis the sweetest, prettiest, best-conditioned
animal. I call him my *test*—the touchstone by which to try
a friend. No one can properly be said to love me, who does 5
not love him."

"Excuse us, dear sir—or madam, aforesaid—if upon
further consideration we are obliged to decline the otherwise
invaluable offer of your friendship. We do not like dogs."

"Mighty well, sir—you know the conditions—you may 10
have worse offers. Come along, Test."

The above dialogue is not so imaginary, but that, in the
intercourse of life, we have had frequent occasions of break-
ing off an agreeable intimacy by reason of these canine
appendages. They do not always come in the shape of dogs; 15
they sometimes wear the more plausible and human character
of kinsfolk, near acquaintances, my friend's friend, his partner,
his wife, or his children. We could never yet form a friend-
ship—not to speak of more delicate correspondence—however
much to our taste, without the intervention of some third 20
anomaly, some impertinent clog affixed to the relation—the
understood dog in the proverb.

CHARLES LAMB, "Essays of Elia."

CXCII

IN Warsaw, capital of Poland—once a gay city, now a city of terror—the revolt against the autocracy of the Czar and the bureaucracy of his government is in the stage of red riot. Bombs, revolver firing, murders with mutilation are
5 the rule. Russian soldiers are everywhere. Each few yards a white-bloused, flat-capped, bronzed and brutal soldier is standing with fixed bayonet. Do not put your hand hurriedly into your pocket, or cold steel may seek a sudden way through your ribs: your action is too much like the drawing of a
10 revolver. Mounted grim and fierce-visaged Cossacks, with guns poised on thighs, patrol the streets.

But more soldiers are killed than civilians. As though from the earth spring men with bludgeons and revolvers. Bang! Bang! a spray of blood, and three men wearing the
15 uniform of Russia are sprawling dead on the ground. A bomb is thrown, and the body of a high military official is rent into an unrecognizable pulp. The assassins escape. They always do. Though murder stalks the narrow streets, nobody checks its path. The police are demoralized. No wonder,* when
20 twenty of their number have their brains battered out with bludgeons in a day. They have pleaded with the authorities to be allowed to resign. Refused; but now each policeman walks his beat with armed soldiers on either side and a soldier behind. There are innumerable arrests, but generally
25 of the wrong people.

JOHN FOSTER FRASER, 'Red Russia.'

CXCH

WAX-LIGHTS, though we are accustomed to overlook the fact, and rank them with ordinary commonplaces, are true fairy tapers—a white metamorphosis from the flowers, crowned with the most intangible of all visible mysteries—fire.

Then there is honey, which a Greek poet would have called 5
the sister of wax—a thing as beautiful to eat as the other is to look upon. What two extraordinary substances to be made, by little winged creatures, out of roses and lilies! What a singular and lovely energy in nature to impel those little creatures thus to fetch out the sweet and elegant pro- 10
perties of the coloured fragrances of the garden, and serve them up to us for food and light! Honey to eat and waxen tapers to eat it by! What more graceful repast could be imagined on one of the fairy tables made by Vulcan, which moved of their own accord, and came gliding, when he wanted 15
a luncheon, to the side of Apollo; the honey golden as his lyre, and the wax fair as his shoulders. Depend upon it, he has eaten of it many a time, chatting with Hebe before some Olympian concert; and as he talked in an undertone, fervid as the bees, the bass strings of his lyre murmured an 20
accompaniment.

LEIGH HUNT.

CXCIV

THEN, on the top of the Old Testament prize, came the match with neckties, which was rather a rum match. Both Bray and Corkey used to be awfully swagger about neckties, and each fancied his own. So one bet the other half a crown he would wear a different necktie every day for a month. The month being June, that meant thirty different neckties each, and the chap who wore the best neckties would win. A fellow called Fowle was judge, as being a son of an artist ; and neither Bray nor Corkey was allowed to buy a single new tie or add to the stock he had in his box. At the end of a fortnight they stood about equal, though Corkey's ties were rather more artistic than Bray's, which were chiefly yellow and spotted. But then came an awful falling away, and some of the affairs they wore were simply weird. The test of these was if the tie passed in class. Then the terms of the match were altered, and they decided to go on wearing different things, till one or other was stopped by a master. Any concern not noticed was considered a necktie "in the ordinary acceptation of that term," as Fowle put it. At the end of the fourth week Corkey came out in an umbrella cover done in a sailor's knot, but nobody spotted it ; and the next day Bray wore a bit of blue ribbon off a chocolate box, which also passed.

(To be continued.)

CXCV

(Continued.)

THEY struggled on in this sort of way till Bray got bowled over. I think Corkey was wearing a yard-measure dipped in red ink that morning, but it looked rather swagger than not. Class was just ended, when old Briggs, of all people—a man who wore two pairs of spectacles very often—said to Bray— 5

“What is that round your neck, boy?”

“My tie, sir.”

Then Briggs said—

“Is it, sir? Let me see it, please. I have noticed an increasing disorder about your neck arrangements for a week 10 past. You insult me and you insult the class by appearing here in these ridiculous ties.”

“It shan’t happen again, sir,” said Bray, trying to edge out of the class-room.

“No, Bray, it shall not,” said old Briggs. “Bring me that 15 thing at once, please.”

Bray handed it up, and Briggs examined it as if it was a botanical specimen or something.

“This,” he announced, “is not a necktie at all. You are wearing a piece of Brussels carpet, boy, a fragment of the new 20 carpet laid down yesterday in the Doctor’s study. You will kindly take it to him immediately, say who sent you, and state the purpose to which you were putting it.”

So Bray, by the terms of the match, lost, and Corkey won with the yard-measure. 25

EDEN PHILLPOTTS, “The Human Boy.”

[By permission of Mr. Eden Phillpotts and Messrs. Methuen & Co., Ltd.]

CXCVI

WHAT is to be thought of her ? What is to be thought of the poor shepherd girl from the hills and forests of Lorraine, that —like the shepherd boy from the hills and forests of Judæa— rose suddenly out of the quiet, out of the safety of deep pastoral
5 solitudes, to a station in the van of armies, and to the more perilous station at the right hand of kings ? The Hebrew boy inaugurated his patriotic mission by an *act*, by a victorious *act*, such as no man could deny. But so did the girl of Lorraine, if we read her story as it was read by those who saw her
10 nearest. Adverse armies bore witness to the boy as no pretender ; but so they did to the gentle girl. Judged by the voices of all who saw them from a station of good-will, both were true and loyal to any promises involved in their first acts. Enemies it was that made the difference between their subse-
15 quent fortunes. The boy rose to a splendour and to a noonday prosperity, both personal and public, that rang through the records of his people, and became a by-word amongst his posterity, until the sceptre was departing from Judah. The poor, forsaken girl, on the contrary, drank not herself from that cup
20 of rest which she had secured for France. She never sang together with the songs that rose in her native Domremy as echoes to the departing steps of invaders. She mingled not in the festal dances at Vaucouleurs which celebrated in rapture the redemption of France. No ! for her voice was then silent ;
25 no ! for her feet were dust.

(To be continued.)

CXCVII

(Continued.)

PURE, innocent, noble-minded girl ! whom, from earliest youth
 ever I believed in as full of truth and self-sacrifice, this was
 among the strongest pledges for *thy* truth, that never once—no,
 not for a moment of weakness—didst thou revel in the vision
 of coronets and honours from man. Coronets for thee ! Oh no ! 5
 Honours that come when all is over, are for those that share thy
 blood. Daughter of Domremy, when the gratitude of thy king
 shall awaken, thou wilt be sleeping the sleep of the dead. Call
 her, King of France, but she will not hear thee. Cite her by the
 apparitors to come and receive a robe of honour, but she will 10
 be found *en contumace*. When the thunders of universal
 France, as even yet may happen, shall proclaim the grandeur
 of the poor shepherd girl that gave up all for her country, thy
 ear, young shepherd girl, will have been deaf for five centuries.
 To suffer and to do, that was thy portion in this life ; that 15
 was thy destiny ; and not for a moment was it hidden from
 thyself. Life, thou saidst, is short ; and the sleep which is in
 the grave is long ; let me use that life, so transitory, for the
 glory of those heavenly dreams destined to comfort the sleep
 which is so long !

DE QUINCEY, "Joan of Arc." 20

CXCVIII

VARIOUS works in green and white appear from time to time on the walls of the Academy, *like* the Alps indeed, but so frightfully like, that we shudder and sicken at the sight of them, as we do when our best friend shows us into his dining-room, to see a portrait of himself, which "everybody thinks very like." We should be glad to see fewer of these, for Switzerland is quite beyond the power of any but first-rate men, and is exceedingly bad practice for a rising artist ; but, let us express a hope that Alpine scenery will not continue to be neglected as it has been, by those who alone are capable of treating it. We love Italy, but we have had rather a surfeit of it lately—too many peaked caps and flat-headed pines. We should be very grateful to Harding and Stanfield if they would refresh us a little among the snow, and give us what we believe them capable of giving us, a faithful expression of Alpine ideal. We are well aware of the pain inflicted on an artist's mind by the preponderance of black, and white, and green, over more available colours ; but there is nevertheless in Alpine scenery, a fountain of feeling yet unopened, a chord yet untouched by art. It will be struck by the first man who can separate what is national in Switzerland, from what is ideal. We do not want chalets and three-legged stools, cow-bells, and buttermilk. We want the pure and holy hills, treated as a link between heaven and earth.

RUSKIN, "Modern Painters."

CXCIX

I do not consider myself as having to do with the ordinary critics of the Press. Their writings are not the guide, but the expression of public opinion. A writer for a newspaper naturally and necessarily endeavours to meet, as nearly as he can, the feelings of the majority of his readers; his bread 5 depends on his doing so. Precluded by the nature of his occupations from gaining any knowledge of art, he is sure that he can gain credit for it by expressing the opinions of his readers. He mocks the picture which the public pass, and bespatters with his praise the canvas which a crowd concealed 10 from him.

Writers like the present critic . . . deserve more respect—the respect due to honest, hopeless imbecility. There is something exalted in the innocence of their feeble-mindedness; one cannot suspect them of partiality, for it implies feeling; nor 15 of prejudice, for it implies some previous acquaintance with their subject. I do not know that even in this age of charlatanry, I could point to a more barefaced instance of imposture than the insertion of these pieces of criticism in a respectable periodical. We are not insulted with opinions on 20 music from persons ignorant of its notes; nor with treatises on philology by persons unacquainted with the alphabet; but here is page after page of criticism, which one may read from end to end, looking for something which the writer knows, and finding nothing.

RUSKIN, "Modern Painters."

CC

A LIFE of slothful ease, a life of that peace which springs merely from lack either of desire or of power to strive after great things, is as little worthy of a nation as of an individual. I ask only that what every self-respecting American demands
5 from himself and from his sons, shall be demanded of the American nation as a whole. Who among you would teach your sons that ease, that peace is to be the first consideration in their eyes—to be the ultimate goal after which they strive? You men of Chicago have made this great city, you men of
10 Illinois have done your share, and more than your share, in making America great, because you neither preach nor practice such a doctrine. You work yourselves, and you bring up your sons to work. If you are rich and are worth your salt, you will teach your sons that though they may have leisure, it is
15 not to be spent in idleness; for wisely used leisure merely means that those who possess it, being free from the necessity of working for their livelihood, are all the more bound to carry on some kind of non-remunerative work in science, in letters, in art, in exploration, in historical research—work of
20 the type we most need in this country, the successful carrying out of which reflects most honour upon the nation.

(To be continued.)

CCI

(Continued.)

WE do not admire the man of timid peace. We admire the man who embodies victorious effort; the man who never wrongs his neighbour, who is prompt to help his friend, but who has those virile qualities necessary to win in the stern battle of actual life: It is hard to fail, but it is worse never to have tried to succeed. In this life we get nothing save by effort. Freedom from effort in the present merely means that there has been stored up effort in the past. A man can be freed from the necessity of work only by the fact that he or his fathers before him have worked to good purpose. If the freedom thus purchased is used aright, and the man still does actual work, though of a different kind, whether as a writer or a general, whether in the field of politics or in the field of exploration and adventure, he shows he deserves his good fortune. But if he treats this period of freedom from the need of actual labour as a period, not of preparation, but of mere enjoyment, he shows that he is simply a cumberer of the earth's surface, and he surely unfits himself to hold his own with his fellows if the need to do so should rise again.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, "The Strenuous Life."

NOTES

QUOTATIONS from text in black type connected by — include the intervening words of the text.

Quotations from text in black type connected by . . . exclude the intervening words of the text.

The sign = after black type quotations from the text means: "Translate as if the text were."

I.

3. camel driver, *chamelier*.

II.

2. waiting = ready.

10. grew so zealously angry, *se mit tellement en colère*.

III.

1. Achilles, *Achille*.

11. it is well with him = he is not to be pitied (*à plaindre*).

12. Troy, *Troie*.

14. who kept our city safe, *qui veillait à la sûreté de notre ville*.

20. Patroclus, *Patrocle*.

IV.

4. there is no profit in lamentation, *il ne nous profite pas de nous lamenter*.

6. Zeus, *Zéus*.

8. taking out of both, *en puisant dans les deux*.

9. Peleus, *Pélée*.

16. Phrygia, *la Phrygie*.

21. lies unhonoured, *reste sans honneur*.

V.

6. held his peace, *se tut.*9. waggon, *charrette.*9. Idæus, *Idée.*19. be not wroth, *ne te courrouce pas.*

VI.

5. who. What relative?

5. Arian, *arien.*15. Remigius, *Remi.*

19. which might still stand in

the way of, *qui pouvaient encore entraver.*20. removed, *dissipées.*21. alike . . . or, *aussi . . . que.*

21. prepared = ready.

VII.

3. which has passed over male attire, *qui s'est opéré dans les vêtements d'homme.*11. of the hunting-field, *de la chasse à courre.*

14. to need. Care! No infin. in French.

17. faced with, *à revers de.*17. trimmed with, *garni de.*

VIII.

5. trust, *poste de confiance.*5. Basilius, *Basile.*10. introduced, *admis.*11. lofty style, *ton hautain.*14. sound, *faire sonner.*15. give battle, *livrer bataille.*19. loud, *bruyant.*20. unwarlike, *peu belliqueux.*21. emaciated, *épuisé.*24. in the city, *qui se trouvait dans la ville.*25. individuals, *personnes privées.*25. movables, *biens meubles.*

IX.

1. grandsons. As *Analyse* and *Synthèse* are feminine, say *petites-filles*, and alter the following text accordingly.2. now, *or.*8. fresh, *nouveau.*12. till, *avant que.*12. take apart, *défaire.*15. He grew up — boy, *elle grandit et devint une belle jeune fille.*18. haste, *précipitation.*21. to suit, *selon.*22. wrong, *mal.*23. starve, *priver de nourriture.*24. till, *en sorte que.*25. dwarfed, *rabougrie.*

X.

1. fault, défaut.
2. work, fonctionner.
2. would not keep time, n'allaient pas juste.
3. sail, naviguer.
3. would not keep the rain out, laissaient entrer la pluie.
5. and bully — pieces, et la maltraiter pour lui faire mettre en pièces une ou deux choses.
6. and giving — facts, et pour

en extorquer quelques faits bien fondés.

10. while, toutefois.
11. sham, postiche.
15. willing = disposed.
17. would do just as well, valaient tout aussi bien.
18. hand, indicateur.
22. hear of = know.
24. of the Medes and Persians, des Mèdes et des Perses.
28. till = so that.

XI.

2. Great — him, on la poursuivit à cor et à cri.
4. lo and behold, voilà !
16. scraps, miettes.
17. has got into such a poor way = has become so weak.
17. are, sont en train de.

20. nor anything like it, bien loin de là.
21. to make good friends with, pour se réconcilier avec.
24. the upper hand, le dessus.
26. in which case, auquel cas.
26. and a great deal of good it will do him, et grand bien lui fera.

XII.

3. with high steps and head much raised, levant haut les pattes et portant haut la tête.
4. moderately erected ears, les oreilles à demi dressées.
10. came over him, se produisait en lui.
11. swerved in the least, obliquait tant soit peu.
12. tried = did.
12. laughable, extrêmement comique.

13. dejection, abattement.
14. This consisted, etc. = The way in which he showed it was this: he drooped his head, the whole body sank (s'affaissait) a little, etc.
17. wag, remuer.
17. falling, baïssement.
18. in appearance, d'expression.
22. opposition to, contraste avec.
22. former, premier.

XIII.

3. **Manor house**, *manoir*.
 4. **was born to a widowed mother**, *une veuve mit au monde*.
 5. **seemed not long for this world** = did not seem destined to live.

8. **Yeoman**. Keep the term and add in brackets: *fermier propriétaire*.

10. **had already been**. *Care!*

11. **He was**, etc. = He died at the age of, etc.

16. **and so I expect**, *d'où je conclus que*.

19. **at**, *de*.

21. **accomplishments**, *connaissances*.

22. **grammar school at**, *collège de*.

23. **nor** — **grammar** = and the Latin Grammar had not much attraction for him.

25. **in the lowest class but one**, *de l'avant-dernière classe*.

26. **water-wheel**, *roue hydraulique*.

27. **all of which**. *Care!*

27. **work**, *fonctionner*.

29. **thrash**, *rosser*.

XIV.

9. **And presently** — **fat man** = And presently we saw descend the wooden steps and traverse the narrow wicket a man very short and absurdly fat.

23. **they made** — **of swimming** = they caused him to make the movements of swimming.

XV.

4. **educate**, *enseigner*.

14. **of learning**, *des lettres*.

XVI.

1. **taken as a whole**, *dans sa totalité*.

17. **though** — **overpowering** = though at mid-day the floods (*les flots*) of sun are of an overpowering (*accablante*) force.

20. **indescribably beautiful** = of an indescribable beauty.

21. **is . . . felt** = makes itself felt.

23. **to enable . . . to be perceived** = in order that one may be able to perceive.

24. **realizes**, *se rend compte de*.

XVII.

20. **impart** = lend.

20. **invokes**, *fait appel à*.

XVIII.

7. rides ahead, *va en avant*.
 9. to have an eye to = to have the eye to.
 9. arts, *agrèments*.
 13. to play, *de faire*.

13. a cause for = a source of.
 14. the stoniness of his inexpressive visage, *l'impassibilité de sa figure inexpressive*.
 17. bow, *faire un salut*.

XIX.

7. keep up appearances on small means, *faire figure avec peu de fortune*.
 7. make a brave show, *vivent sur un grand pied*.
 15. or, *ni*.

16. Genoa, *Gènes*.
 19. richer families of the smaller places. Avoid such comparatives in French.
 21. Tuscan, *toscan*.
 22. as a rule, *en général*.

XX.

1. is centred = concentrates itself.
 3. seat, *demeure*.
 5. intimately associated, *étroitement lié*.

9. Piedmont, *le Piémont*; Sicily, *la Sicile*; Neapolitan, *napolitain*.
 19. Apulia, *l'Apulie*.
 22. able-bodied, *valide*.

XXI.

1. ascertained = established.
 19. sufficiency = sufficient number.
 20. keep down, *exterminer*.

22. chain of connecting links, *chaîne de rapports*.
 24. four-footed beasts of prey, *des carnassiers quadrupèdes*.

XXII.

2. Goth, *Goth*.
 2. recent converts, *nouveaux convertis*.
 5. open, to be omitted.

12. consecrated vessels, *vases sacrés*.
 13. to touch them, *y toucher*.

XXIII.

4. cut short, *mettre fin à*.
 6. used, *exercée*.
 11. it became known = the news spread.
 17. made terms, *traité*.

19. Piedmont, *le Piémont*.
 19. Venetia, *la Vénétie*.
 21. he could only say coldly, *il se borna à dire froidement*.

XXIV.

6. he told L. N. his opinion of him, *il dit son fait à L. N.*

7. stinging, *incisif.*

11. resigned his office, *se démit du ministère.*

18. taken up, *repris, relevé.*

XXV.

2. were sounding their call = were calling.

2. parade ground, *place d'armes.*

3. cantonment, *quartier militaire.*

5. throat = mouth.

6. seven times heated, *chauffé à blanc.*

7. in loosest undress, *en petite tenue des plus légères.*

9. the lazily swinging punkahs, *le balancement paresseux des pankas.*

11. were strolling — the church, *se rendaient à l'église, les uns en voiture, les autres marchant à pas lents.*

12. they little dreamed, *ils ne se doutaient guère.*

19. 1000 strong, *forts de mille hommes.*

19. the 6th Dragoons, *le 6ième dragons.*

20. details = detachments.

22. station = garrison.

XXVI.

3. soldiership, *stratégie.*

7. He had — seniority, *Apathique et endormi, il avait fait une cinquantaine d'années de service routinier, ne montant en grade que par ancienneté.*

10. of ignoring, *de passer sous silence.*

12. leave alone, *laisser tranquille.*

14. General H.'s rise = how G. H. had risen.

19. the 3rd Native Cavalry, *le 3ième de cavalerie indigène.*

22. a conspiracy — to exist, *on redoutait violemment l'existence d'une conspiration pour priver, etc.*

XXVII.

2. Hindu, *l'Indou*; Mohammedan, *le Mahométan.*

9. grim = formidable.

9. steady = brave.

15. steady clang, *un cliquetis continu de marteaux.*

18. rang over the lines, *se fit entendre dans les rangs.*

18. steady — stone, *immobiles et comme pétrifiés.*

19. the sea, *la foule.*

19. Sepoy, *le cipaye.*

XXVIII.

9. The next experience = What strikes us in the second place (*en second lieu*).

10. without apologies, *sans en offrir des excuses*.

11. noisiness, *tapage*.

13. prepared = put in order.

18. might lead one to suppose, *nous ferait croire*.

21. the "at-homeness," *l'intimité*.

24. doggie's basket, *le panier de toutou*.

26. unbend, *condescendre*.

27. domesticities = traces of domestic life.

27. within such precincts, *en ces enceintes sacrées*.

XXIX.

2. novelty, *du nouveau*.

2. in homely — households, *dans les ménages simples et modestes du vieux temps*.

4. carved — round = carved and served by the servants.

4. The free-and-easy etiquette, *l'aisance*.

9. every alternate cover, *tous les deux couverts*.

12. a friendly hostess, *une maîtresse de maison de mes amies*.

21. indulge in, *s'abandonnent à*.

22. be it recalled by the way, *soit dit en passant*.

23. the Bohemian, *la bohème*.

XXX.

3. Apaecides, *Apécide*.

6. Nazarene, *nazaréen*.

9. to wean, *détourner*.

14. bright, *radieux*.

17. on the brink of it = on the point of doing it.

19. arch-enemy, *grand ennemi*.

23. of thine = to which thou submittest thyself.

XXXI.

4. the gods forbid, *aux dieux ne plaise*.

9. turned from the chamber = made a step to go out.

11. flew to them, *s'y jeta*.

13. thou mayst be, *il est possible que tu sois*.

14. embrace, *étreinte*.

20. separated them from = severed.

25. was = made.

27. who wrought forth, *qui luttèrent pour*.

XXXII.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 5. recovered her spirits, <i>se remit.</i> | 20. involved, <i>entraîné.</i> |
| 6. standing — destruction,
<i>sur le penchant de sa ruine.</i> | 22. I value not my life, <i>je ne tiens pas à la vie.</i> |
| 13. hereabout, <i>par ici.</i> | 26. streaming through, <i>qui jaillissait à travers.</i> |
| 15. she felt about on, <i>elle tâta.</i> | 26. shone directly on the lock,
<i>tomba sur la serrure même.</i> |
| 16. directed, <i>ordonna.</i> | |
| 18. with, <i>par</i> | |

XXXIII.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. tricks, <i>tics.</i> | 15. in connected order, <i>en ordre suivi.</i> |
| 7. to work upon, <i>à tordre.</i> | 16. finish off, <i>achever.</i> |
| 10. as the story had it, <i>comme disait l'histoire.</i> | 17. when the proper time comes,
<i>au moment donné.</i> |
| 14. think out, <i>arranger dans leur pensée.</i> | |

XXXIV.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 2. brought down to, <i>descendus vers.</i> | 8. funeral service, <i>l'office des morts.</i> |
| 3. side by side, <i>côte à côte.</i> | 9. joined us in singing, <i>entonnèrent avec nous.</i> |
| 4. while this was being done,
<i>sur ces entrefaites.</i> | 13. boom, <i>grondement ; crack, pétitement.</i> |
| 5. Do you fellows know, <i>Camarades, connaissez-vous ?</i> | 14. still, <i>apaisé.</i> |
| 6. to = with. | 16. sharing one another's hymn-books, <i>se partageant leurs hymnaires.</i> |
| 7. "Yes," <i>que oui.</i> | 19. pass away, <i>trépasser.</i> |
| 7. hymn-books, <i>hymnaires.</i> | |

XXXV.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. Jamaica, <i>la Jamaïque.</i> | 12. is playing, <i>souffle.</i> |
| 1. of = full of. | 13. as, <i>sous le nom de.</i> |
| 5. Caribbean Sea, <i>Mer des Antilles.</i> | 14. rushes in = rises. |
| 6. range, <i>chaîne.</i> | 15. outbreaks of sickness, <i>des épidémies.</i> |
| 10. The mean highest, etc. =
The maximum of heat is on an average (<i>en moyenne</i>) only of 83°, while the minimum is of 70°. | 18. stamped out, <i>étouffé.</i> |
| | 22. have made it their home =
have established themselves there. |

XXXVI.

1. is it all in the play, *est-ce que cela appartient à la pièce ?*

2. from, *en bas de.*

3. flashes upon me, *jaillit en moi comme l'éclair.*

5. scenery, *les décors.*

7. crowded, *rempli de monde.*

8. house, *salle.*

9. climb up to, *se hissent jusqu'à.*

13. clear, *faites évacuer.*

13. party, *groupe.*

13. steals out, *se dérobe.*

15. all down, *jusqu'en bas de.*

20. have had their throats cut, *ont été égorgés.*

23. to come dashing up the street, *remonter la rue au galop.*

24. stand = stop.

24. with drawn swords, *le sabre au poing.*

XXXVII.

2. there was going to be a dinner party at home, *on allait avoir du monde à dîner.*

4. stand, *plateau.*

7. dismay, *consternation.*

9. from the top of each, *de dessus chaque verre.*

10. the sentence upon her, *le jugement prononcé contre elle.*

11. to hear — for them, *d'assister à l'explication donnée aux convives comment il se faisait qu'il n'y en avait pas pour eux.*

13. On her road, *en allant.*

18. she hated the thought = the thought . . . became unbearable to her.

20. of the turkey running at her, = that the turkey would run at her.

20. she gathered herself together, *elle prit son courage à deux mains.*

24. clapped their hands, *battirent des mains.*

24. Well done, little Jeanie, *bravo, la Jeanneton !*

XXXVIII.

6. legs, *pattes.*

13. in his mouth, don't use *bouche.*

14. made sure = believed,

19. when it had come to the worst = when he was at the worst.

20. which he knew belonged = which he knew to belong.

XXXIX.

2. come up = appear.
5. while I found much in them, *tout en y trouvant.*
7. had made modern Algeria, *had made of modern Algeria.*
8. curious = interesting.
10. paper-bound, *broché.*
11. light on, *tomber sur.*
12. whose name — before, *que je n'avais jamais entendu nommer.*
12. The story was all about = It was a story of.

14. barrack life = military life.
15. I did not seem — pages = the pages did not attract me much (*guère*).
16. down = aside.
19. grew upon me = came to me.
20. that here . . . was, *que c'était là.*
22. touch of the wand, *coup de baguette.*
22. I need hardly say = Need I say.

XL.

2. stepped out in front of. *se détacha de.*
3. with, *portant.*
6. seamed and scarred, *couturé et cicatrisé.*
6. many a, *bien des.*
- 7. ruffianly, *de brigand.*
8. of the gentleman, *de l'homme bien élevé.*
9. a veteran gold-hunter, *un chercheur d'or vétéran.*
9. a real old Californian 'forty-niner, *un ancien de l'an quarante-neuf.*

10. the gold-fields, *les districts aurifères.*
11. incorporated, *établi en corporation.*
13. as the very breath of his nostrils, *comme le pain quotidien.*
14. he had come half-way round the world, *il avait fait le tour de la moitié du monde.*
19. trooper of constabulary, *gendarme.*

XLI.

1. was in no hurry to commit himself, *hésita avant de s'engager par une réponse.*
3. felt, *tâta.*
5. the quarters, *l'arrière-main.*
5. rested, *s'arrêtèrent.*
5. the blue weal, *la marque livide.*
6. to put on a scent, *mettre sur la voie.*
8. conclusive, *décisif.*
9. sidelong, *oblique.*

9. at, *vers.*
10. fell back = retired.
13. a job, *de la besogne.*
17. better men, *de plus forts que lui.*
18. sunk a shaft, *creusé un puits.*
18. and panned out, *et en a extrait.*
19. Speak out, man, *explique-toi, camarade.*
21. graze, *écorchure.*
21. bushranger, *coureur des bois.*

XLII.

4. your roadway thither = the road which leads you to it.

6. no two feet of which are = of which there are not two square feet.

8. slight, *peu profond*.

9. occasional, *ça et là*.

9. peers = rises.

10. standing back, *reculé*.

11. single-storeyed, *à un seul étage*.

12. filled in with, *bloqué de*.

14. They are huddled together in pairs, *elles se serrent ensemble deux à deux*.

17. keep out, *empêcher d'entrer*.

18. between them, *entre les deux vitres*.

20. hollow, *bas-fond*.

21. a piece of waste ground, *un terrain vague*.

XLIII.

3. The floor, etc. = Instead of floor (*plancher*) there is, etc.

8. partition wall, *mur de refend*.

9. fed, *chauffé*.

10. pigeon hole, *case*.

13. on this, *c'est là que*.

15. loaves of rye bread, *pains de seigle*.

18. is used for sitting on and for washing, *sert de siège et de lavabo*.

20. eventually, *au bout*

XLIV.

1. Baeda, *Bède*.

2. range, *domaine*.

3. rightly, *à juste titre*.

5. revived, *ressuscité*.

5. Plato, etc. *Platon, Aristote, Sénèque, Cicéron, Lucrèce, Ovide, Virgile, le Dante, l'Enéide*.

9. ventures, *se hasarde*.

13. attest, *témoigner de*.

17. of the Fathers, *des Pères (des Pères de l'Eglise)*.

18. text books, *manuels*.

19. threw together, *recueillit*.

20. in, *en fait de*.

23. left him — Englishman = changed in nothing his simple Englishman's heart.

26. rhymes, *vers*.

XLV.

1. had more than made up = had done more than make up.

3. to hold — he could, *avec ordre de tenir ferme tant qu'il le pourrait*.

7. rendered worse, *aggravé*.

12. failed, *échoué*.

17. the spirits — gave way, *les Prussiens faillirent perdre courage*.

18. extricate, *dégager*; drag forward, *faire avancer*.

19. came to the spot, *se rendit sur les lieux*.

22. break it, *manquer à ma parole*.

27. with pain and toil, *péniblement*.

XLVI.

1. *Mercy* — hoped for = there was no longer any hope of clemency.

1. *to have been sought* = that it has been asked for.

4. *had little to make it fearful*, *n'avait guère de terreur pour lui*.

4. *When . . . dawned*, *à l'aube de*.

6. *The distance* — short, *Tower Hill était à peu de distance*.

7. *he tottered out* = he went out . . . with a tottering step.

8. *flock*, *se presser*.

9. *as . . . so*, *à mesure que*.

11. *as from*, *comme de la voix de*.

12. *This is life eternal*, etc.—St. John xvii. 3.

20. *and not speak* = without speaking.

XLVII.

1. *Pericles*, *Périclès*.

1. *in . . . lights*, *sous des jours*.

3. *materials for striking the balance*, *matériaux pour établir l'équilibre*.

5. *not less . . . than*, *autant . . . que*.

6. *nay, even more forcibly*, *avec plus de force même*.

8. *to deride* — character, *de tourner en dérision toutes les notabilités politiques*.

9. *powers*, *talents*.

9. *in setting forth*, *à faire ressortir*.

10. *Plato*, *Platon*; *Athens*, *Athènes*.

16. *uncontradicted*, *sans démenti*.

18. *conscious self-esteem*, *vanité*.

22. *to alienate*, *tenir éloigné*.

23. *careless*, *insouciant*.

24. *improperly*, *trop*.

24. *lesser*, *vulgaire*.

XLVIII.

3. *out of*, *sur*.

6. *with* = by giving him.

6. *whatever* — spare, *toute la monnaie dont vous pouvez vous passer*.

8. *you can afford to*, *vos moyens vous permettent de*.

8. *from*, *à*.

13. *for lending* = for having lent.

14. *return*, *remboursement*.

15. *you get it back* = it is given back to you.—*Care!*

15. *he fails to see* = he does not understand.

16. *he thinks he might be* = he promises himself to be.

19. *take in*, *duper*.

19. *beginner*, *novice*.

19. *Nay*, *tout au contraire*.

21. *good turn*, *bon office*.

XLIX.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>7. was ordered. <i>Care!</i>
 7. reserve cavalry division, <i>division de cavalerie de réserve.</i>
 8. by, <i>en.</i>
 9. everything in his front, <i>tout ce qu'il trouverait devant lui.</i>
 9. wheeling to the right, <i>faisant une conversion à droite.</i>
 9. roll up the enemy's line, <i>prendre l'ennemi par le flanc.</i></p> | <p>13. divisional cavalry, <i>cavalerie de division.</i>
 14. bring forward, <i>porter en avant.</i>
 18. senior, <i>supérieur.</i>
 19. had perforce vacated = had been forced to vacate.
 20. in front, <i>en tête.</i>
 21. swoop down, <i>fondre.</i>
 24. actually mowed down, <i>littéralement moissonnés.</i></p> |
|---|--|

L.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1. who brought — assistance = who came to offer — to the cause.
 2. opened their eyes . . . upon = had before the eyes.
 3. the morning after, <i>le lendemain de.</i>
 4. closely, <i>de près.</i>
 5. toughness and roughness, <i>brusquerie raide.</i>
 6. undoubted = undoubtedly.
 9. to have been made — imagination, <i>être une réalisation, faite sur commande, des fantaisies.</i></p> | <p>11. interior, <i>intrinsèque.</i>
 12. around them = which surrounded them.
 14. lived to see = seen.
 16. stage, <i>étape.</i>
 17. dominions, <i>provinces.</i>
 17. chequered, <i>varié.</i>
 19. espied = observed.
 19. Delaware, <i>la Delaware; New Jersey, le New Jersey; Pennsylvania, la Pensylvanie.</i></p> |
|---|--|

L.I.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2. I was transported in idea = imagination carried me.
 3. remote, <i>reculé.</i>
 7. standing in = surrounded by.</p> | <p>12. each and all = without exception.
 13. unassuming, <i>sans prétention.</i></p> |
|---|---|

LII.

10. *awed into* — shirt front,
d'un ton de politesse peu habituelle,
effet du respect que lui inspirait
l'éclat d'un gros diamant que
l'étranger portait sur le devant de sa
chemise.

13. *Where is she bound for* =
what is her destination.

15. *How many of a crew* = the
number of the crew?

24. *accommodation* = room.

25. *engage, retenir.*

25. *put it down, will you, notez-*
le, s'il vous plaît.

26. *New Orleans, la Nouvelle-*
Orléans.

27. *form, formulaire.*

28. *a blank space, un espace en*
blanc.

30. *lopped off, coupé.*

LIII.

2. *girded themselves up, se*
ceignirent les reins.

4. *lost, prodigué.*

4. *powers* = talents.

5. *not ripe for them, trop inculte*
pour les apprécier.

5. *blasted, flétri.*

6. *to enlarge, s'étendre.*

8. *it was* = it is.

9. *it was fought out* = the com-
bat took place.

10. *So too of Frederick himself,*
il en est de même de Frédéric.

11. *Charles, Charlemagne.*

13. *of a Northern or a Teuton,*
d'un homme du nord ou de race
germanique.

15. *Barbarossa, Barberousse.*

16. *along with, à côté de.*

16. *inherited, héritage.*

18. *orange grove, bosquet*
d'orangers.

18. *Palermo, Palerme.*

18. *love, goût.*

LIV.

1. *through, au travers de.*

1. *it is but* — can be dis-
cerned, on ne fait qu'entrevoir le
vrai caractère de l'homme.

5. *a sensualist, sensuel.*

7. *fired by crusading fervour,*
enflammé . . . d'une ferveur, de
croisé.

7. *in later life, d'une époque plus*
avancée de sa vie.

11. *look back, porter ses regards*
en arrière.

13. *who had braved. Care!*

16. *while they pitied, tout en le*
plaignant.

17. *a lurid light, une lueur si-*
nistre.

17. *him, c'est lui . . . que.*

19. *must perforce, à dû.*

LV.

2. on the outskirts, *sur les confins*.
 3. epicure, *gourmet*.
 4. he courts, *il recherche*.
 8. about, *aux environs de*.
 8. Mülhausen, *Mulhouse*.
 10. rolling downs, *plaines ondulantes*.
 10. running, *rapide*.
 12. to tuft, *couronner*.
 12. the slopes of gently rising hills = the gentle slopes of the hills.

16. perennial, *intarissable*.
 17. one of exquisite enjoyment, *un plaisir exquis*.
 18. all night, *de toute la nuit*.
 18. for hearing, etc. = for he/ hears the waves (*les flots*) of the swift Rhine, etc., and knows, etc.
 21. up, *en remontant*.
 22. springs, *jailloit*.
 22. nothing . . . like this, *rien d'égal*.
 23. of travelling = of the traveller.

LVI.

2. He claimed — doing right, *il s'arrogea le privilège royal d'être exempt de faire le bien*.
 4. to us in England, *à nous autres Anglais*.
 7. in their powers of fascination, *par leur charme séducteur*.
 8. choose, *vouloir*.
 9. Hanover, the Hanovre (country), *Hanovre (town)*.
 9. occasion, *donner lieu à*.
 10. sauerkraut, *la choucroute*.
 12. indicative of = which were to demonstrate.

13. sausage-shops, *charcuteries*.
 14. which we might suppose were, *qu'on devait supposer être*.
 17. drawn = represented.
 18. beggarly, *misérable*.
 20. paid us back, *nous rendit la pareille*.
 21. manners = good manners.
 22. once, *un jour que*, etc.
 23. roaring, *qui pleuraient comme des vœux*.
 27. he actually questioned, *il alla jusqu'à mettre en doute*.

LVII.

2. I quite envy, *je suis tout envieuse de*.
 3. clever, *spirituel*.
 3. She looks as if she were, *elle en a l'air*.
 6. you gentlemen, *vous autres messieurs*.
 8. not indisposed, *assez disposé*.
 13. dimpling, *en montrant ses fossettes*.
 13. with airy lightness, *avec une légèreté enjouée*.
 14. and think nothing of me, *et ne fera plus aucun cas de moi*.

15. the effect on = the effect produced on.
 16. is too unlike = resembles too little.
 18. devout, *dévoût*.
 20. almost pettishly, *avec un peu d'humeur*.
 21. I am, etc., *je suis en train de*.
 24. Pray come again, *revêchez donc nous voir*.
 26. was at home again, *fut rentré*.
 27. singing, *pour chanter*.
 28. he disliked = he was annoyed at.

LVIII.

2. he thinks nothing of leather and prunella, *il ne se soucie guère des convenances.*

11. takes to adoring, *se prend d'adoration pour.*

12. mermaid, *ondine.*

12. run up bills, *s'endetter.*

17. you always want to pore over, *vous avez toujours les yeux collés sur.*

19. to want . . . to be = to see.

23. no one could wish you more to attain = no one desires more than I that you attain.

28. too entirely = only too.

30. to ask about = to consult me about.

LIX.

2. consonant with his peculiar nature, *conforme à son naturel.*

3. regretted = expressed his regrets.

5. were ill of = were suffering from.

5. treat you to = offer you.

7. take = fix.

8. a party = *du monde à dîner.*

9. full, *au complet.*

12. I'm going down to, *je partirai pour.*

12. to look after the hay, *pour surveiller l'engrangement du foin.*

14. the missus, *madame.*

15. bring. *Care !*

18. No, hang it, *zut !*

18. there's no good in boys, *je n'ai que faire de garçons.*

19. don't want 'em, *n'en veulent pas.*

23. Are you fond of farming, *t'intéresses-tu à l'agriculture.*

LX.

2. blandly smiling, *avec un sourire mielleux.*

2. tiger shooting, *chasse au tigre.*

6. gave him a queer look, *le regarda d'une façon étrange.*

7. please God, *Dieu aidant.*

8. before many days are over, *avant peu.*

16. a relation, *une parente.*

21. arrayed in the height of fashion, *mis à la dernière mode.*

21. made — juncture, *entra à ce moment.*

22. with a smiling acknowledgment, *avec un sourire en forme de quittance.*

23. I'm sure, *en effet.*

27. was quite abashed, *resta tout confondu.*

28. Here was a man. Say: he had come.

30. shoot, *chasser.*

31. a beardless young sprig, *un mirliflore imberbe.*

31. patronise, *protéger.*

LXI.

1. to revolve in one's mind, *méditer. Care!*

5. his prospects — flattering = his chances of success were . . . not favourable.

6. Zeland, *zélандаis.*

6. manned, *monté.*

8. from Zeland itself, *zélандаis eux-mêmes.*

8. now came forward = offered themselves.

8. to teach . . . how = to show the way.

10. refugees, *transfuges.*

11. flat, *banc de sable.*

14. during ebb tide, *à la basse marée.*

14. to be waded, *pour lui passer à gué.*

17. the intervening creek to, *l'anse qui le séparait de.*

18. only half as wide, *plus étroite que l'autre de la moitié.*

18. shallows, *bas-fonds.*

21. in the very teeth of, *au nez de.*

24. satisfied = convinced.

LXII.

2. infantry, *fantassins.*

3. Walloons, *Wallons.*

4. picked, *d'élite.*

5. in order — themselves, *pour élever des retranchements sans perdre de temps.*

7. mounted troopers, *cavaliers.*

9. lay, *était à l'ancre.*

23. It was low water at, *la basse marée était.*

24. appointed, *convenu.*

28. struck the chords, *toucha la corde.*

29. was answered with. *Care!*

LXIII.

5. brought up the rear, *ferma la marche.*

5. wild, *d'orage.*

14. came forth through = pierced.

18. had . . . stranded themselves, *s' étaient échoués.*

22. rendered the aim difficult = increased the difficulty of aiming.

25. for breath, *pour reprendre haleine.*

LXIV.

2. the main body, *le gros.*

5. not so = less.

12. effected his landing, *réussit à gagner la terre.*

15. took a slight refreshment, *prîrent un repas léger.*

19. strange to relate, *chose étrange!*

22. as it were, *comme.*

25. swam to, *se jetèrent à la nage pour gagner.*

LXV.

1. whether, *que*.
4. Paragon. Say: *Parfait*.
5. written character, *certificat*.
7. of a domestic nature, *en fait de ménage*.
10. in the, *quant aux*.
11. fiery rash, *eruption enflammée*.
11. the Life Guards, *la garde-du-corps*.
12. the afternoon shadow, *l'ombre post-méridienne*.
13. shell-jacket, *jaquette de petite tenue*.

13. as much, *d'autant*.
15. it need have been = it was.
15. by being — to it, *à cause de la disproportion*.
17. we always knew of it = we were always informed of it.
20. was in a fit, *avait une attaque de nerfs*.
23. she preyed — dreadfully, *sa présence était une obsession pour nous*.
24. were unable to help ourselves = did not know what to do.

LXVI.

1. My dearest life, *ma chérie*.
2. any = the least.
5. we were to have dined, *nous devions dîner*.
7. wistfully, *d'un air pensif*.
7. hinted, *j'ai remarquer*.
8. was too fast, *avançait*; is a few minutes slow, *retarde de quelques minutes*.
11. to coax me to be quiet, *me cajolant pour me faire taire*.

12. down the middle, *du haut en bas*.
13. off, *de*.
16. to remonstrate with, *faire des remontrances à*.
21. thought = judged.
22. any, *quelconque*; check, *contrôle*.
28. There's a good child, etc., *sois sage ! tu es bien plus joli quand tu ris*.
31. please, *de grâce*.

LXVII.

3. sensibly, *raisonnablement*.
4. without one's dinner = without having dined.
12. to be reasoned with, *pour être raisonnée*.
13. such a poor little thing as I am, *une pauvre petite comme moi*.

14. you cruel boy, *cruel que tu es*.
18. up and down, *par*.
21. be sorry that, *regretter de*.
27. the day before, *avant-hier*.
27. by being obliged to eat, *pour avoir mangé*.

LXVIII.

1. acquired, *s'acquit*.
5. execute, *accomplir*.
6. native tongue, *langue maternelle*.
6. German, *germanique*.
7. prudently, *par précaution*.
11. improve, *perfectionner*.
12. frame, *rédiger*.
17. the Eastern court, *la cour de Byzance*.
17. as the minister of peace, *comme messager de la paix*.

19. Moses, *Moïse*.
20. applied, *imposé*.
21. the Land of Promise, *la Terre Promise*.
23. and tractable to = and who obeyed.
23. acquiesced in their settlement, *s'établirent paisiblement dans leur territoire*.
24. Mæssian, *mésien*.
25. flocks and herds, *troupeaux*.

LXIX.

7. meet, *s'assembler*.
8. extravagance, *folles dépenses*.
10. fire, *incendie*.
12. ages, *générations*.
17. impeded — industry = impeded (*entravé*) the efforts of industry, and have destroyed the fruits of it.

18. Moscow, *Moscou*; Lisbon, *Lisbonne*.
19. devastating, *dévastateur*.
22. subverted, *bouleversé*.
25. borne down, *foulé aux pieds*.

LXX.

2. and that, *et encore*.
2. primary, *supérieur*.
3. unmistakably, *à ne pas s'y méprendre*.
6. at work, *en opération*; out yonder, *au loin*.

9. subserve, *servir à*.
13. savour of = resemble.
19. in our short-sightedness, *pauvres myopes*.
21. wasteful action, *gaspillage*.

LXXI.

1. is to be — rain, *doit être suffisamment approvisionné de pluie*.
4. random distribution, *distribution faite au hasard*.
4. involving, *qui implique*.
5. out of, *sur*.
6. so as to be, *de manière à être*.
10. purpose, *dessin*.
12. dismiss our belief, *refusons de croire*.

13. untenanted by, *dépourvu de*.
14. year after year, *d'année en année*.
18. in any degree, *à quelque degré*.
20. race, *espèce*.
21. we seem = it seems that we are.
23. would not care = would hesitate.

LXXII.

3. *during, sous.*
 4. *counting upwards, en remon-
 tant.*
 5. *Troy, Troie.*
 6. *Æneas, Énée.*
 9. *Julian, julien.*
 11. *with the evidences = and the
 evidences (preuves) . . . are, etc.*

11. *discordant, contradictoire ;
 harmonious, confirmatoire.*
 15. *grope, chercher à tâtons.*
 16. *emerges into twilight, entre
 dans un demi-jour.*
 17. *slowly improving, de plus en
 plus clair.*
 21. *B.C., avant J.-C.*
 22. *productions, écrits.*

LXXIII.

1. *Marsham's tacit expectation
 was, M. entendait tacitement.*
 4. *first and foremost, avant toute
 autre chose.*
 * 8. *eager, empressé.*
 12. *in terror lest, craignant de.*
 12. *feeling it = regarding as.*
 14. *figures, caractères ; disposi-
 tions, naturels.*

15. *natural, très réel.*
 17. *fly to, s'envoler vers.*
 20. *most actual plight, embarras
 très réel.*
 20. *her. Care !*
 21. *twenty years old, arrivée il y
 avait vingt ans.*

LXXIV.

2. *will often render. Care !*
 3. *navigate, gouverner.*
 3. *suppose = let us suppose.*
 5. *then = at the moment.*
 7. *his local time, l'heure locale.*
 11. *rated, réglé.*
 13. *provide, fournir.*
 14. *unknown, inaperçu.*

14. *lead, porter.*
 16. *test, éprouver.*
 17. *a great convenience,
 très commode.*
 19. *standard, mesure.*
 21. *face, cadran ; hand, aiguille.*
 22. *travels round, fait le tour de.*
 24. *numbers, chiffres.*

LXXV.

1. *I can — bad day = I know
 how to make my preparations for a
 really bad day, and resign myself
 to it.*

1. *but — days, mais ces jour-
 nées qui vous donnent un échantillon
 de toute espèce de temps.*

3. *I am walking along, je fais
 mon chemin.*

6. *Lord — wet, Mais com-
 ment donc, mon bon, vous êtes
 mouillé ?*

11. *the umbrella — the April,
 c'est du parapluie que je parle, non
 de l'avril.*

12. *I did have a time with it, il
 m'a donné bien du fil à retordre !*

21. *touch, pointe.*

21. *itself = automatically.*

LXXVI.

4. the wretched thing, *ce diable de parapluie*.

11. knocked one's hat off, *faisait rouler mon chapeau dans la boue, or m'emportait le chapeau*.

13. it should be so, *to be omitted*.

14. makes a man look, *pour vous donner un air*.

17. that flesh is heir to, *dont on hérite la chair*.

LXXVII.

8. still rankles in the bosoms of, *ronge encore le cœur à*.

10. they pant, *ils brûlent de désir*.

14. the so-called glory = what one calls the glory.

14. the alternations of successful and unsuccessful murder, *les vicissitudes d'assassinats couronnés de succès ou flétris d'insuccès*.

15. high-spirited, *plein de cœur*.

LXXVIII.

1. like men, not literally.

3. ten miles away = at ten miles from there.

7. closing in, *serraient les rangs*.

8. resisted. Of course not *résister*. A trans. verb is required.

12. at once, say "once for all."

16. to crest = to have reached the crest of.

19. from which = from where.

21. rolled miles away, *s'éloigna à des lieues de distance*.

LXXIX.

4. of the few men = of those rare men.

6. four square to all the winds of fate, *faisant face aux quatre vents du destin*.

15. done, *accompli*.

16. which had lain so long as dead, *si longtemps demeurés comme morts*.

19. saving deed, *fait libérateur*.

LXXX.

11. such strong fortresses, *des places aussi fortes*.

11. taken by surprise, *prises d'un coup de main*.

LXXXI.

12. very common = generally known.

17. how poor it is, *quel fiasco*.

LXXXII.

6. single young man, *garçon*.
 19. clearing his throat, *en toussant légèrement*.
 21. she gasped = answered she, gasping.
 25. I'm as good as single, *c'est tout comme si je l'étais*.

LXXXIII.

8. choked his wife = said his wife, choking.
 16. Smells rather stuffy, *Cela sent un peu le renfermé*.

LXXXIV.

1. Slower and slower, etc., *le train se ralentit de plus en plus*.
 2. Granada, *Grenade*.
 3. platform, *quai*.
 3. hotel tous, *commissionnaires d'hôtel*.
 6. which we could hear was, etc. = which, we heard it well, was, etc.
 10. As we did so = Hardly had we found it, when, etc.
 16. we were jolted up = we mounted, jolting.
 20. out of = who seemed to have come out of some canvas by, etc.
 21. were trudging up and down, *montraient et descendaient clopin-clopaient*.
 22. of neat-stepping donkeys, *d'ânes au piétinement délicat*.

LXXXV.

1. rural labourers, *laboureurs campagnards*.
 3. train-loads = trains full.
 6. the very picture of ungracefulness, *tout ce qu'il y a de plus disgracieux*.
 7. subaltern, *lieutenant*.
 8. his charges, *son escouade*.
 11. Some, — button-holes, *Ceux-ci portent à la boutonnière des rubans flottants*.
 15. a happy lot, *une troupe joyeuse*.
 18. their undisciplined rawness, *leur inexpérience et leur manque de discipline*.
 22. how different the carriage = what difference of carriage (*maintien*).
 22. they waddled, *ils canetaient*.
 25. as though — through it, *comme alignées sur une baguette d'acier*.
 27. rude, unfashioned, *grossiers et rustiques*.
 28. shamled along, *marchaient en branlant bras et jambes*.

LXXXVI.

6. the gentry, *à la compagnie*.
 10. almost as black as a crock,
et noire comme du charbon.
 13. let us have her in = make
 her come in.
 15. throw away = lose.

16. boys, *enfants*.
 18. I cannot possibly countenance,
je ne saurais approuver.
 19. chimed in, *dit . . . d'un ton d'acquiescence*.
 24. order the beldame forwards,
faites avancer la vieille sorcière.

LXXXVII.

1. rough, *sauvage, farouche*.
 3. running fire, *feu roulant, fusillade*.
 4. proceeding, *en train*.
 6. the vulgar herd, *le vulgaire*.
 9. my queenly Blanche, *ma belle reine*.
 10. she encroaches, *elle est présumptueuse*.

10. Be advised, *Croyez-m'en*.
 14. tinkler, *vagabond*.
 15. Cease that chatter, *Ne raisonnez plus*.
 17. rose to full flow once more,
recommencèrent de plus belle.
 20. I had better = that I should
 do well to.

LXXXVIII.

2. they need — near her, *qu'ils ne se donnent pas la peine de venir*.
 5. single, *demoiselles*.
 9. in the van = at the head.

11. she swept — silence, *elle passa près d'elle en silence et pleine de dignité*.
 23. good people = my friends.
 24. hackneyed, *banal*.

LXXXIX.

1. drew = closed.
 2. satisfaction = contentment.
 3. for something = let us see something.
 4. too virtuous for anything,
par trop vertueuse.
 6. very happily, *d'un air heureux*.

8. gone = gone to bed.
 9. wants = comes after.
 10. trouble about, *prendre garde à*.
 12. swing door, *porte battante*.
 14. handle, *bou'm*.
 18. awkwardly = embarrassed.
 21. caught up, *relevé*.

XC.

1. springing up, *se levant d'un bond, or en sautant sur ses pieds*.
 14. forbiddingly, *d'un air de rebut*.
 16. ran over, *parcourut de l'œil*.

23. has no lack of choice, *a de quoi choisir*.
 23. manner = manner of speaking.

XCI.

2. He is, — bishop, *C'est un liseur de romans presque aussi enragé que cet évêque.*

3. out of = in.

4. a smile dawning, *avec un sourire naissant.*

6. episcopal appetite, *appétit d'évêque.*

7. accounts for the fact, *explique.*

8. I am always nowhere, *il m'aplatit toujours.*

15. his stoop, *sa tenue courbée.*

22. She gave — astonishment = Involuntarily she fixed upon him a look of astonishment.

23. silent and finicking, *taciturne et vétilleux.*

XCII.

7. description = kind.

7. articles of dress, *vêtements.*

7. luxuries, *objets de luxe.*

9. gas lamps, *bees de gaz.*

12. whose ears have been battered, *qui ont eu les oreilles battues.*

13. of machinery = of the machines.

15. of smoking and drinking, *du tabac et de la bière.*

XCIII.

12. Take = Make

19. staff, *soutien.*

20. Trade, *les affaires.*

21. custom = customers.

XCIV.

1. meat-stall, *étal de boucher.*

2. is flaring, *flambe en vacillant.*

5. Now's your time, *Voici le moment.*

12. marketing = to the market.

15. up to closing time, *jusqu'au moment de la fermeture.*

19. to be left to the tender mercies of, *être à la merci de.*

XCV.

1. Andalusia, *l'Andalousie.*

3. olive groves, *olivaies.*

4. banks of, *des talus couverts de.*

4. with glimpses of, *avec ça et là un coup d'œil de.*

7. beguiled us of = made us forget.

8. at its sorest, *le plus accablant.*

12. to venture out, *s'aventurer.*

13. in a shaft of cypress shade, in the shaft (*flèche*) of shade thrown by a cypress.

16. from window after window = from one window after the other.

22. grandee, *grand d'Espagne.*

22. He was — patriarch, *Ce n'était guère un commerçant après au gain que ce vieux patriarche andalous*

XCVI.

2. a tatterdemalion, *un individu déguenillé.*

5. discriminate against, *faire une distinction défavorable à.*

10. in gipsy — effect, *en gitano ou un baragouin semblable.*

10. wrenched open the door, *ouvrit brusquement la portière.*

14. hiding = hidden. "

17. next = first.

18. roared so lustily for = called in such a lusty voice.

19. popped up — Jack-in-the-Box, *reparut à la portière comme s'il fût sorti d'une boîte à surprise.*

22. charged, *conjura.*

XCVII.

5. hardly — fellow-sufferer, *il y a à peine une famille qui n'en partage les souffrances.*

5. The full financial power = All the financial resources.

15. A corporate body, *une assemblée.*

17. to go to war = to make war.

18. highly placed, *haut placé.*

21. the money-market, *la Bourse.*

23. Mexico, *le Mexique.*

25. It is — to prevent it. Change this sentence so as to avoid in French the double *que* (than that).

XCVIII.

4. practically, *en réalité.*

4. to confine, *restreindre.*

4. where it finds a fair field, *où un vaste champ s'ouvre à son activité.*

6. Its picturesqueness lives mainly in, *Son côté pittoresque n'existe guère que dans.*

9. malodorous, *louche.*

10. live by blackmailing, *vivent de chantage.*

11. local, *de l'endroit.*

12. on = for.

13. drives = makes.

15. bid against, *renchérir sur.*

17. are only too glad to, *ne demande pas mieux que de.*

19. lurid, *sinistre.*

20. squalid, *sordide.*

21. appalling wickedness, *épouvantable perversité.*

XCIX.

3. have stripped it to what it is in reality, *l'ont dépouillée de ses mystères jusqu'à la faire paraître ce qu'elle est en vérité.*

5. loose, *vague.*

7. have made revenge, etc. = have made of revenge, etc.

8. forced into = forced to live in.

11. slight, *marque de mépris.*

11. concealed, *dissimulé.*

19. better-to-do, *aisé.*

C.

1. about, *dans l'entourage de*.
 2. *with* fanned — blaze, *qui attisèrent les flammes de la jalousie, endormies sous les cendres*.

4. thrown into the shade, *éclipsé*.
 5. rising fortunes = growing fortune.

8. these and similar suggestions = these suggestions and others of a similar kind.

9. by misconstructions, *en més-interprétant*.

9. present, *actuel*.

15. from, *à juger de*.

17. to lose — for sea, *de faire appareiller sa flotte sans perdre un moment*.

21. gave the direction to = decided.

21. He had — vessels = Neither his crews nor his vessels were yet complete (*au complet*).

CI.

3. moorings, *mouillage*.
 4. was busily getting under way, *était en train de faire voile*.

8. within speaking distance, *à portée de la voix*.

18. as he best might, *de son mieux*.

18. satisfied = convinced.

CII.

2. walk a little up and down the room, *faire un tour de la chambre*.

13. lying about, *trainer*.

14. asked for = asked to see.

17. The final darkness grew apace, *l'ombre de la mort l'enveloppa de plus en plus*.

19. gave a parting cry for it, *l'appela de son dernier souffle*.

CIII.

6. straps, *des sous-pieds*.
 9. his fond parent, *sa mère indulgente*.

16. over-fatigue = excess of fatigue.

18. untimely = before their time.

20. lurking, *latent*.

21. kindly, *généreusement*.

22. sit up — at night, *lire trop avant dans la nuit*.

CIV.

1. set it down as an axiom, *ont établi en axiome*.

5. in support of, *à l'appui de*.

7. who try — company, *qui cherchent à l'emporter sur leurs adversaires par la force des poumons*.

8. nay even, *voire même*.

12. a deeper well of feeling = a greater depth of feeling.

14. prejudices, *préviens*.

22. protect, *ménager*.

22. vantage-ground = advantage.

CV.

1. refinement, *délicatesse*.
 6. blossoms out, *s'épanouit comme une fleur*.
 7. attentions, *des assiduités*.
 8. you may find a youth, *il se peut que tel jeune homme*.
 10. anything but, *est tout autre chose que*.

13. conscious, *gêné*.
 15. which desires — well of, *qui veut qu'on en pense du bien*.
 16. puts on the garb of = gives itself the air of.
 18. to claim for themselves, *s'attribuer à eux-mêmes*.
 24. uncomfortable, *gênant*.

CVI.

1. sober, *terne*.
 7. seemed like stepping back, *il me semblait rentrer*.
 10. from, *du côté de*.
 19. seclusion, *solitude*.
 21. a coat, *une couche*.

23. funereal, *funèbre*.
 23. the sharp touches, *les coupures nettes*.
 24. tracery, *réseau*.
 25. the roses, *les rosaces*.
 25. keystones, *les clés de voûte*.
 27. pleasing, *gracieux*.

CVII.

2. to be dealt with by = which deserves the consideration of.
 2. It is not a great many things, *Il y a une foule de choses qu'elle n'est pas*.
 3. blood, say: in the blood, etc.
 4. have been born.—Care!

10. a matter of controversy, *un point discutable*.
 15. smiles at, *se moque de*.
 18. a view — her own, *un point de vue historique tout à elle*.
 19. without any undue pride, *soit dit sans orgueil inconvenant*.
 23. if only, *pourvu que*.

CVIII.

1. walk with a strut, *se pavaner*.
 2. which — nicety = and when I am conscious that they fit me to a nicety (*à point*).
 8. as I mellow, *que je mûris*.
 12. to discard them, *de s'en débarrasser*.
 14. I would . . . have pensioned

- him off with a paddock, *je l'aurais mis à la retraite dans un enclos*.
 14. when he became, = when he would have become.
 16. I would have felt like Cain, *je me serais cru un Caïn*.
 22. down the wrong avenue, *dans le mauvais chemin*.

CIX.

2. but — friendly, freely : *mais c'est en se connaissant mieux qu'on se lie d'amitié.*

11. a cast, *un moule.*

16. besides being a little vulgar, *outre que c'est un peu vulgaire.*

18. so bad as to = bad enough to.

18. a raid, *une razzia.*

21. on the ground of, *par le motif de.*

24. to give away, *pour en faire présent.*

CX.

1. Once — man. Change this sentence, making "man" the subject.

6. flung — another = fell into each other's arms.

9. appearance = face.

10. been in trouble = suffered.

11. to burst = to fall.

13. It was borne in upon me, *je fus porté à croire.*

13. shallow, *frivole.*

14. luck = success.

15. for the life of me, *pour tout au monde.*

15. look grief-stricken, *prendre un air de chagrin.*

16. to keep a watch over, *surveiller.*

19. to render in tune, *mettre en harmonie.*

CXI.

3. a mere matter, *une bagatelle.*

13. anyhow, *enfin.*

18. had pulled itself together, *s'était recueillie.*

22. were taking — again = were recommencing to dine with pleasure.

CXII.

3. crested, *couronnait.*

5 Krupp guns, *des canons Krupp.*

5. came, lobbing through the valley, *traversaient la vallée d'un vol lourd.*

8. apparently could not be bothered = did not seem to have the leisure.

21. getting on to, *en gagnant.*

22. work, *s'avancer.*

23. till . . . within charging distance, *à portée de charge.*

23. the luck, *la chance.*

24. when = after which.

28. I rather made a grievance of it = I complained.

29. despatch, *expédition.*

CXIII.

1. was the best-tempered man, *avait le caractère le plus égal.*

4. what is more, *qui plus est.*

8. opened = opened the fire.

9. at long bowls, *à longue portée.*

11. powder-burning, *gaspillage de poudre.*

13. showing little glimpses of themselves out of, *qui se laissaient entrevoir à travers.*

17. they have worked round beautifully, *ils ont parfaitement accompli leur mouvement de flanc.*

18. they are gathering, *ils se rallient.*

19. dash at, *élan contre.*

20. he rather drawled in his speech, *il traînait un peu ses paroles.*

22. Tcherkesses, *Circassiens.*

CXIV.

1. couched in, *conçues en.*

3. For once, *pour cette fois-ci.*

4. honourable offices, *dignités.*

6. in return for, *en retour de.*

8. the charge of the journey, *les frais du voyage.*

17. On this, *Sur cela.*

17. went off = fell.

22. was rising, *était un astre levant.*

24. out, *à terre.*

24. danced — with rage, *bondit de rage.*

CXV.

1. every article, *chaque article de la note.*

3. a matter to compound, *un compte à régler.*

4. and that is, *c'est à savoir.*

5. of poverty, *de la misère.*

6. to send, *à faire faire à.*

16. Ah well-a-way, *Hélas !*

18. for 'em, *pour se les partager.*

19. soul, *créature.*

19. withdrew his claim, *se désista de ses titres.*

21. a disqualifying bow, *un salut comme pour se mettre hors concours.*

24. find a way, *trouver moyen.*

CXVI.

12. you silly thing, *petite sotte.*

17. if mother — with it = if mother would let me take, etc., out of (dans) my purse, and give them to you to put into your pocket, you

know ; and to buy some more (encore des) rabbits with (it).

25. his colour — subsiding, *la rougeur lui montant au front, mais disparaissant aussitôt.*

CXVII.

4. **clutching** — hand, *l'empoignant éperdument.*

5. I **became** . . . aroused to, *je m'aperçus de.*

6. **that my efforts** . . . were resisted. *Care!*

8. I **sat up**, *je me mis sur mon séant.*

11. **There was no mistaking**, *il n'y avait pas à s'y méprendre.*

12. **a baby bear**, *un ourson.*

12. **a mere suckling**, *rien qu'un nourrisson.*

14. **a grizzly cub**, *un petit grizzly.*

16. **so much taller on its**, *beau-coup plus haut de.*

17. **forelegs**, *pattes de devant.*

18. **that**, *en sorte que.*

18. **took precedence**, *prenaient les devants.*

21. **raised itself**, *se dressa.*

22. **deprecatingly**, *d'un air suppliant.*

CXVIII.

5. **love of attracting notice**, *désir de se faire remarquer.*

6. **fictitious demands**, *appels factices.*

8. **shyness**, *réserve, retenue.*

11. **ministering angels**, *Ministres du Seigneur.*

11. **draw back at**, *se refusent à.*

12. **that any angel — to them**, *qu'un Ministre du Seigneur vienne à leur aide.*

14. **who make the most of**, *qui font le plus grand cas possible de.*

16. **emphasize**, *accentuer.*

17. **to dismiss**, *passer sous silence.*

18. **a kind of — world's ear**, *une espèce de confidence gratuite dite à l'oreille du monde.*

19. **snatch — ill**, *arrachent à leurs infirmités un plaisir craintif.*

23. **genial comfort**, *consolation sincère.*

CXIX.

4. **an hour**, *à l'heure.*

5. **statements**, *affirmations.*

7. **the new . . . were timed** = the speed of the new . . . was measured.

8. **vessels**, *aérostats.*

10. **on the out and home journeys**, *à l'aller et au retour.*

13. **is in advance of**, *a pris l'avance sur.*

14. **admittedly** = it is admitted that.

20. **than double — its speed** = than the double — of its speed.

CXX.

1. **the tide of Austrian opinion** = the current of public opinion in Austria.

2. **to set**, *se diriger.*

7. **how exceedingly small the Austrian navy is**, *l'exiguïté de, etc.*

8. **and how slender — country** = and the few (*le peu de*) resources

of the country for naval constructions.

10. **committing** = engaging.

15. **it is one thing to . . . and another to**, *autre chose est de . . . et autre chose de.*

19. **partners** = members.

19. **emphasize**, *accentuer.*

CXXI.

4. knock off, *abattre*.
 5. with a switch, *d'un coup de baguette*.
 6. to grow again, *repousser*.
 7. outright, *raide*.
 9. occasional, *fortuit*.
 11. are sure = cannot fail.

13. primarily, *en premier lieu*.
 15. helplessness, *impuissance*.
 18. army revolvers, *revolvers d'ordonnance*.
 19. to picket troops, *planter des piquets de troupes*.
 21. station, *poste*.

CXXII.

2. has turned outlaw, *s'est mis hors la loi*.
 3. done in hot blood, *commis dans la colère*.
 4. birth, *extraction*.
 4. part of = in.
 8. stab each other with inefficient knives, *se portent des coups de couteau inefficaces*.
 9. are . . . making search for weapons, *font des perquisitions d'armes*.

11. without question, *sans façons*.
 11. the man of some property, *le propriétaire aisé*.
 12. shot-gun, *fusil de chasse*.
 17. in self-defence, *en légitime défense*.
 17. give himself up, *se constituer prisonnier*.
 18. station, *poste*.
 19. course, *expédient*.
 23. licenses, *des permis de chasse*.

CXXIII.

1. Algiers — France = From the South of France to Algiers (Alger) there is only a sail (*trajet*) of few hours.
 3. look for = expect to see.
 5. Gascony, *la Gascogne*.
 10. blessing, *bienfait*.
 11. so far as it means, *en tant qu'il signifie*.

13. directly benefited = which profit directly by it.
 16. people = sons.
 21. home government, *gouvernement de la mère-patrie*.
 24. through the instrumentality of, *au moyen de*.
 28. to build up = to develop.
 29. little dreamed of by those, *dont ne rêvaient guère ceux*.

CXXIV.

3. descending along = having followed.
 6. alien, *différant*.
 9. petty, *exigu*.
 10. nay, *de plus*.
 13. who had — crown, *qui*

- s'étaient affranchis de leur sujétion à la couronne d'Angleterre*.
 15. languid incompetence = weak incapacity.
 20. which led them to, *qui les porta à*.

CXXV.

1. again and again, *bien des fois.*

3. gréat odds, *des forces écrasantes.*

3. indulge our . . . self-complacency = abandon ourselves to our vanity.

5. remove, *lever.*

7. Hindus, *Indous.*

8. conquered = the conquest of.

11. on her hands, *sur les bras.*

13. could we manage to, *avons-nous su.*

15. to make a drain upon, *faire une saignée à.*

18. perceived = felt.

19. involved us in a debt, *nous a accablés d'une dette.*

21. something wrong, *erreur.*

21. current conception = accepted opinion.

23. by sheer, *à force de.*

CXXVI.

1. throw off, *se défaire de.*

4. water-works, *aqueducs.*

5. gas-works, *usines à gaz.*

7. ran, *faisait marcher.*

8. We, *nous autres Anglais.*

9. live in the pleasant illusion, *nous nous berçons de l'illusion*

11. rather to be pitied, *digne de pitié.*

13. who are taught. *Care!*

16. are no better, *il en est de même de.*

18. Intelligence. *Care!*

19. lost, *égares.*

20. chooses, *veut bien.*

CXXVII.

5. dedicated = devoted.

7. state apartments, *salons d'apparat.*

7. in the matter of privacy, *sous le rapport de la vie d'intérieur.*

8. were hardly as well off as = had less comfort than.

13. secure from, *à l'abri de.*

15. self-imposed = which they imposed upon themselves.

16. hardship, *privation.*

18. family = domestic.

CXXVIII.

3. the undivided enjoyment = the exclusive use.

4. touch, *nuance.*

6. draughty, *plein de courants d'air.*

8. with how little = the little . . . with which.

10. Nor, *de plus, d'ailleurs* (followed by negative).

10. standard, *degré.*

11. appliances, *utensiles.*

15. rendered — process, *devaient*

faire d'un changement de toilette un procédé prolongé et ennuyeux.

17. did not — of the hair = were not favourable to a frequent use of the brush.

17. When once, *une fois que.*

19. requisite, *voulu.*

19. her chief ambition was = she wished above all.

20. undisturbed = intact.

20. were called in, *on avait recours à.*

20. obviate, *empêcher.*

CXXIX.

8. handed on, *passée de main en main*.

9. where the hunt was hottest, *où la poursuite était au plus chaud*.

10. to linger, *s'attarder*.

16. he staggered along, *il se mit en route en trébuchant*.

20. sank deep, *se grava*.

22. which. *Care!*

CXXX.

2. far back, *tout au loin*.

2. the blank, *le vague*.

5. their whole neighbourhood
in = all the surrounding parts of.

7. in preference to, *plutôt que*.

8. There comes out of the clouds, *à travers les formes nébuleuses apparaît*.

9. in its earliest remembrance
= in the earliest remembrance
which I have of it.

17. he is so fierce, *tant il a l'air féroce*.

19. I go that way, *je passe par là*.

CXXXI.

3. A dark — out of it = it
leads to a dark store-room (*office*).

3. and that — at night, *endroit que je passe en courant le soir*.

6. letting — door = while a
smell of mould comes out by the
open door.

7. in which — whiff = where
there is, all at one whiff (*tout d'une bouffée*), etc.

7. pickles, *conserves au vinaigre*.

9. we sit, *nous nous tenons*.

10. the best parlour, *le beau salon*.

15. ages = years and years.

15. and — put on = and that
the gentlemen of the funeral (*du cortège*) have put on, etc., there.

17. in there = in that room.

17. Lazarus, *Lazare*.

CXXXII.

2. Crimea, *la Crimée*.

2. or. *Care!*

3. House, *Chambre*.

4. harrowed, *navré*.

5. nay, *que dis-je*.

9. an uneasy feeling, *un sentiment de malaise*.

10. mail, *courrier*.

13. homes = families.

14. fond, *doux*.

14. the distant one, *le fils, le frère absent*.

15. rendered desolate, *plongé dans le deuil*.

16. has been abroad, *a passé*.

18. as when the first-born were
slain of old, *comme jadis au massacre des Innocents*.

19. side-posts, *poteaux*.

21. mansion, *demeure*.

22. on behalf of, *au nom de*.

CXXXIII.

2. of saving, *d'économiser*.
 3. any = the least.
 5. on some real extravagance,
en quelque folle dépense.
 10. now, *désormais*.
 10. bank-book, *carnet de banque*.
 11. came out as well, *se détachè-*
rent aussi.

12. unnecessary waste, *gaspillage gratuit*.
 12. chafe, *agacer*.
 15. cherished, *de prédilection*.
 15. turn inside out, *retourner à l'envers*.
 19. of acceptance to an invitation,
qu'il faut pour accepter une invitation.

CXXXIV.

2. all self-abasement, *tout d'humiliation volontaire*.
 8. He caught a gleam of Paradise, *il entrevoyait une lueur du paradis*.

11. tempestuous workings,
tempêtes.
 17. coolness, *calme*.
 18. purpose, *résolution*.

CXXXV.

1. as it were, *pour ainsi dire*.
 2. puny, *chétif*.
 3. they, *les morts*.
 4. of your recognition of, *de reconnaître*.
 7. and thus, *ce qui fait que*.
 8. thinly scattered, *clair-semé*.
 10. grassy lanes, *allées herbues*.
 10. winding, *qui serpentent*.
 11. overhangs the Tiber, *surplombe le Tibre*.

14. overgrown, *recouvert*.
 17. shining, *reluisant*.
 17. fresh . . . with, *rafraîchi . . . de*.
 19. whispering, *murmure*.
 22. if one were to die, *si l'on venait à mourir*.
 22. desire the sleep they seem to sleep, *désirer pour soi le sommeil dont ils semblent dormir*.

CXXXVI.

6. how deeply we loved and revered him = the depth of our love and reverence for him.

9. was scarcely taken into the account of grief = formed only a small part of the public grief.

10. to perform one's part, *s'acquitter de sa tâche*.

13. race, *génération*.

14. of their invading our shores = of an invasion of our shores.

15. It was not — for him = It was not therefore a selfish consideration of our loss that made us lament his death.

21. delighted = loved.

24. have drawn children from their sports, *aurait fait quitter leurs jeux aux enfants*.

CXXXVII.

2. thorough = deep.
7. low connections, *parents mal élevés*.
8. expecting to be, *exigeant qu'on les traite*.
8. on a footing, *sur un pied d'égalité*.
9. old-established, *ancien*.

9. A year — lived. — It is at most, etc., that they live.
16. by, *à en juger par*.
17. who happens to be, *qui se trouve être*.
18. It is too bad, *c'en est trop en vérité*.

CXXXVIII.

3. Indian summer, *été de la Saint Martin*.
5. easy, *tranquille*.
9. to pitch, *dresser*; to strike again, *replier*.
10. a conspicuous feature in = a considerable part of.

11. sleeping sack, *sac-lit*.
12. you have only to get into it, *on n'a qu'à s'y mettre*.
15. huge, *important*.
16. a troubled resting-place, *un gîte peu tranquille*.
17. bedside, *chevet*.

CXXXIX.

1. decide on, *se décider en faveur de*.
2. a deal of high living, *force régal*.
4. exclusive of, *sans compter*.
5. flaps, *pans*.
6. top, *dessus*; bottom, *fond*.
7. it was never—courtesy = one could only call it a sack by courtesy.
8. green waterproof cart-cloth, *toile à bâche verte, imperméable*.

14. flighty, *volage*; delicate in eating, *gourmand*.
16. fellow galley-slave, *compagnon de bague*.
17. puts him out of his wits = makes him lose his head.
18. adds thirty-fold to. Say : *décuple*.
21. requisites, *conditions requises*.

CXL.

1. of rather unsound intellect, *une tête fêlée*.
3. known to fame as, *honorablement connu sous le nom de*.
7. The rogue, *la coquine*.
7. to hit the fancy, *captiver*.
10. go head over heels, *faire la culbute*.

11. a want of confidence, *la méfiance*.
12. from a dearth of, *faute de*.
14. to back, *seconder*.
16. in the bargain, *à conclure le marché*.
18. for the consideration = at the price.

CXLI.

2. upon all accounts, *sous tous les rapports.*

3. cheaper, *moins coûteux.*

3. that was as it should be = that was only just.

4. appurtenance, *accessoire.*

5. or self-acting bedstead on four castors, *ou bois-de-lit automatique sur quatre roulettes.*

12. a flight of fancy, *un essor de sa fantaisie.*

12. a name = the reputation.

14. a clean mark down one

cheek, *une ligne blanche sur l'une de ses joues.*

15. a fallacious local saddler, *un sellier fallacieux domicilié sur la place.*

15. pad, *sellette.*

16. thoughtfully, *soigneusement.*

17. kit, *équipement.*

18 a leg of cold mutton, *un gigot froid.*

21. scheme of things, *système économique.*

21. the destinations. Say: the parts, *les rôles.*

CXLI.

3. that — daylight = that business had to be done as much as possible while it was (*faisait*) day.

8. fashionable, *élégant.*

11. luxuries quite prohibitive = articles of luxury were of a prohibitive price.

14. with meat gravy, etc., *au jus ou à la sauce blanche sucrée.*

16. and then came = followed by.

17. to remove the cloth, *de faire retirer la nappe.*

19. Presently it reflected, *la table reflétait alors.*

20. cream jugs, *crémières.*

21. decanter stands, *dessous de carafe.*

CXLI.

3. nor = Also . . . not.

9. tasting it. *Care!*

14. gin-and-water, *genièvre à l'eau.*

14. rum punch, *punch au rhum.*

16. as dear as = dearer than.

CXLIV.

1. given any character = depicted the character.

2. allow = admit.

3. proceeds = results.

4. this our national virtue = this national virtue which we possess.

4. that — to make = that our orators, as one can observe it, make.

7. will not so much as = do not even.

7. to set off, *donner du relief à*.

10. smooth continued, *égal et continu*.

12. majesty = majestic gestures.

14. keep our temper, *rester maîtres de nous-mêmes*.

14. turns upon = touches.

16. to stir a limb about us, *à nous faire bouger*.

17. I have — by those, *j'ai entendu dire plus d'une fois à ceux*.

19. relish, *goûter*.

20. are often such as are peculiar to = often belong exclusively to.

24. pour out, *faire descendre*.

CXLV.

1. flat-topped, *à sommet aplati*.
2. a nearer listening point, *un point plus rapproché pour écouter*.

3. throbbed and thudded dully = made the air vibrate with its dull sound (*bruit sourd*).

4. I rode towards it, *je m'y rendis à cheval*.

4. an hour's climb, *une heure de montée*.

8. showed, *ressortaient*.

10. range, *rangée*.

11. features, *points de vue*.

12. glasses, *jumelles*.

12. broken, *accidenté*.

14. rocky, *rocheux*.

15. falling away, *s'abaissant*.
further = other.

16. to a hollow, *de manière à former un vallon creux*.

17. from — fires = caused by fires of grass and other things.

17. drifted, *flottaient*.

CXLVI.

2. sharp, *perçant*.

4. freezing-point, *zéro*.

5. see through, *pénétrer*.

6. at top speed, *à toute vapeur*.

8. of a first-class ocean liner, *d'un transatlantique de premier ordre*.

8. every few minutes — drove, *à tout moment une vague, débordant l'avant du vaisseau, se brisait en écume et fouettait le pont, aussitôt gelée*.

12. in command, *commandant* ;
"sub," *second*.

13. holding on to, *se cramponnant à*.

15. night - glasses, *lunettes de nuit*.

16. only to say, *rien que pour dire*.

17. torpedo-gunner, *torpilleur*.

18. off, *de dessus*.

19. croons, *fredonne*.

20. scrap, *bout*.

CXLVII.

1. They said more = they continued to speak.

1. sanguine, *confiant*.

2. strayed from them, *s'égarèrent*.

4. lank, *plat*.

5. sour cast = morose expression.

5. of outward show = in his exterior.

6. around = who surrounded him.

8. bent, *faussé*.

9. in the way he watched = in his way of observing.

11. that he heeded or returned my gaze = that he paid attention to my gaze or returned it to me.

12. I had . . . before = hardly had I, etc., when (*que*).

16. of one addressing = in which (*dont*) one addresses.

23. a sorry mare, *une méchante haridelle*.

24. rubbish, *bêtises*.

28. millennium, *âge d'or*.

CXLVIII.

1. I hope not, *j'espère que non*.

3. of course, *cela va sans dire*.

3. even so, *tout de même*.

8. out of, *dans*.

16. that that is all very well for you, *que vous avez beau dire*.

17. a family man, with a wife, *marié et père de famille*.

20. with a home = you have a roof to cover you.

30. grandfather's grandfather, *trisaïeul*.

CXLIX.

1. looks round, *se retourne*.

1. calls him in, *le fait entrer*.

5. where = when.

6. I charged = I have fixed the price.

10. Some men = others.

10. a sense = the impression.

11. off-hand, *à main levée*.

13. set down . . . in, *inscrit . . . sur*.

16. join, *rejoindre*.

28. I only join because, *j'entre au service simplement parce que*.

29. at the seat of war, *sur le théâtre de la guerre*.

35. I should — as one, *je n'en serais que trop heureux*.

37. when an opportunity offers, *dès que l'occasion s'en présentera*.

CL.

3. upon record = in the annals of literature.

4. Mambrino. *Mambrin*.

13. blunders, *étourderies*.

14. catch, *arrête*.

16. ludicrousness, *le comique*.

17. draw, *faire verser*.

18. one to be omitted.

21. a lover of, *aimant*.

22. brooded over, *cové*.

22. till they had — reality, *jusqu'à se démonter la cervelle et jusqu'à croire à leur réalité*.

CLI.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 2. as a relief to, <i>comme relief pour faire ressortir.</i> | 20. knight-errantry, <i>chevalerie errante.</i> |
| 4. Dapple, <i>Grison.</i> | 21. for them to turn, <i>de se faire.</i> |
| 11. to the safe side, <i>du bon côté.</i> | 22. still applying it, <i>tout en l'interprétant.</i> |
| 13. as finely managed, <i>ménagé avec autant de finesse.</i> | 23. is . . . torturing, <i>se met à torturer.</i> |
| 16. acquires = begins to find. | 25. carve, <i>tailler.</i> |
| 16. a taste for, <i>du goût à.</i> | 26. and cream, <i>à la crème.</i> |
| 17. is made . . . a convert = is converted. | |

CLII.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. scour, <i>battre.</i> | 10. impression, <i>empreinte.</i> |
| 5. search, <i>fouiller.</i> | 16. As I came round, <i>au détour de.</i> |
| 5. had . . . wandered in, <i>il étaient entrés.</i> | 20. protrude, <i>sortir.</i> |
| 7. in rank luxuriance, <i>dans une abondance plantureuse.</i> | 21. draw a bead upon, <i>viser à.</i> |
| | 24. must have seen us, <i>avait dû nous voir.</i> |

CLIII.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 3. uninjured, <i>sain et sauf.</i> | 13. angry snorts, <i>ronflements de fureur.</i> |
| 4. full vent, <i>libre cours.</i> | 15. Another — part = We advanced again with precaution. |
| 5. using — language, <i>proférant ce qui me paraissait être des jurons.</i> | 18. shrill squeaks, <i>cris aigus.</i> |
| 7. We had not gone far before = We had not made much way when. | 18. tottered a few paces, <i>fit quelques pas en chancelant.</i> |
| 8. broadside on, <i>me tournant le flanc.</i> | |

CLIV.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 3. thorough manliness, <i>parfaite virilité.</i> | had written, <i>il n'avait point de repos qu'il n'eût écrit.</i> |
| 4. rugged companionableness, <i>rude sociabilité.</i> | 14. editor of the publication, <i>directeur de la revue.</i> |
| 4. if I may use such an expression, <i>si le terme est permis.</i> | 15. obnoxious, <i>répréhensible.</i> |
| 5. a positive fascination in it = a great charm. | 16. condescended to, <i>s'abaissa jusqu'à.</i> |
| 11. considerate, <i>bienveillant.</i> | 17. with the withdrawal of, <i>qu'il ferait retirer.</i> |
| 11. self-conceit, <i>vanité.</i> | 18. an apology were offered = excuses were made. |
| 12. disparaging, <i>défavorable.</i> | 21. deadly, <i>meurtrier.</i> |
| 13. he was not satisfied until he | 21. malignant, <i>malin.</i> |

CLV.

3. jerkily, *par saccades*.
 4. his . . . laugh, *de son rire*.
 4. good-natured, *bon enfant*.
 6. late in = towards the end of.
 8. for sheer dismalness, *en fait de tristesse*.
 8. to Sahara, *au Sahara*.
 .8.- So far as the eye could reach, *à perte de vue*.
 10. A few — plain = Here and there on the plain a few stunted fir trees.

12. try it, *en faire l'épreuve*.
 13. drawn . . . with a ruler, *tiré à la règle, au cordeau*.
 16. eked out — existence, *gagnaient à peine une vie précaire et obscure*.
 18. dotted = scattered.
 19. area, *superficie*.
 20. cattle, *bœufs*.
 21. seek — God, *tous pessimistes, demandent leur nourriture au Seigneur*.

CLVI.

1. looked round over, *promenait ses regards sur*.
 2. with a twinkle — eyes, *avec un clignement de résignation amusée*.
 3. a little practical joke, *une farce*.
 4. was suggestive of = suggested.
 6. a suggestion — England,

suggestion que ne présente jamais le paysage anglais.

7. we have no conception of a thousand miles, *on ne saurait se faire une idée d'un millier de milles*.
 8. at a stretch, *tout d'un trait*.
 9. the home, *le pays*.
 15. taking = accepting.
 16. giving the credit = leaving the merit of it.

CLVII.

4. he was no scholar, *il n'était pas érudit*.
 5. gentleman. Keep the term.
 5. in its way, *en son genre*.
 9. sharply, *vivement*.
 11. strayed, *égaré*.
 14. form, *silhouette*.
 15. was weird and ghostlike, *avait un air de fantôme*.

16. apparently grazing, *et semblaient brouter l'herbe*.
 19. wizened, *maigre*.
 19. root and all, *jusqu'aux racines*.
 22. in the saddle, *en selle*.
 23. was caught, *s'était emparé*.
 24. drag . . . along the ground, *traîner par terre*.

CLVIII.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>3. by nature cold, <i>froid de son naturel.</i></p> <p>3. high, <i>exalté ; mistaken, erroné.</i></p> <p>7. which — on him, <i>dont il se croyait spécialement chargé.</i></p> <p>8. in = from.</p> <p>9. before him, <i>qui lui faisait face.</i></p> <p>10. crossed himself, <i>se signa.</i></p> <p>11. softening, <i>attendrissement.</i></p> <p>14. Damsel, <i>Damoiselle.</i></p> <p>15. practice, <i>effet.</i></p> | <p>15. evil arts, <i>magie, sorcellerie.</i></p> <p>16. kinder feelings of nature = feelings of natural kindness.</p> <p>17. grieves, <i>s'afflige.</i></p> <p>17. a vessel of perdition, <i>vase de la perdition.</i></p> <p>19. evil = false.</p> <p>20. here and hereafter, <i>ici-bas et dans la vie à venir.</i></p> <p>20. sisterhood, <i>communauté de sœurs.</i></p> <p>22. fitting penance, <i>juste pénitence.</i></p> <p>23. Moses, <i>Moïse.</i></p> |
|---|--|

CLIX.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2. delivered in, <i>proclamée au milieu de.</i></p> <p>4. but so — taught me, <i>mais ceux qui m'ont enseignée disent autrement.</i></p> <p>6. chaplain, <i>aumônier.</i></p> <p>10. if it be, <i>si telle est.</i></p> <p>15. as = what.</p> <p>16. so is thy cause = thy cause is.</p> <p>20. shall outweigh = will have more weight than.</p> | <p>24. noble sir, <i>noble sire.</i></p> <p>25. so be it then, <i>ainsi soit-il.</i></p> <p>26. and may God show the right, <i>et puisse Dieu donner la victoire à la bonne cause.</i></p> <p>27. around him = who surrounded him.</p> <p>28. deeply echoed, <i>répété d'une voix sourde.</i></p> |
|---|---|

CLX.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>4. God forbid, <i>à Dieu ne plaise.</i></p> <p>6. men of religion, <i>religieux.</i></p> <p>7. upon any pretence, <i>sous un prétexte quelconque.</i></p> <p>7. proffered combat, <i>un défi.</i></p> <p>8. Thus, therefore, stands the case, <i>le cas est donc tel.</i></p> <p>10. defamed = accused.</p> <p>11. challenged, <i>réclamé.</i></p> | <p>13. is it your will, <i>voulez-vous.</i></p> <p>14. battle, <i>combat.</i></p> <p>16. whom it chiefly concerns, <i>que cette affaire concerne en premier lieu.</i></p> <p>18. best knows — this matter, <i>en connaît le mieux la vérité.</i></p> <p>21. for the sake of, <i>par.</i></p> |
|---|--|

CLXI.

1. we are getting "foreign-ized" rapidly, *nous nous faisons rapidement aux mœurs étrangères.*

2. with stone floors, *carrelé.*

3. that ring to the tread of one's heels, *qui font retentir les pas.*

3. sharpness = sharp sound.

-3. death, *un supplice.*

4. tidy, *bien tenu*; noiseless, *silencieux.*

5. hover . . . like butterflies, *papillonnent.*

6. quick to comprehend orders

= understanding the orders quickly (*à demi-mot*).

7. quick to fill them = and executing them quickly (*en un clin d'œil*).

11. bottles, *carafes.*

15. this thing of having to ring = the necessity of ringing.

16. just after, *au moment même où.*

18. in the bath-tub, *au bain.*

19. follows, *il s'ensuit.*

CLXII.

1. to go through the lingering routine, *à endurer la routine languissante.*

4. the plates are changed. *Care!*

5. change again and, *autre changement pour.*

6. snail patties, *pâtés d'escargots.*

8. strawberry pie, *tourte aux fraises.*

8. ice-cream, *crème à la glace.*

10. course, service.

11. sit, *rester assis.*

12. and smoke, *à fumer.*

14. to the "nub" of it, *à la pointe.*

14. drops in, *tombe à l'improviste.*

17. sufferers *pauvres diables.*

19. anything, *tout au monde.*

CLXIII.

4. I should, *je dois.*

5. address you as = call you.

6. by all — address me, *vous pouvez me donner chacun de ces noms-là ou tous ensemble.*

10. directory, *almanach.*

12. justly, *avec justice.*

17. I am to understand, *vous me donnez à entendre.*

18. alias, *nom de guerre.*

18. dynamiter, *dynamiteur.*

21. period of time, *âge.*

23. who practise its use, *qui en font l'emploi.*

CLXIV.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1. observed, <i>fit observer.</i></p> <p>1. from, etc., <i>à en juger par les résultats bouleversants qu'on en espère.</i></p> <p>5. I speak as a layman, <i>je parle en novice.</i></p> <p>9. most ignorantly, <i>en ignorant.</i></p> <p>10. Do you make nothing, then, of, <i>vous ne faites donc aucun cas de.</i></p> | <p>11. Do you think it nothing to, <i>ce n'est donc rien que de.</i></p> <p>12. tottering to its fall, <i>près de s'écrouler.</i></p> <p>16. fill, <i>comblér.</i></p> <p>17. chemicals, <i>produits chimiques.</i></p> <p>18. clockwork, <i>les mouvements d'horloge.</i></p> |
|---|--|

CLXV.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2. gold = of gold.</p> <p>3. the bloodshot vigils, <i>les nuits sans sommeil où les yeux s'injectent de sang.</i></p> <p>3. staggering, <i>foudroyant.</i></p> <p>4. I have toiled, let us say = let us suppose that I have toiled.</p> | <p>9. a snap like that of, <i>un petit coup sec semblable à la détonation de.</i></p> <p>9. offensive, <i>nauséabond.</i></p> <p>11. plant, matériel; what with, <i>en.</i></p> <p>13. medium, <i>voie.</i></p> <p>18. small, <i>modeste.</i></p> |
|--|---|

CLXVI.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1. by, <i>d'après.</i></p> <p>3. dying away up, <i>se perdre peu à peu comme il montait.</i></p> <p>4. slamming, <i>battement.</i></p> <p>5. sanctum, <i>sanctuaire.</i></p> <p>6. weird, <i>fantastique.</i></p> <p>6. flickering upon, <i>reflété par.</i></p> <p>7. fantastic, <i>bizarre.</i></p> <p>8. high - elbowed, straight-backed, <i>à bras hauts et à dossier droit.</i></p> <p>9. stood out, <i>se dessinait.</i></p> <p>12. with no = without a.</p> | <p>14. the chirping of a cricket, <i>le chant d'un cri-cri.</i></p> <p>17. we strained our ears, <i>nous écoutions de toutes nos oreilles.</i></p> <p>17. as he plodded steadily homewards, <i>comme il marchait à pas lourds et mesurés vers son village.</i></p> <p>18. we had made some pretence, <i>nous avions feint.</i></p> <p>20. uneasily waiting, <i>dans une attente inquiète.</i></p> <p>21. with questioning eyes, <i>d'un œil interrogateur.</i></p> <p>22. scampered, <i>détalait, filait.</i></p> |
|---|---|

CLXVII.

1. feeling, sensation.
4. Ragged clouds swept across the sky, des lambeaux de nuages se chassaient dans le ciel.
4. peeped out, se montrait.
5. hurrying, précipité.
5. country-side, campagne.
6. from where, de l'endroit où.
6. in the doorway, sous la porte.
7. edge, lisière.
8. from the rising ground some distance off, d'une élévation à quelque distance de là.

11. Hall, manoir.
13. basement, sous-sol.
14. loomed up, s'élevait.
14. sullen, mélancolique.
16. overwrought, surexcité.
19. we made our way back to the parlour again, revenant sur nos pas, nous rentrâmes au salon.
19. we sat = we remained.
20. waiting, à attendre.
21. was in store for us, nous était réservée.

CLXVIII.

1. The fiction of this period has, parmi les romanciers de cette époque il y a.
3. with, que.
4. chooses, il plaît à.
5. Her literary career began, elle débuta dans la littérature.
6. She had mastered, elle s'était rendue maîtresse de.
7. since — business = since it has become a business (métier) to write novels.
8. anything like her = a similar.
8. knowledge, savoir.
9. "o'er informed," a gorge d'érudition.

10. longed for, soupiraient après.
11. early, premier.
12. until she had, avant d'avoir.
13. of romance, romantique.
14. high above, surpassant.
15. makes a great hit = has a great success.
17. find — attention, trouvent que certaines histoires et esquisses sont très recherchées, qui, lors de leur publication, avaient absolument manqué d'attirer l'attention.
21. in the way of fiction, en fait de contes.

CLXIX.

4. from, en conséquence de.
8. planted = established.
10. nest, foyer.
11. accession, avènement.
12. revenue, trésor.
12. divided, désuni.
15. Roman Catholic, catholique.

16. warped, perverti.
17. to, jusqu'à.
19. passed away before, précédé.
19. attempted invasion = attempt of invasion.
24. hard, péniblement.

CLXX.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2. walk, <i>avenue</i>.
 3. are shot up so very high =
 have reached such a height. \S
 3. under them, <i>dessous</i>.
 5. caw, <i>croasser</i>.
 8. feedeth — upon him. Ps.
 147, 9.
 10. the better because, <i>d'autant</i>
 <i>mieux que</i>.
 10. because of — haunted =
 because there runs an evil rumour
 that it is haunted.</p> | <p>11. for which reason, <i>ce qui fait</i>
 <i>que</i>.
 13. desired me = has begged me.
 14. for that, <i>puisque</i>.
 15. had been almost frightened
 out of his wits, <i>avait failli mourir</i>
 <i>de frayeur</i>.
 15. by, <i>à cause de</i>.
 16. to which = and.
 17. ago, <i>auparavant</i>.
 18. that way, <i>par là</i>.
 22. for a ghost to appear in =
 for the apparition of a ghost.</p> |
|---|---|

CLXXI.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2. elder bushes, <i>sureaux</i>.
 2. harbour, <i>gîte</i>.
 3. till, <i>avant</i>.
 7. louder, <i>plus fort</i>.
 10. from the tops of them, <i>dans</i>
 <i>leurs cimes</i>.
 11. raise, <i>porter à</i>.
 12. awfulness, <i>terreur mystérieuse</i>.</p> | <p>13. pours out, <i>répand</i>.
 16. occasions = causes.
 18. that was apt to startle, <i>sus-</i>
 <i>ceptible à la peur</i>.
 18. construed = transformed.
 20. his wits, <i>la tête</i>.
 20. some such = some . . . of
 that kind.</p> |
|---|---|

CLXXII.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1. has been favouring us with,
 <i>a eu l'obligeance de nous donner</i>.
 3. temper, <i>humeur</i>.
 3. The latter I can afford, <i>je</i>
 <i>me soucie peu de celle-ci</i>.
 4. it wounds me to the quick,
 <i>il me pique au vif</i>.
 5. sinking, <i>défaillir</i>.
 5. worn, <i>usé</i>.
 6. cold, <i>impitoyable</i>.
 7. spring suit, <i>complet de prin-</i>
 <i>temps</i>.
 8. and now it is hanging up, <i>et</i>
 <i>le voilà qui pend au clou</i>.
 10. I should — for him, <i>sans</i></p> | <p><i>lui, je ne l'aurais jamais porté ce</i>
 <i>soir-là</i>.
 11. I was just, <i>j'étais en train de</i>.
 15. spiffin, old man, <i>épatant, mon</i>
 <i>vieux</i>.
 16. he overruled me, <i>il l'emporta</i>.
 18. owes a duty to the public,
 <i>se doit au public</i>.
 20. as far as lies in his power,
 <i>de son mieux</i>.
 20. confie out, <i>viens faire un tour</i>.
 25. rub oneself down, <i>se friction-</i>
 <i>ner</i>.
 26. mustard plaster, <i>stnapisme</i>.
 30. splashboard, <i>garde-crotte</i>.</p> |
|--|---|

CLXXIII.

5. where, *là où*.
 7. your = the.
 7. all the way, *jusqu'au bout du chemin*.
 8. tires in a mile, *se lasse en une heure*.
 8. fixed on them = attributed to them.
 11. have spent their wit on, *ont prodigué leur esprit à se moquer de*.
 13. finds — except in, *ne se*

délasse de la réflexion que par la réflexion.

15. attack, *accès*.
 18. It thinks itself bound in duty to, *elle croit devoir*.
 22. their few words = the rarity of their words.
 23. a Yorkshire mill-owner, *un industriel du Yorkshire*.
 24. the way, *la distance*.
 26. and not, *sans que*, etc.

CLXXIV.

2. run them very close, *leur disputent la première place*.
 11. for words = to be talked of seriously.
 12. he takes it for granted, *il prend pour avéré*.
 15. referring to = speaking of.

17. remarked to him, *lui fit remarquer*.
 19. not a bit of it, *allons donc*.
 21. this is, *c'est là*.
 25. all those — resorts, *tous les rendez-vous du monde élégant*.
 28. sadly overrun, *infesté*.

CLXXV.

1. will illustrate = serves to illustrate. •
 5. the viva-voce examination, *l'examen oral*.
 6. interyal, *récréation de midi*.
 7. headmaster, *directeur*.
 12. at sight, *à livre ouvert*.
 13. who can — French = who

- know fairly well how to translate a piece of English into French.
 21. no wonder, *il ne faut pas s'étonner*.
 24. a placard posted, *une affiche placée*.
 25. the following = what follows.
 26. to kindly request, *prier*.

CLXXVI.

1. railway terminus, tête de ligne.

2. approaching to, qui ressemblait à.

2. platform, quai.

3. A yard is roughly asphalted, il y a une espèce de gare rudement asphaltée.

4. hand bag, sac de voyage.

4. metals, rails.

5. in search of, en quête de.

6. shunting engines, locomotives de garage.

6. suggestively, d'une manière qui donne à penser.

7. if he is run down, si on lui passe sur le corps.

8. look out for, gare à.

10. intended, voulu.

11. and scud — level crossing, et franchiraient à petits pas timides un passage à niveau.

12. talk dress and babies, parlent chiffon et bêtes.

13. cow-catcher, chasse-pierres.

13. dally, folâtrer.

14. pulled out = started.

17. at which — disappointed = which disappointed me very much.

19. the negro porter, le nègre qui faisait le service.

19. bedded me up = made my bed.

20. while lying down, tout couché.

CLXXVII.

1. on the cars, en chemin de fer.

2. party from Missouri, un individu du Missouri.

8. is heard singing with cicadae, retentit du grésillement des cigales.

8. this is a pause, voici un arrêt.

9. from, à.

9. the old pedestrian emigrants, les anciens émigrants piétons.

14. from = to pass from.

14. sleep, coucher.

15. Pennsylvania, la Pensylvanie.

15. mess, manger à la gamelle.

16. the Missouri bird, le bonhomme du Missouri.

17. tin wash-bowl, cuvette en fer-blanc.

17. a shirt and a pair of trousers, la chemise et le pantalon.

18. land, descendre à terre.

21. as I hope you shall see, comme j'espère te faire voir.

CLXXVIII.

1. my present station, ma position actuelle.

2. both, tout à la fois; insecure, peu sûr.

4. peace — serenity, j'ai l'âme en paix, et j'en jouis avec sérénité.

6. is all to whistles, est près de tomber en pièces.

7. man, mon vieux.

8. chock full, comblé.

10. I slept none till, je ne m'endormis que.

12. All to-day, aujourd'hui . . . de toute la journée.

14. I was charged, or m'a fait payer.

15. sage brush, broussailles de sauge.

19. sickly, faiblement.

CLXXI.

- 3 is revived, *revit*.
 3. maypole, *l'arbre du premier mai*.
 4. daily worshippers, *dévots assidus*.
 5. gentry, *la noblesse*.
 6. to the Drawing-room, *à la cour*.
 6. toy-shops, *magasins de bimbeloterie*.
 7. chairman, *porteur de chaise*.
 8. chariots, *carrosses*.
 9. Squire. Keep the English term.
 10 with . . . behind him = followed by.
 11. to see him safe, *pour veiller à sa sûreté*.

12. the coach — Bath la diligence met . . . pour aller de . . . à . . .
 13. my Lady, *milady*.
 14. post-chariot, *berline de poste*.
 15. fire a salute on, *tirer une salve à*.
 16. ride ahead, *prennent le devant*.
 17. caravanserai, *caravansé - rails*.
 18. creaking sign, *enseigne criarde*.
 19. bow her up — apartments, la font monter, avec force révérences, par le grand escalier, aux appartements d'honneur.

CLXXX.

1. curate, *vicair*.
 1. taking = smoking.
 2. man, *domestique*.
 2. hang up, *accrocher*.
 2. half-pike, *demi-pique*.
 3. bacon and eggs, *œufs au lard*.
 3. Ramilies, *Ramillies*.
 5. is ogling, *fait les yeux doux à*.
 6. or bribing her = or he offers her money.
 7. mistress, *demoiselle*.

7. pack-horses, *chevaux de bât*.
 9. tap, *buvette*; bar, *comptoir*.
 9. over = behind; strong waters, *eau-de-vie*; appearance, *tournure*.
 11. rattling, *vigoureux*.
 12. and away with = and will carry away.
 14. jingling and creaking, avec un grand cliquetis de ferraille et un fort grincement de roues.
 16. vizard, *masque*.
 18. hand out, *livrer*.

CLXXXI.

1. he shrank closer and closer, *il recula de plus en plus.*

2. bank, *talus.*

3. down . . . from above = descending; upward, from below, *remonter.*

5. within, *à.*

8. stand, *halte!*

9. fired full in his face, *pressa la détente à bout portant.*

10. detonator, *capsule fulminante.*

11. small, *précaire.*

11. to get — under weigh, *de faire fonctionner une lourde batterie à rouet.*

13. struck — rapier, *abattu le pistolet d'un coup de rapière.*

14. it exploded harmlessly, *le coup partit sans faire du mal.*

15. closed, *se jeta sur lui.*

16. take effect on, *atteindre.*

19. lost his guard, *fut pris au dépourvu.*

19. recover himself, *se remettre en garde.*

20. two, three blows fiercely repeated, *deux ou trois coups furieux et rapides.*

23. they were scuffling so closely, *ils se serraient de si près.*

27. to run him through, *de lui passer l'épée au travers du corps.*

28. Eustace, *Eustache.*

CLXXXII.

1. waved him off, *l'arrêta d'un geste.*

3. for God's sake, *pour l'amour de Dieu.*

5. writhe, *se tordre comme un ver.*

7. foully, *comme un lâche.*

7. moaned he = said he, moaning.

9. as I live, *je le jure.*

13. Between = conquered by.

19. from him = far from him.

28. One hint of, *le moindre appel à.*

29. run for his life, *se sauver à toutes jambes.*

CLXXXIII.

1. resist = resist the temptation of.

2. go out of one's road, *faire un détour.*

3. with which — impressed, *qui m'avait vivement impressionné.*

4. pulled it down = caused it to be pulled down.

7. crushed — rubbish, *brayé tout d'un coup en poussière.*

7. which = as.

8. ruin = destruction.

14. A few — representatives of = nothing but a small heap of bricks represented.

16. shrink up, *faire rapetisser.*

18. these brick and mortar knaves, *ces coquins de démolisseurs.*

19. at the plucking — heart = every panel wrenched off (*arracher*) by the scoundrels would have torn my heart.

22. in whose hot window-seat I used to sit = where I sat so often on the sunny window-seat (*banquette de la fenêtre*) to read.

24. it is in my ears now, *il me semble l'entendre encore.*

CLXXXIV.

3. so we have done with this, *nous en avons fait de même de la raillerie.*

4. being smart, *l'esprit.*

4. just as — imitation. Reduce this passage to a simpler form.

7. run down, *décrier.*

9. on all which occasions. Of course no relative connection in French.

12. the laugh = the laughs.

12. carrying all before him = gaining an easy victory.

15. and so had we, *tout comme nous autres Anglais.*

17. reflection, *un blâme.*

21. which any — unsaid, *qu'un membre de la compagnie pourrait raisonnablement désirer qu'on n'eût pas dite.*

22. nor, *et, de plus* (with negative following).

CLXXXV.

1. the unreproducible slid "r," *l'inimitable glissement de l'r.*

2. a New-Yorker from New York, *New-Yorkais pur-sang.*

8. the first-class lavatory compartment, *le compartiment de première à cabinet de toilette.*

10. awed, *saisi de respect.*

11. the ordered English land-

scape, *le paysage anglais si bien ordonné.*

12. wrapped in its Sunday peace, *assoupi dans son repos du dimanche.*

14. stilted = high on the wheels.

14. freight car, *truck à marchandises.*

15. engineer, *mécanicien.*

CLXXXVI

4. up-town or down-town, *dans la ville haute ou dans la ville basse.*

6. retain = continue to suffer from.

10. A continuance of it = A prolonged stay.

14. I'll come over = I shall make the crossing.

19. name-board, *planche portant le nom de la station.*

20. overhead bridge, *pont traversant la voie.*

21. the slowest of locals, *le plus lent train-omnibus.*

CLXXXVII.

1. which the more, etc. = and the more human nature inclines to it, etc.

4. putteth the law out of office, freely = usurps the functions of the law.

5. is but even with, *ne fait que rendre la pareille à*.

10. do but trifle with themselves, *ne font que se jouer d'eux-mêmes*.

17. tolerable, *pardonnable*.

18. which — remedy, *auxquels la loi ne saurait remédier*.

19. as there is no law to punish = that there is no law to punish it.

20. is still beforehand, *a toujours le dessus*.

20. it is two for one = he suffers twice instead of once.

21. the party = their enemy.

23. seemeth to be not so much in . . . as in = seems to consist less in . . . than in.

CLXXXVIII.

8. House Beautiful, *temple du beau*.

12. so far as, *en tant que*.

15. hard, *rigide*.

17. accustomed = sacred by custom.

18. of any work, *d'un ouvrage quelconque*.

19. whether = whether it be.

21. has gathered, *s'est amassé*.

22. glad, *heureux*.

24. staid and tame, *sérieux et apprivoisé*.

CLXXXIX.

2. and therefore in a misleading sense, *et qui, par là, induit en erreur*.

12. woven on a background of, *encadré dans*.

13. delicately beautiful moorland scenery, *un paysage de bruyère d'une beauté exquise*.

30. widely working, *très répandu*.

CXC.

1. As it may be, *selon le cas*.

4. the innermost fold, *le repli le plus secret*.

9. single, *individuel*.

9. shine, *reluire*.

9. by reduplication = by redoubling them.

10. yap, *jappe*.

10. cur, *mâtin*.

14. Test, say: *Pierre-de-Touche*.

16. apt, *sujet*.

19. he is at it, *il y est*.

21. I expect, *je demande*.

CXCII.

2. a *friendship-hunting, à la chasse aux amis.

4. to try = I try (*j'éprouve*).

7. aforesaid, *susnommé, susmentionné*.

8. upon further consideration, tout bien considéré.

8. otherwise invaluable, inestimable sous tous les autres rapports.

12. is not so imaginary but that = is not as imaginary as one might think, since, etc.

4. canine appendages, appendices canins.

19. correspondence, rapports.

19. however — taste, quelque conforme qu'elle fût à notre goût.

20. of some third anomaly, d'un tiers anormal.

21. clog, entrave.

22. the understood dog in the proverb, le chien parabolique du proverbe.

CXCII.

1. Warsaw, Varsovie — Poland, la Pologne.

3. in the stage of red riot, au dernier degré de la violence.

4. revolver firing, coups de revolver.

5. the rule, à l'ordre du jour.

5. each few yards, à tout pas.

6. white-bloused, à tunique blanche.

7. with fixed bayonet, la baïonnette au canon.

7. hurriedly, d'un mouvement brusque.

8. cold steel, l'arme blanche.

9. is too much like the drawing of = resembles too much that of drawing.

11. with guns poised on thighs, le fusil sur la hanche.

12. As though — men, etc. = Men armed with bludgeons (de casse-tête) and with revolvers seem to spring (jaillir) from the ground.

14. Bang! Bang! pan! paf!

14. a spray, une éclaboussure.

16. thrown, lancé.

16. high military official, officier supérieur.

16. rent — pulp, réduit en une pâte méconnaissable.

18. stalks, rôde par.

19. no wonder, ce n'est pas étonnant.

20. have their brains battered out, ont la tête fracassée.

21. They have pleaded — to resign = The policemen (agents de police) have demanded from the authorities the permission to give their resignation (démission).

23. walks his beat, fait son parcours.

24. but generally — people, mais on arrête rarement les coupables.

CXCIII.

1. to overlook the fact, à en faire peu de cas.

2. and rank them — *communiquer* places = and to put them in the rank of the ordinary things of life.

6. the sister. — *Care!*

6. beautiful, *exquis*.

7. What two — lilies = What an astonishing thing that little winged creatures should make, of roses and lilies, these two extraordinary substances.

10. fetch out . . . of, *chercher dans*.

12. for, *sous la forme de*.

12. and waxen tapers to eat it

by = by the light of waxen tapers.

14. Vulcan, *Vulcain*.

16. luncheon, *repas*.

16. Apollo, *Apollon*.

16. golden, *doré*; fair, *blanc*.

17. depend upon it, *croyez-m'en*.

18. many a time, *maintes fois*.

20. fervid — bees, *passionné comme le bourdonnement des abeilles*.

20. bass strings, *basses cordes*.

CXCIV.

1. on the top of = after.

2. the match with neckties, *le pari aux cravates*.

2. rather a rum match, *un drôle de pari*.

3. swagger about, *recherchés en fait de*.

4. fancied, *était enroué de*.

4. one bet the other half a crown = the one made to the other a bet of half a crown.

7. the chap, *celui*.

7. would, *devait*.

10. stock, *assortiment*.

13. falling away, *déclin*.

14. simply weird, *tout à fait fantastique*.

15. if, *que*.

18. any concern not noticed, *toute combinaison qui passerait sans remarque*.

19. put = expressed.

20. umbrella cover, *fourreau de parapluie*.

21. done in, *noyé en*.

21. spotted = discovered.

22. bit, *bout*.

22. off, *provenant de*.

CXCIV.

1. struggled on = continued the struggle.

1. bowled over, *vaincu*.

2. yard-measure, *mètre en ruban*

3. it looked rather swagger than not, *ça avait l'air tout à fait crâne*.

4. old, *le père*.

10. neck arrangements, *ornements collaires*.

13. edge out of, *s'esquiver par la porte*.

18. something = something of the kind.

21. Doctor, *directeur*.

23. the purpose to which you were putting it = the use you have made of it.

CXCVI.

3. Judaea, *la Judée*.
 4. rose . . . to a station = went out suddenly from the quiet, from the safety of deep pastoral solitudes and rose to a place.
 6. boy, *enfant*.
 8. so, *de même*.
 10. nearest, *de plus près*.
 10. bore witness — pretend. *témoignèrent que l'enfant n'était pas un imposteur.*
 12. from a station of good-will, *avec un oeil bienveillant.*

14. subsequent, *ultérieur*.
 15. a Monday prosperity, *un éclat de prospérité*.
 16. rang through the records, *retentit dans les annales*.
 17. became a by-word, *passa en proverbe*.
 20. secure, *assurer*.
 20. She never sang together with, *elle ne mêla jamais sa voix à*.
 22. to the departing steps of invaders, *des pas de l'envahisseur qui se perdaient au loin*.

CXC VII.

4. didst thou revel in, *tu ne t'es abandonnée à*.
 6. over, *dit*.
 6. share = are of.

8. the sleep, *du sommeil*.
 15. portion, *part*.
 16. from thyself, *à ta vue*.

CXC VIII.

3. So frightfully like, *d'une ressemblance si effrayante*.
 3. sicken at the sight of them, *que le cœur se soulève à leur vue*.
 4. as we do = as it happens to us.
 4. shows us, *nous fait entrer*.
 5. thinks = finds.
 7. beyond the power — men, *au-dessus des moyens de tous les peintres qui ne sont pas de premier ordre*.

8. and is — practice = and it is exceedingly bad as practice (*étude*).
 8. a rising artist, *l'artiste en herbe*.
 12. flat-headed, *à cime plate*.
 19. yet unopened, *où l'art n'a pas encore puisé*.
 20. yet untouched by art = which it has not yet touched.
 23. cow-bell, *sonnaille de vache*.
 23. link, *lien*.

CXCIX.

3. A writer for a newspaper, *un journaliste*.

4. to meet, *répondre à*.

4. as nearly, *autant*.

5. bread, *existence*.

6. on his doing so, *en*.

8. credit for it = the credit of possessing that knowledge.

9. which the public pass, *auquel le public ne prend pas garde*.

11. from him, *à sa vue*.

13. hopeless, *irréparable*.

14. exalted, *sublime*.

14. innocence, *naïveté*.

17. I do not — *imposture*, *je ne sache pas d'exemple d'une imposture aussi effrontée, même dans cet âge de charlatanerie*.

20. periodical, *feuille périodique, revue*.

21. from, *de la plume de*.

23. page after page, *des pages et des pages*.

24. and finding nothing = without finding anything.

CC.

1. Of that peace, *rempli de cette paix*.

2. to strive after great things, *aspirer aux choses élevées*.

4. I ask only — as a whole = All I want is that we demand of the American nation as a whole (*en son entier*) what, etc.

6. among, *d'entre*.

8. the ultimate goal after which they strive, *le dernier but à atteindre*.

10. of Illinois, *de l'Illinois*.

13. be worth one's salt, *valoir le pain qu'on mange*.

16. free, *exempt*.

17. bound to, *tenu à*.

20. the successful carrying out, *la poursuite couronnée de succès*.

CCI.

2. embodies = represents.

5. it is hard to fail, *il est cruel d'échouer*.

7. freedom from effort, *être exempt de faire des efforts*.

8. stored up effort, *des réserves d'effort*.

10. to good purpose = with success.

17. he is simply a cumberer of, *il ne fait qu'encombrer*.

18. to hold his own with, *faire face à*.

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